SEEKING TO SERVE

By

C. M. GOETHE

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Goethe, Charles Matthias,
1875-
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C. M. GOETHE

• Author of Sierran Cabin From Skyscraper; War Profits and Better Babies; Geogardening; Pomegranate Blossom; Where Queen and Pope Failed; New Wine from Old Bottles; Luther Wong, Coolie; Gambling for Dulces; A Playground Hard by a Temple of Hate; Children of Loneliness; Immigration into New France; Peons Need Not Apply; Filipino Immigration Viewed as a Peril; Russia's Future and Ours; Guano; Extinction of the Inca High-castes; Eugenics in Postage Stamps; Sunworshipping Conservation; Gretchen of Hildesheim, (a story of *Kleingartenvertrieb*); Bird Music for the Blind; Czechoslovakia Caught in a Nutcracker; Overpopulation in Java; Dr. Jan Mjoen's Windern Laboratorium; Eugenic Aspects of Famine in Hindustan; France's Code de la Famille; Eugenist at Cromagnon; Eugenic Aspects of Life in the Sahara; Albuquerque—And After; 45% College Women Do Not Marry; Is Population Pessimism Justified?; Eugenical Studies in Korea; Eugenical Aspects of Iceland's Conquest of Illiteracy; Europe's Mistress System; Finland's Heterogeneity.

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY
THE KEYSTONE PRESS
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION

TO MY SWEETHEART,
DISCERNING IDEALIST,

whose adherence to her principles never was a matter of compromise, and who was eager, at all times, to serve, in even the least way, in human betterment.

AND

to her thousands of fellow idealists, in church, in state, in the schools, and in the homes, who consistently have served by ever valuing principle above profit,

this modest record of experiences in "seeking to serve" is dedicated.

All men, whatever their condition, who have done anything . . . which has a semblance of merit, should write the tale of their life with their own hand."

(Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.)

It is said Humility is a Christian virtue. What can be more humble, withal more sublime, than this statement by Sir Francis Galton, Father of Eugenics:

"When I contemplate the aeons of Geologic Time thru which Evolution has proceeded, I feel my life is as a tiny wave lifted up for a moment on an Inland Sea."

Benjamin Franklin begins his Autobiography, with "Dear Son". He admits: "Old men talk of themselves." Franklin further declares "it would not be altogether absurd. . .to thank God for. . .Vanity among the other comforts of life." He continues: "I have ever had the pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors." He then records that the name "Franklin" or "Frank-lynn" meant, in Northamptonshire, a class of small, but free and independent landowners.

With such an example, perhaps another elderly man may be permitted to record his debt of his gratitude to his grandparents. He is profoundly grateful to them for their conviction that Life's greatest Joy is: "Seeking to Serve."

"An elderly man comes into his dotage, . . .then into his anec-dotage".

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"It is but natural some little vain-glory should creep into a thing of this kind."

(Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.)

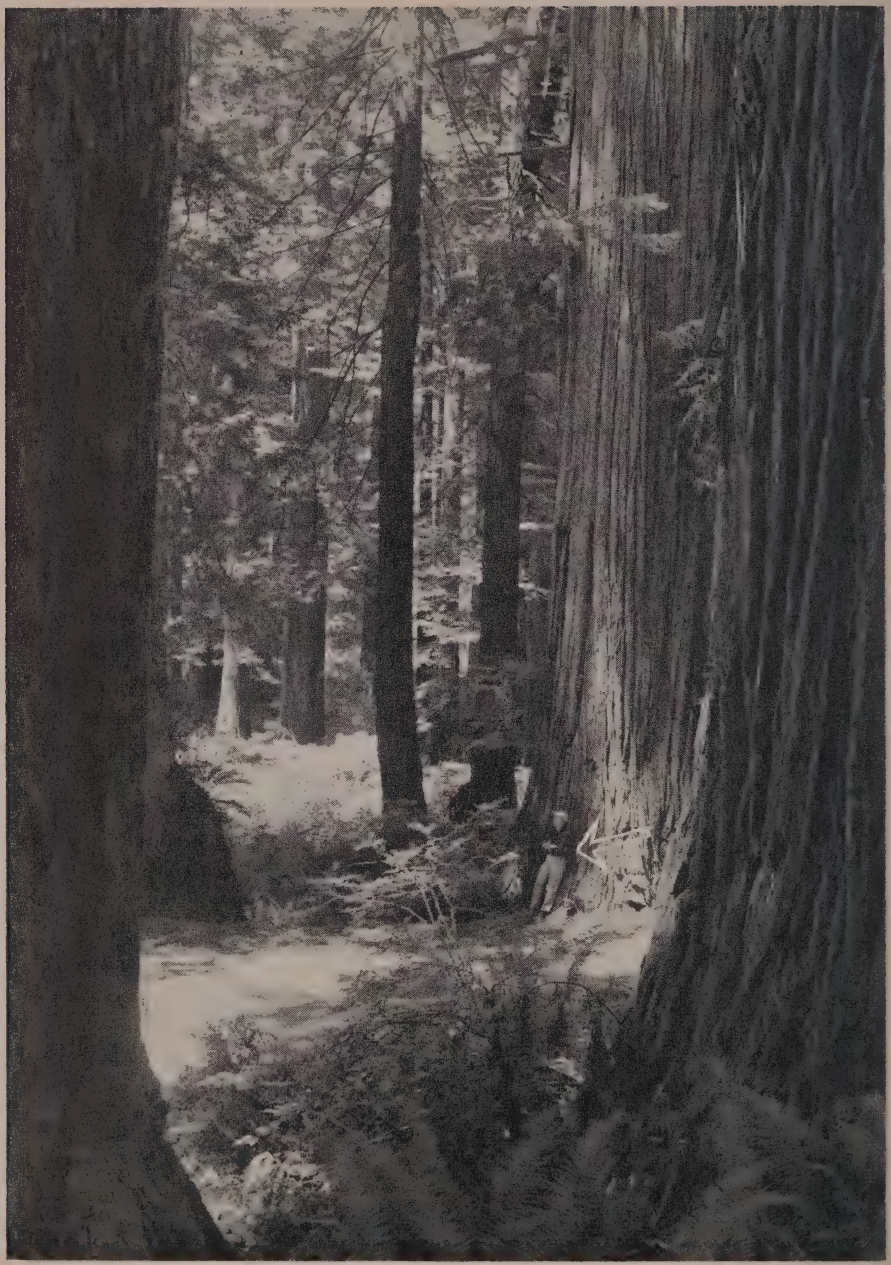

Photo: Courtesy Save the Redwoods League.

THE MARY GLIDE GOETHE MEMORIAL REDWOOD GROVE

It contains some 5,000 trees. Set aside for the perpetual enjoyment of the public, it is a unit of Prairie Creek State Park. California already has commenced, in its State Parks chain, what originally, in the National Parks, was dubbed "Nature Guiding." It has come to be known as the "Interpretive Movement." (Note the man at the arrow.)

FOREWORD

Many an American boy, arriving at adolescence during his country's pioneering, had his local, personal hero. Him the lad worshipped in secret. The author's was a canny, yet spiritual man. This, his hero, said one day: "So you're 10? Why not start a diary? At 70, you can convert it into your autobiography. This you may never inflict on your fellowmen. It can, however, be a solace to you in old age. Its daily value will be in making you careful, not careless, in observing how history unfolds. Our nation, during its first couple of centuries, must make decisions. Same may determine its course for some milleniums. You may come, therefore, to record trends. You may sense whether your generation, and mine, are following the path the Founding Fathers planned."

That diary promptly was commenced. Later, a vow was made never to transform it into an autobiography. The reading later of "The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini" strengthened this determination: "No autobiography." At the turn of the century came further George Ade's somewhat cynical philosophy in his "Fables in Slang." One fable sarcastically taught Christian Humility in the person of The Broad Girl.—"Her Clothes were full of Pin Holes where she had been hanging Medals on Herself. . .She used to go into a Handball Court every day and throw up Bouquets, letting them bounce back and hit her. . ."

The diary, nevertheless, had been started. The record daily was faithfully posted. This was done in the mines, on the ranches, at the universities, at sea, on North-African camel trails, on High-Sierran hiking, in Polar Bear Land, also in Penguin Land, likewise while crossing the Passes in the Andes or the Himalayas.

The 70th milestone passed with never an urge to attempt squeezing that diary into "between-covers". Then came two events: In the Everglades, the Pal of over 42 years of "Seeking to Serve" was stricken. It came during a trip to the Spoonbills' rookery. Later, one evening, an elderly, lifelong family friend called. The Cellini happened to be on the library table. To this caller's "What are you reading?" came the reply, "Cellini's Memoirs, an example of senescent boasting." That started a disputation. Fables-in-Slang's "Broad Girl" was used to bolster the Humility argument. The friend was insistent: "Your years happened between the Discoveries of the Telephone and of the Atomic Bomb. You have been present at a half-dozen wars. Two were World Wars. You have known when Minnesota was the westernmost state on the Canadian Border. From its western counties all was Territorial to the

Pacific Ocean. You have seen added to our Flag 9 Territories as stars. You have, in Madrid, in St. Petersburg, in Rome and in Peking, watched thrones melt to rubbish. You have had as friends leaders who played well in the Great Game. You have witnessed the passing of scores of California's '49ers. You have observed the start of our National Forest System. You have had a hand in the building of the National Parks' chain. You did your bit carrying American ideals to the Overseas. In much of this, your Sweetheart has gone with you, side-by-side. You owe it to her, if for no other reason, to reduce these experiences to writing. You may never publish them. Their mere recordation, however, should be a comfort. You speak of "You-two" having tried to lead lives of service to your fellowmen. Perhaps such a writing may itself be another such duty."

From his pleading came preparing pages, then a final resolution to combine them into this little book. Therein has been crystallized an appeal for,—shall it be called the religious, or perhaps the moral education of the kiddies. Each individual, in his formative years, comes to his Crossroads. One signboard there points: "To Grabbing". The other directs: "To Giving". He there must decide to Serve or to be Selfish. Upon that decision may depend how much Life is to contain for him.

Sacramento, California

C. M. GOETHE

THE GROUP CONCEPT

As one's life nears its close, and as one attempts to evaluate the various elements upon which a "Seeking-to-Serve" philosophy is based, one wonders if anything is more heartening, more sustaining, more encouraging than the Group Concept.

It is not a simple matter to define this. It seems to mean that no individual singly accomplishes much. His particular task may be merely to furnish the Concept in a Reform. The victory comes, not to the one, but to his group. Herein might be cited the example of tuberculosis control.* As this is written, this element in the death rate has, under planned control, plummeted from the top to the bottom. In the western pioneering thereof, Dr. Briggs furnished the Concept and the Medical Skill. Latter included the technical ability as to bacteriology, X-rays. As a banker and his pal, We-two did the planning for transplanting that Concept into an actuality. Mr. Bonnheim added to our capital, brought into the work his knowledge as a department store owner. Mr. Geary, a wholesale druggist, contributed skill in management of our White Crusader's sanitorium and, again, capital. Mr. Dwyer, like this author, was versed in political strategy as to attaining our ultimate aim to educate the California Legislature as to its duty to make tuberculosis control a government responsibility.

It will be noted, from this example, that success in such attempts results from, not an individual, but from what Kipling calls:

"The everlasting teamwork of
every bloomin' soul."

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*"The achievements of the campaign against tuberculosis up to now constitute a brilliant chapter in the history of preventive medicine and public health. Since the turn of the century the death rate from the disease in the United States has been reduced about four fifths—from approximately 200 per 100,000 to about 40. In the white population the disease is now relatively minor cause of death, the rate being about 30 per 100,000. Moreover, in large areas of the country the tuberculosis problem has already been reduced to almost negligible proportions."
(Statistical Bulletin, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, November 1946.)

"An idea tower, like Mohammedan theology, Roman Law or the *Niebelunged Lied*, is no less a TEAM PRODUCT than Solomon's Temple or the Panama Canal. No pyramid or cathedral embodies the labors of so many generations of artificers as the science, let us say, of astronomy. The Common Law, the Yogi philosophy of India or a matured branch of knowledge like physics constitutes a well knit system and yet no one head or even score of heads can claim the credit of so much logic."

(Principles of Sociology, Dr. E. A. Ross)

GRANDFATHER GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY OF SERVICE

Grandfather Goethe was a '48er. A young college professor, he utilized his position to indoctrinate his students with "Liberalism." Deeply spiritual, he attacked the claim of his King that that ruler had the Divine Right to change, at his coronation, the religion of all his Nonconformist subjects. Nothing is more dangerous than attempting reform of centuries-old religious folkways.

The Revolution of 1848 swept Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Monarchs surrendered absolutism grudgingly. They loathed the constitutions they were forced to sign at sword-prick. Each hated, with burning intensity, any revolutionist from within his Court group. Because Grandfather Goethe was a "Gentleman", he was marked for conspicuous punishment when Reaction came.

Grandfather did not underestimate the proposed torture. Counter-revolution came like a thunderbolt. He speeded from the Rheingau up Moselle Valley. At midnight, he slipped over the border into Luxemburg. It fascinated the author to follow this '48er's route from Ehrenbreitstein* Fortress thru Coblenz, Trier, finally into Brussels.

Grandfather Goethe was entranced by above '48er ideals. These '48ers, like the French 1789ers, dreamed of making "a new start from scratch." The goal was a New World. It was to be without war, poverty, crime, oppression.

Grandfather Goethe had taken his degrees brilliantly. One sheepskin lies before me. Its Latin reads "*cum laude superbe*". He was a born mathematician. He had command of some 15 languages. These included a dozen moderns. He also was fluent in Hebrew, Greek, Latin. Grandmother used to say he was "at home at the Continent's pocket-edition courts." At these, he would switch, with facility, from language to language.

*Father christened one of our Subdivisions: "Ehrenbreitstein Tract".

COURT BALL

Grandfather Goethe would tell of those dreary miles between Ehrenbreitstein and Brussels. Arrived safely in Belgium, he there philosophically became reconciled to exile:—Was it not, perhaps, a providential step toward his ambition to devote his life to von Humboldt's Mexico.

While waiting for an Antwerp steamer to Vera Cruz, he, as a sojourning gentleman, was invited to the Court Ball. . .In Europe's

1849 turmoil, there was a shortage of British steel. The author's Yorkshire ancestors long had been recognized as canny steelmasters. His paternal grandmother's forebears, during successive reigns, had been the King's armourers. Now a Commoner's daughter MIGHT be invited to a Court ball when such social condensation could mean more to her Yorkshire family than even the profits from a Government feverishly bidding for armament. . . .

Grandmother's Yorkshire forbears were instinctively Liberals. They resented that any climbing out of the Commons into the British Aristocracy always had been made entirely too painful. Revolutionary Grandad and Liberal Grandmother found therefore they had much in common as they gossiped under the palms, in an alcove off that ballroom. Grandad, to a Yorkshire liberal, was a hero---and a handsome, courtly, graceful one. Grandmother was a tactful listener. Several dances at that ball, then the talk under those palms were followed by a whirlwind courtship, marriage. Its certificate recorded the union of said "Gentleman" and "a Commoner's daughter." There was a short honeymoon. Then to Grandfather's dismay, came the point-blank refusal of his peaches-and-cream-complexioned bride to go to "that awful savage Mexico". Oh! yes, she, descendant of Vikings, would go Overseas. The journey, however, must be to "some civilized country, where they spoke English." During this first marital quarrel there came from Australia an irresistible call!

"THAT AWFUL, SAVAGE MEXICO"

Being Continental-European and a scholar in Spanish, Grandfather Goethe was very much *simpatico*. Not so with Grandmother. She was extremely Yorkshire-isolationist. One can sympathize with her, for, with all of Latin-American advances in 75 years, this author made his last landing South of the Rio Grande from a steamer at sea by chair to a bobbing barge. It had no shade under an almost-equatorial sun.

"AUSTRALIA'S GEORGE WASHINGTON"

In Australia, a political struggle had raged for some decades. That Dominion's foundation had been laid with great care by highly-imperialistic Tories. These had the problem of building a state whose population then contained an abnormally high percentage of convicts. It was no accident that England's murder rate remained far below U. S. A.'s (This, despite the sneering, calculated propaganda of U. S. A.'s Hyphenates against the inconvenient philosophy of the Italian Lomboroso's School.) Eugenically, England long had weeded out her hereditary criminals. U. S. A. simultaneously had been welcoming into citizenship the Abe Hummels, the Scarface Al Capones, the Moe Annenbergs, the thugs of "Murder, Incorporated," the Bugsey Siegels. Concentration, into Australia, of Britain's undesirables meant stern government by Aussie rulers. This was in the days when other Britons in Hindustan never hesitated to bind traitors to cannon-mouths for execution.

From what Dad told his children, Wentworth, Australia's great Liberal, had won his victories, inch by inch. Wentworth's mantle, at his death, descended to a Scot. Undoubtedly also Liberal, he was as unyielding as his Aberdeen granite. His lack of tact gave the Tories their opportunity. Little by little, but steadily, Wentworth's gains melted.

Grandfather's standing as a Liberal was beyond dispute. Was he not a martyr, an exile? Already he was conspicuous for his diplomacy. Back in Yorkshire, a horror stricken Mamma was determined Daughter should not die quickly in the snakeridden, fever-stricken jungles of Mexico. . . Wires vigorously were yanked.

Finally Grandfather surrendered. A decade of Australia, then to von Humboldt's Mexico! . . .This is why Father was Australian-born!

AUSTRALIAN BALLOT

It was out of Australian Liberalism that California has its "Australian Ballot", tho it no longer is so called.

Father's office, situated on what was then called "Sacramento's Wall Street", was a center for the thrifty. These left their money with him for investment.

One day after election, an overwrought foreman dropped wearily into a chair. He said: "Yesterday was tough. Missed lunch, got a late dinner. Had to check whether workingmen voted 'pink' or 'blue'." (Democratic ballots were printed on blue paper, Republican on pink.) If a man voted against his employer's inter-

ests, he next day was discharged. Thus came agitation for "Australian" or secret ballot.

Above seems a terrible indictment of employers. One today wonders whether all blame should be management's. The Legislature's San Francisco gang were drawn largely from Europe's scum. Blind Boss Buckley made good use of the Saloon in the State Capitol "well". Prostitutes were utilized to swing votes of certain weakling legislators. The "San Francisco Gang" came to each legislature with a shrewd plan. It decided how much railroads, banks, insurance companies, ditch companies, other business enterprises could be bled. Drastic bills were introduced. Buckley understood taxation could be confiscation. Big Business had to take the elections away from these European-born gangsters.

The Australian ballot was only a part of The Revolution. Its movement was greatly accelerated by the election of Governor Hiram Johnson.

JUAREZ' REFORM LAWS

Grandfather Goethe was one of the first Protestants to enter Mexico after the passing of the Reform Laws. President Diaz, eager to quickly raise Mexico to the standard of a modern state, asked Grandfather to help outline a plan therefor. Granddad insisted the first item must be reduction of illiteracy. He advised a public school system, patterned after U. S. A's.

Elimination of illiteracy threatened a certain group's grip upon Mexico's wealth. Poison, therefore, repeatedly was placed in his food. His letters described the first poison as crude, stated they progressively became more subtle. Then he wrote: "Some day, no more letters will come. I feel, however, my duty is to remain here fighting until we gain our objective. Only thus can I give everything I have toward accomplishing what Mexico so tragically needs." He finally thus met his death. His grave is in Mexico. Von Humboldt WAS canny.

CHOLERA

Grandfather Denger, also a '48er, had died, an exile, in New York.* The strain of the Revolution had been too great. Grandmother, an alien, was left in that great city with 4 little girls. Released from nursing her invalided husband, her energy was directed to California.

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* Grandfather Denger was Huguenot. His ancestors had accepted exile for their faith. The Rhineland, their new home, was a mosaic of petty principalities. The rulers were absolute monarchs like Oriental despots. The sale of Rhineland conscripts as mercenaries to England's George III in the War of 1776 is history.

Cholera from Hindustan's Holy Ganges had spread to Calcutta, thru to Suez, to Hamburg. Thence it raged across the Atlantic. From our ports it crept along the Covered Wagon trail, past Great Salt Lake down Nevada's St. Mary's River. Rechristened "Humboldt", that stream was monumented with the graves of "Prairie Schooner" victims of that dread Asiatic plague.

Gold Diggings' reports told New York, for example, of a miner walking thru a Sacramento hotel's door. A few moments later he was writhing in mortal agony on its wooden sidewalk. Cholera struck almost as quickly as an assassin's bullet.

After Grandpere Denger's funeral, Grandmere dried her tears, she calmly announced she had heard God's call. She said "I will go to Sacramento. There I will nurse these cholera-stricken miners". Friends objected:—"Suppose cholera strikes you--what about your babies?" She replied calmly: "God will spare me." She boarded the Panama steamer.

Her grandson marvels at the sublime faith of that young

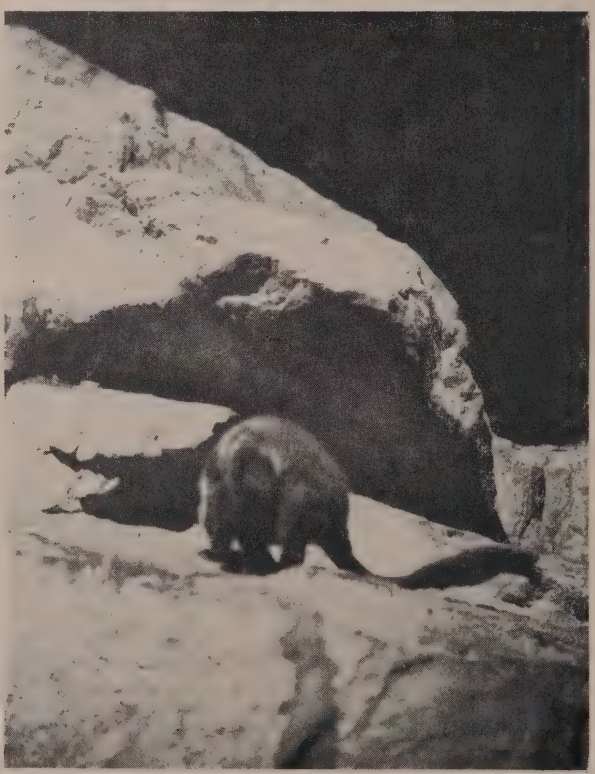
Photo: Courtesy Capital National Bank.

"CROSSING THE PLAINS"

Canada to Mexico airflight in 2 hours is reported by radio as this is written. Less than 90 years ago, thousands of Americans still traveled " 'Cross the Plains" via Covered Wagon. Does any page of all History contain such telescoping of progress into less than a century? . . . Underlying all above was a remarkable biological fact: — Saxon America is unique in having had 10 generations of SELECTION on THE FRONTIER. There recently was living in Salt Lake City an elderly woman who 'crossed the plains' on foot. She borrowed a baby buggy, loaded into it her belongings. Thus she made the journey from St. Joe, Missouri, to Utah. "Ever scared?" she once was asked. "There was always some Freemason to protect me!"

Huguenot widow. She risked the Isthmus' diseases. She landed her brood safely on the Sacramento wharf. She gave a Red Cross-like service thru all that awful epidemic. Thus also, from Grandmother Denger, was inherited the "Serve-one's-fellowmen" concept. . .

I remember clearly Grandmother's passing. Mother told us this was the last time we would see her. When we arrived, all her other grandchildren, some 30 odd, were there. They went in by 3s and 4s. I was called last. Mother lifted me to kiss her "goodbye". When I stood at her bedside as she said "Karlchen, I wanted you here last and alone. You are too little to understand what I say. Your Mother, however, in coming years, will see that you do. I have selected you to carry on Grandpere Pierre's work. He died across the big ocean from his native home. This, because he dared fight the King's crowd. He found refuge under the Stars and Stripes. Do you promise?"



WALLABY, LURED BY MANDARIN PEEL, POSES ON AN OUTCROP IN AN ARID AUSTRALIAN ACACIA FOREST

"We lads particularly liked to handle a certain one of Dad's boomerangs, for it had disabled a wallaby."

KANGAROOS IN ACTION

"One kangaroo disembowled a hound with one hoofstroke." There are few areas the world over whose wild life is more fascinating than Australia. Here Dad's aunt, a century ago, said to her head blackfellow:— "Give this lad a boomerang. Take him into the Never-Never. Bring him back a man." This order eventually was to color the life of this author with Nature Study.

BLACKFELLOW LANGUAGE IS MUSICAL

"Other boys' fathers could yarn about the size of the fish that got away. OUR Dad told 'Down-Under' ones, of where even the crows were birds-of-paradise.."

COCKATOO SOUP

Father had an almost unique contact with nature. As an adolescent he "grew too fast". His parents in Australia, sent him from Melbourne to the family plantation. His aunt looked him over, called her headman. "Select 3 more blackfellows" she ordered. "Give this lad a boomerang. Take him into the Never-Never for 2 years. Bring him back a man." Sent with these blackfellow servants, his boomerang was his sole means of obtaining his food in the Scrub.

Dad brought a half dozen boomerangs on the whaler that carried him from Sydney to San Francisco. On Sunday afternoons, after a satisfactory week's conduct, his sons were allowed to play with one of them. Each he had brought from Australia had its story. One had disabled a wallaby. Another had brought down a fat "teddybear". A third had felled many a cockatoo. At times, cockatoo-soup had been the only food. Dad had refused to eat grubs, snakes. We begged repetition of yarns about " 'gwannas," . . .about the father-kangaroo who disembowled a hound with one hoof-stroke. Dad imitated the haunting *cucaburras*. He awakened a determination to someday go to watch the lyrebird's wedding dance. Other boys' fathers could yarn about the size of the fish that got away. OUR Dad told "Down-under" ones, of where even the crows were birds-of-paradise.

This competitive spirit of boys was shrewdly used. Neighborhood lads might proclaim: "My Dad's got 2 Sunday suits," or "Mine's got a saddle with Mexican-silver dollars". None, however, could claim a 6-boomerangs' Father that had found a platypus, had eaten an emu-egg omelette and--this was most important--"knew more nature lore than an Injun."

POTAGE ALBATROSS

Dad, an adolescent, found difficulty in leaving Sydney. He was to join Granddad in Sacramento. There was, however, for months, not a ship* available. Then a sailpowered whaler arrived. She was enroute, via the Golden Gate, to Arctic whaling grounds.

Dad's whaler became becalmed 6 weeks in The Doldrums. With food low, those aboard had to fall back on albatross. These, caught by baiting fishhooks, make a none-too-appetizing soup. Water casks, too, almost were empty when the whaler finally limped into San Francisco Bay. She had been posted at the Embarcadero as "Lost". . .

* The author's S. S. Tahiti passed not even one craft between San Francisco and Papete. Then, from Tahiti to New Zealand, again never a sail except a few rowboats at Raratonga.

Dad's first thought upon arrival was a square meal. With roast beef came a side platter. The latter caused Dad to whip off his coat. He started to beat up his waiter. The arriving police asked: "Why?" Pointing to the dish, Dad exclaimed "That insult." On it were 2 ears of sweet corn. Dad finally explained that, in Australia, corn was hog food!

"OUR LORD'S CANDLES"

"Mother . . . taught us how to make a herbarium. The Goethe boys had a Negro-like joy of rolling out big words." That herbarium was preparation for later botanizing in the Desert. From boyhood, we loved the yucca. To it the poetic Spanish gave the above name. In spring, it bursts forth into marvelous blooms. The practical Covered Wagon folk, who were in deadly contact with Spanish-speaking Mexicans, called it "Spanish bayonet." Yucca is another Lower-Lower Sonoran Zone marker. Its fibres were made by Indians into cordage.

BUTTERFLIES

Mother started her sons' Nature Study SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THEIR ABC's. Each made his own butterfly net:— To a wire twisted around a sawn-off broom handle was sewn mosquito netting. She saw that we mounted butterflies, beetles, bugs with

museum care. Cigarboxes were floored with corrugated paper to hold the pins. Mother wisely kept the cyanide jar.

She taught each of us how to make a herbarium. . .Wildflowers correctly were pressed:— root, stem, leaves, bloom.

A load of road-ballast gravel from a nearby Tertiary riverbed was bought. Mother cracked pebble after pebble: "This gray with the white specks is andesite lava. It once flowed from a sputtering volcano." Of the next: "This pink is another lava, rhyolite". Then: "This green is amphibolite-schist. This mottled rock is granite." All were classified as "sedimentary" or "igneous",--then labelled. Joy of joys, one day a quartz pebble when cracked showed a speck of free gold.

The Goethe boys had a Negro-like joy of rolling out "big words". When others struggled with 3-letter "cat", "dog", "pig", they boastfully dazzled with "basalt", "dolomite", "chalcopyrite", "serpentine"!

HOME MUSEUM

Toward further educational growth, our parents also utilized our instinctive acquisition-urge. This was guided into making one's own "home museum". Our boyish minds thus were saturated with nature lore of our native Golden State as well as of Australia. We thus learned later to say "amen" to Dr. David Starr Jordan's "There's not a boresome mile in California."

Could adult life bring anything more impelling than a yearning to tread Ceylon's tangled paths in order to hear the coppersmith's song. . .to climb the Dolomites for "Iceland" poppies. . .to traverse Patagonia's pampas hunting for a rhea flock. . .to camelback the trail toward Timbuctu to study gazelles . . . to net big bluesilk *Morphos* in Brazil's Golden-monkey jungle?

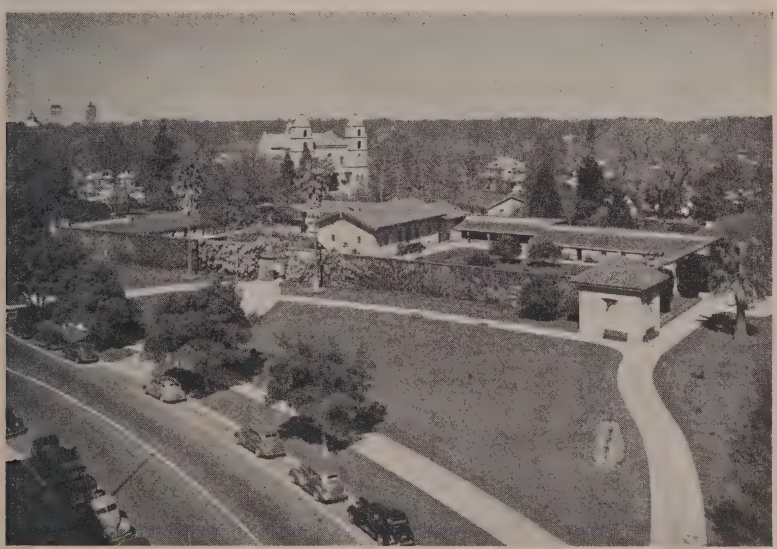
Cigar boxes multiplied with "painted-ladies", "sulphurs", carpenter bees, tigerbeetles. We raised dragonflies from larvae, perfect lepidoptera from the chrysalis. Some cocoons produced—joy-of-joys—parasitic hymenoptera . . . In winter, galls, mosses, lichens were gathered. From beneath bark-shelters came wasps' mud-jugs. Spring gave early wildflowers. Summer produced tar-, also turpentine-weeds. Autumn saw goldenglow, wild asters.

When Mother felt our handwriting was legible, we used Agassiz Association's exchange column. We offered quartz with free gold. Ribboned Mother Lode rock showed attractive applegreen mariposite. Phials of black magnetite sand contrasted flour-gold's yellow. (We "rocked" same ourselves in a "Long Tom". Its owner, a pigtailed Celestial, stood by patiently, in his hand Dad's Trade

Dollar.) A bearded Comstock miner brought us from "Wild Tuscarora", silver bromide, ruby silver, silver chloride. Once he had native silver in wires.

Duplicates brought good exchanges: an Ohio mound's hematite celt. . .Wyoming fossil fish slabs. . .an Iroquois scraper, possibly used in moccasin making. Rhodonite, rare pink mineral powdered to make cathedral stained glass. . ."Bloody tooths" from Florida beaches. A meteorite, polished to show the windstattian figures. Kyanite from Greenland, (We Sunday school kids knew about its "icy mountains".) From "coral sands", not necessarily India's, arrived corals: organpipe, brain, mushroom, precious.

Our parents thus moulded our plastic minds toward Nature-eagerness. This colored their children's lives in a way for which the latter never can be sufficiently grateful.



Photograph: Courtesy of McCurry Foto Co.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY, RESTORATION OF SUTTER'S FORT

"Sutter found, surrounding his Fort, a better crop than even its virgin super-producing wheat fields. It was . . . 160x160 building sites." Sutter's Fort is one mile southerly from the Embarcadero on Bible Toter Jedediah Smith's American River, only highway in 1839.

SUTTER'S SACRAMENTO

General Sutter found a better crop than even his virgin, super-producing wheat fields. Surrounding his 1839-built Fort was a subdivision area. It was capable of yielding an even heavier harvest than grain. Some came in the "twenties" of inrushing goldseekers.

Sutter laid out Sacramento in checker-board style. His allotment of 9 "plazas" was a graceful gesture to the Mexicans. French-speaking-Swiss Sutter knew these should be dubbed "*places*," (long "a" --if you please). These plazas were colored white on his checker-board plan. The other checker blocks, in green, were quartered into 160x160 foot homesites. The yearning for subdivision-shekels later grew strong in the souls of men. Each "160x160" was split into 80x160s, finally into 40x160s.

One "80x160" was the holding of the author's parents. It was almost opposite the present Weinstock-Lubin Department Store. A small garden, patterned after his grandmother's *potagier* of France, was behind the dwelling. In the alley was combined carriagehouse and stable. It had the horse stalls. Overhead was hay and feed storage. Between it and our dwelling was, with true Huguenot thrift, the poultry yard, the rabbit hutch. Each produced a constant supply of fertilizer for the little "*potagier*". True to French tradition, this latter was bordered tastefully by flowering plants around its center beds of vegetables.

Sacramento's population census of 1870 was 16,283. Census of 1880 was 21,420; census of 1890, 26,386.

GOUGE-EYE RANCH

"Gouge-eye" today has been rechristened "Pleasant Grove". It has followed "Bedbug's" shift to "Ione," "Pair-o'-Dice's," "Paradise." The doctor who practiced at Gouge-eye formerly was Court physician to Hawaii's King Kamehameha. He used to criticize said renaming: "It has no 'grove.' Nothing there is 'pleasant' except its people."

To a lad with a tiger-swallowtail, rhyolite, cockatoo education already stowed away, Uncle's ranch near Gouge-eye was Fairyland. An *arroyo seco* meandered across his wheatfields. Its winter-flow rolled down, from the Sierran piedmont, attractively colored, beach-worn pebbles. Joy of joys, one was of red andesite. Its milkwhite, porphyritic crystals in its beef-red matrix made the town boys exclaim: "petrified sausage". What a thrill of scientific superiority was felt when one explained that there could be no perified bologna,—that the meat-red rock, with white specks like fat, was, instead an ancient lava. It truly once had flowed from a volcanic vent in those distant blue Sierras!

GOUGE-EYE BIRD STUDY

Tales of cockatoo, also albatross soups, of flocks of red-parrots, of cucaburra "laughter", of bird-of-paradise courtship "dances"

were based on Dad's boomerang days. This prepared us for eager bird study. Kingbirds nested in Uncle's orchard at Gouge-eye. Barn swallows there made mud-pelleted nests. These were like mudbricked 'dobes then clustered around Mission Dolores.

Uncle's "tule" was a neverending delight. Kildee eggs camouflaged that tule's ground color. In it, too, lived burrowing owls. The author never succeeded, as a boy, in twisting off a groundowl's head. Older boys said this could be done by persistently encircling an owl perched at his burrow-mouth.

As to these hoaxing elder boys, the Day-of-Revenge came. Their birds' eggs, blown at both ends, had been strung to ornament their parlor mantels. Later, Agassiz Association's exchange column had contained a demand for western clutches. Particularly wanted were Billie-owl sets. Dad always had insisted there was a right way for everything. Our owl eggs, therefore, as Science insisted, were prepared one-holed. We Goethe boys triumphantly, conspicuously, perhaps a bit gloatingly, used eggshell drill, blowpipe, embryo scissors. The rural gawks stared openmouthed. Then they discovered there was no market for their "end-blowns". Later, our exchanges arrived. These included: Needle-crystals of Arizona's red chalcotrichite. . .A 30,000,000 years'-old bee in amber. . .Cubical galenite crystal from a mine of Fennimore Cooper's day. Its ores had been used for lead bullets to fight redskins! . . .Joplin spahlerite yielded bathtub zinc.* What would those yokels have said, had this redheaded townboy been able to anticipate and to yarn about the Curies' experiment with radium from Johannesthaler zincblende!

* Enamelled tubs then had not yet been invented.

INKBLOT

Mother loyally "carried on". . .Our pilgrimages to decorate Grandmother's grave were made occasions to ever remind us Grandpere Pierre had fought in the 1848 Revolution. He had struggled earnestly, persistently against Tyranny. He had lead, too, at The Barricades. These were erected against the reactionaries while the princelings were cancelling the Constitutions that had earned their absolutisms.*

One day Mother took me to her cedar chest, "Do you know the best sheet there?" "Yes, Ma'am". "Lift it out. . .Now here is an India-ink bottle. Ink-smear its stopper. Now make a big blot on the sheet. . ." Then:— "That streak never can be washed out. It will outlast your mother. Whenever you see that spot, remember,

* Only in Oriental travel could an American, by the early 1900s, grasp what despotism meant.

never fail Grandpere Pierre. If you, too, do not serve your fellowmen, you so blot your character it never can be erased."

Persistent were above reminders of the sacred deathbed promise to Grandmere Denger. Gradually they blended into a never-ceasing urge to a life of Service to one's fellowmen.

"SHOOTING OUT THE LIGHTS"

This expression illustrates how close to the Frontier was our childhood. Two young friends secured a contract for building "The Southern Pacific of Arizona." They knew how to handle mules, dubbed "Missouri electricity." Same largely were used in the grading of that desert line. The railroad retained their profits until the job was finished.

The boys thus gained a small fortune. On the Frontier, that always meant: A Big Spree. Thru Yuma they came to San Bernardino. "A big bucket of oranges* at San Berdoo," they said, "costs only a dime." This, when in Sacramento stores one lost social standing if one bought anything for less than "two-bits" (a quarter dollar).

As above young men entered Sacramento, they stopped at an Upper Stockton Road Saloon. On its south side its sign read: "First Chance," on the north "Last Chance." Here they overdrank firewater. They then proceeded down J Street, returning by K Street. On both, they shot out saloon lights, only places open at midnight. Then they came to our 12th and K home. Explaining that police were following, they begged to be hidden. Dad was softhearted. Mother, however, objected strenuously. Next morning we found they had bunked in our stable, had left before daylight.

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* For "Gold Rush Days" story of citrus fruit scarcity, read, in author's Sierran Cabin From Skyscraper, p. 119, about a clove of oranges at an Illinoistown dance. This book is in most U. S. A. city libraries.

EMBARCADERO — MISSION — PRESIDIO

When the author was a wee laddie, San Francisco was outgrowing its Mexican 3-village concept. Behind the Embarcadero was the business district. From there, it seemed a long ride to a restless boy out to aunt's home near Mission Dolores. Some truck gardens persisted. The Embarcadero, Mission Dolores, similarly were isolated from the Presidio. Much of Golden Gate Park still was sanddunes.

A Population Pressure student is fascinated by this phase of "The Swarming of the English", as President Woodrow Wilson termed it. San Francisco then was a 3-pronged frontier town. Los

Angeles was emerging from its cocoon of adobes. The "Swarming" into California continued. Its population today probably exceeds all Scandinavia* except Sweden. Above early memories of San Francisco, of Los Angeles, remind one of the Pioneer stocks' capacity for growth when their birthrate remains unhindered by competition of immigrants from low wage areas.

* Norway, Denmark, Finland, Iceland.

DESERT STAGE STATION ADOBE

Sutter's Fort was built of adobe. Mission Dolores, in this writer's boyhood, still had numerous adobe dwellings — slum-like, but inhabited.

ADOBE WALL, MONTEREY

In a climate like California's, adobe wears so well, there now is a charming renaissance of adobe construction. It is particularly favored for dwellings on country estates. This wall, 50 years ago, attractively was draped with colorful bougainvilla.

CENTURY-OLD ADOBE WALL, MONTEREY, STILL USED

Base is of "Carmel Chalkrock." It often contains fossil leaves of a Miocene flora. (See Author's "What's in a Name" for repeated items as to Tertiary trees of California: Magnolia, Ginko, Cinnamon, Ebony, Avocado.)

ADOBE STILL HABITABLE, MONTEREY

This 'dobe first looked down upon oxcarts with creaking wheels sawn from cross sections of an oak . . . upon plodding foot passengers, baggage roped to patient burros . . . upon cursing vaqueros driving Mexican longhorns . . . upon high-peaked sombreroed, seraped horsemen . . . upon black-eyed Spanish beauties, with mantillas of real lace draped charmingly over high tortoise shell combs.

ADOBES ON SAHARA'S BORDER

"Los Angeles was then emerging from its cocoon of adobe." To trace adobe to its beginnings, We-two tracked it thru Mexico, via Vera Cruz, to overseas. Here we were told "Spain had it from the Moors." We found it in Morocco, in Algeria, in date-palm-shaded oases on the trail to Timbuctu.

ADOBES "ON THE TRAIL TO TIMBUCTU"

Where camel drivers gambled at checkers on a "board" traced by lines in the sand, (the counters: black, also white pebbles from a nearby wady)—we found adobes plus an occasional trunk from a dead date palm the only housing material.

ADOBES IN CAMEL LAND

Thus into the Californian area of our alert American culture, there is found adapted the evolved architecture of a Land-of-Little Rain,—a land where nomads still drive their herds as in the days of Abraham,—an area where one can still see an Arab harness his woman and his camel side by side to draw a plow of hardwood desert thorn, innocent of even a steel shoe . . . We wanderlusting, inquisitive Americans have penetrated jungle, desert, polar ice cap, observing, questioning, evaluating, adapting anything from adobe to dog-transportation, from whale blubber (from whose oil was to come the illuminating that was to lead up finally to hydroelectricity's electric light bulbs)— to scouring Brazil for highgrade quartz crystals for our radios. All this, that Americans might lead ever more useful lives . . . and, might accept the responsibilities of world leadership.

LOS ANGELES ADOBES

As the 19th century became the 20th, the Spanish Rancho Del Paso still stretched along Bible Toter Smith's American River. Beyond was the San Juan Grant. Further on, Roseville was a hamlet that could hardly number as many inhabitants as a modern apartment house.

To "South of the Tehachapi" had gone Dad to buy real estate. I will never forget his return:— "I would not trade any Sacramento Valley 160 acres for everything down there. I wouldn't give $1 an acre for Los Angeles County. Only San Diego gives signs of promise." Our parents decided to concentrate on Sacramento and the Sacramento Valley.

SAN FRANCISCO PRESIDIO

Thrilling were the stories Mother told about the Presidio's history. Though New York born, she was educated in San Francisco 1850s' public schools. In her girlhood, veterans repeatedly yarned about '49.

The Gold Rush had started a few years before Grandmother Denger's steamer entered the Golden Gate. Stevenson's New York Volunteer Regiment, after a long voyage " 'Round the Horn", already had taken over the abandoned Mexican fort at the Presidio.

On the Drill Ground we ate army bread. The post baker always gave us some because Dad had a crust in his "museum" labelled "Presidio Bread". Of course we thought it better than any Mother could bake. The Stars and Stripes fluttered at the flagpole's tip. Mother would tell of 5 flags flown over that Presidio:— First, Imperial Spain's, at its 1776 founding by de Anza, marching 1,600 blistering miles from Mexico's Sonora. Next, the short lived Mexican Empire's. Then the Mexican Republic's. For 25 days the Presidio lay under California Republic's Bear Flag. Finally, the 30-starred U. S. A. flag. Soon it was to have its 31st. Bible Toter Jedediah Smith's dream was coming true.

After the Parade Ground lunch, Mother would take us to collect beach-growing wildflowers for our herbarium. Urging us over the sanddunes she seemed to forget our short legs. She pointed out where once was Fort San Joaquin. It guarded the entrance to the Mexican-held San Francisco Bay. Fremont had ordered its guns spiked. In our days, it was Fort Point. Today it is buried under the Golden Gate Bridge's toll plaza.

SEA-FOLK

Mother told of king crabs' paleontological blue-bloodedness:— They could boast of ten-thousand times back of King Arthur. Shark eggs, each with four cables, came from Nantucket of the Whalers. A wonderful pink murex was from Grandma's Panama. A Carribbean conch gave forth the sea's roar if held to the ear. All these, mostly Agassiz Association's exchanges, stimulated an urge to know beach life. Wisely Dad, Mother guided us to these new mysteries.

San Francisco was but a few hours away. Trains thereto always held interest. On their platforms squatted ticketless Piutes, Washoes. One wealthy buck was beaubrummelled with 2 nearsilk neckerchiefs. Three hats skyscrapered atop his matted blueblack hair. In the Chinese secondclass, queues still were in vogue. Little

boys' tufts were lengthened by red silk. Once Chan, our cook, was aboard: "Me go talkee cousin. He belly soon go topside Hong Kong."

Oakland Mole then was "The Golden State's largest animal". (Oh! yes, Californians boasted even back in those days.) Our ferryboat passed Goat Island. Near the Embarcadero was Presidio Beach's cable car. California algae then were in demand. Mother taught us how to float their delicate fronds, separating them with needle inserted into a stick. She would leadpencil generic names on the stiff card-paper. These we catalogued for Agassiz Association exchange, along with sets of ground-owl eggs. Exchanges came from AA members on Cape Cod beaches, from Connecticut's fossilized red sandstone, from Missouri of the Mound Builders, from Indiana with crinoid-starred limestones.

THE RIVER

Sacramento River drained most of the '49ers' Gold Belt. It still patiently awaits its Poet Laureate. Material for its Epic continues to accumulate.

The author's earliest childhood recollection of that River of the Blessed Sacrament is of it in anger. There was midnight suspense about its rising flood. Mother anxiously, repeatedly questioned Dad. Father patiently would respond: "Yolo'll go first". He thought of comparative levee strength. Some overwrought Sacramentans, we heard next day, even saw to it that crevasse-relief came in time to save the Capital City.

Next flood time, the 'cross-the-river ranchers patrolled their levees with sawnoff shotguns. That time our Sacramento side broke. Most houses had been built, Malay-like, on stilts for just such an emergency. Of course our "stilts" were enclosed. They, nevertheless, were there. Our high basement then became a playground for our boyish rafts. Critical Dad commanded "Do your rafting in the sunlight". . .

Accumulating years avalanched away all Flood-fun. One of the author's earliest realty ventures was buying a tract numbered "S.L.S. No.——". It cost $20 per acre "in tule". Reclamation (levees, pumps, years of leaching out alkali) added, say, 1,000% to the original investment. It was, nevertheless, profitable. Said ranch today yields the crops of tomatoes, vegetable- and flower-seed, sugar beets. On it also is situated his model Guernsey dairy.

One of the first ranchers to levee his river frontage was Mrs. Goethe's grandfather, Dr. Thornton Snider. He knew the technique from dike-building in Louisiana. When once he had experienced a Sacramento River flood, he "backfired" with levee-construction. He built with mule-drawn "Fresnos".

ALKALI FLAT

There was something almost Pythagorean in the way Mother chopped life into 7-year segments. She insisted the first seven years possessed high educational opportunities. Devotedly she shouldered, therefore, the load of our education until our 7th birthdays. The student roll of the nearest public school contained some tough "shanty" stock. These lads called themselves "the Alkali Flat Gang." Mother knew that crowd. In that earliest 7-years, Mother impressed upon our young minds certain facts about morals, about nature study, about the enjoyment of sunrise; also sunset-coloring that never were to be forgotten . . .

The "Alkali Flats" always accepted one responsibility eagerly and joyously. It was sex education. Looking back, one wonders why elders themselves do not impart early its rudiments. After being under almost every flag, one must record never having encountered such obsceneties as the "Alkali Flats" taught children of 6 up.

Among these "Alkali Flats" were children of one of the most undesirable immigrant groups ever welcomed as "Oppressed Foreigners" by an undiscerning, blundering-idealistic citizenry.

PUMPPRIMING

Father's contempt for money-making was almost regal. Grandfather Matthias' rule ever had been to exhaust weekly his bank account for human betterment. In Dad's life, this was interpreted by him as complete indifference to self. Dad would pity the small merchant who gladly accepted the mathematics of the tiny, but, frequent turnover.

Mother's philosophy about money was intelligently, yet thriftily Gallic: "Select some staple men must have. Produce that staple better than anyone else. Then you can expect constantly increasing profits. Make all you can honestly. Work! work!! work!!! Never fail to tithe. As soon as you can, double tithe, triple tithe, quadruple tithe. Once profits follow into human betterment, they will increase. The Good Book promises happiness if you "cast your bread upon the waters". . .

I will never forget her pump-priming incident. It came on a hot August afternoon. Uncle was going to water the sheep down in The Tule. Thence also came salmon for the smokehouse. They were caught by night flares. The windmill had broken down. Uncle started to "prime" the handpump. This consisted in pouring water from big "Rockefeller" can. It always was kept filled for

just such an emergency. A gallon of water, and the squeaky pump started.

Coming home, Mother said: "That's the way to use money. Most always when you are getting something started you need only the idea plus a few dollars to start motion." As this is written, perhaps 60 years later, I am still "pump priming." Most wise, was the sage who advised "Give the concept . . . The Strategians will follow." That concept's movement into Translation—into actuality is accelerated, if the way be greased by a few faith-demonstrating dollars.

ADOBE ON TRAIL TOWARD TIMBUCTU

"Dad, Australian-born and accustomed, in boyhood, to the classic architecture of Melbourne's public buildings, could see no future in what he called "a group of crumbling adobes" in the Los Angeles of the 1870's. Its population then hardly equalled a few of Manhattan's crowded blocks of today.

PIONEER INVENTIVENESS

Into no field has more progress been telescoped than INVENTION. America's inventiveness was born of 10 generations of Frontier life. Those physically or mentally weak died before begetting many sons. Only the best survived. Read San Francisco's 1947 telephone directory. Its Yellow Section included 10 pages of radio, 21 pages automobile firms. Contrast latter with its few livery stables in 1857.

As late as 1905, Yosemite stage schedules required passengers to arise at 3 a.m. This was a hangover from the old Covered Wagon

philosophy: "Finish your horsework before noonday heat." That, too, was the price of survival. On his horse-and-buggy trips to the gold mines, Dad always had us up for the daylight start. These were by 25-mile relays.

Characteristic of pioneer inventiveness was Dad's reaction to the first telephone description. His study's desk long had a Morse Key. Sacramento's young married couples in the early 1880s gossipped in dot-dot-dash-dot. Dad's "Science News" arrived predicting wiring the human voice. Excitedly he rushed to the kitchen to tell Mother. Next morning he took me with him across our alley to Telegraph Planing Mill, 12th and J. In a neighbor's yard, we passed an abandoned Covered Wagon. "If that old Prairie Schooner's folks were alive", Dad said, "their ears wouldn't believe what we are doing." 5 minutes later he had selected a redwood 6x6. Soon he was directing the German at the lathe how to shape what was both telephone receiver and transmitter. After his death, I gave this, Sacramento's first telephone, to the Telephone Company's Museum.

"FIND SOME STAPLE, THEN EXCEL COMPETITORS."

It was Mother who had insisted on Dad's buying out the Swiss banker. This Schweitzer always had specialized in homebuilding loans, insisted they were safest. This banker's old fashioned profits, however, seemed doomed to be limited. Sacramento WAS, after all, a mere backwater. In the 1890s, however, there loomed the possibilities of welding homebuilding with subdividing. This strategy's success depended upon ability to think out something new. It must be acceptable to the landowners from whom we were to buy, also to those who were to be our 20-year debtors. Our aim, of course, was expanded profits.

Just what was needed? We had many a family conference on Mother's French model. It finally was decided to bring HISTORY to bear. Just what were the principles of city-growth? We found no literature thereon. Field studies seemed important. Dad declined to leave the business. I therefore had to visit city after city to discover the laws of urban expansion. These became the basis of our success. The way to abundant profits, one concluded, was to anticipate, even years ahead, what was to be the main axis of city growth. Then came the task of gaining control of parcels of land across said axis.

Thus arrived a rare opportunity to accelerate profit-accumulation. Building profits, though better than those of old time banking, still were small. 10%, collected over 10 years meant 1% annual-

ly above normal interest. Subdivision profits, however, at first ran 100%. If buying were correctly planned, the landholder could be satisfied to grant us years'-long purchase-money credit. The realty bought from him could be converted, by SHEER FORCE OF INTELLECT, into an area of farmlets and of urban homes. We thus granted our own purchasers 20 years' credit, if needed. HERE AT LAST WAS THAT STAPLE OF WHICH MOTHER HAD DREAMED. HERE, TOO, WAS WHAT THIS AUTHOR SAW COULD BE CONVERTED QUICKLY INTO HIS DESIRED RESERVE FOR "PUMP-PRIMING" SOCIAL SERVICE PROJECTS.

"35 AND 70"

Our Subdivisions Department's need for capital was like yesteryear comic opera's elephant:—

"That Elephant eat all day.
That elephant eat all night.
It was simply aw-ful,—
That elephant's ap-pe-tite!"

This was as it should have been. I wanted abundant money-power in my lifespan of "Seeking to Serve." My strategy was based on a possible "3 score years and 10:" With financial independence at 35, one could hope for another 35 years of strenuous social service.

During the 1890's Depression, Father was stricken. I had to leave the university. The strain of paying taxes on the defaulted wheat ranches elsewhere described, brought a by-product:— Continental Europe's 40-year rural credits' plan could be utilized in subdividing abovementioned grain farms. Moreover, it disclosed the possibility of urban subdivisions.

We commenced buying vacant blocks within Captain Sutter's original Sacramento. We often made 100% on such investments. There was no competition, only sneers that we would bankrupt ourselves.

AXIS OF GROWTH

I then, as elsewhere described, studied City Planning. The Sacramento situation as to main axis of city growth was clarified: Westward Sacramento was stonewalled by the Sacramento River. Bible Toter Jedediah Smith's American River prevented growth to the North. Both streams also had bottomland zones. These were

too valuable for crops, too wet for homes. Along both river's banks, lands, because fabulously fertile, could not be bought cheaply. My Gallic-inherited imagination suggested:—Sacramento has one main axis. It is Southeastward.

Inside city limits, the area from H Street to the B Street levee further was shut off from Eastward extension by the Agricultural Society's 20th and H Street's Race Track. We long yearned to buy it for subdivision. Legal reasons prohibited. Thus the problem narrowed to a single southeastern expansion axis. We first bought within the old Sutter limits. This included such tracts as the Mission Trecho hopyards, also Casa Alameda, Las Palmas, Los Alamitos.

The Goethes also had become owners of what was left of Oak Park. This was the first large extraterritorial subdivision beyond Captain Sutter's incorporated Sacramento. It included Sacramento's first golf links, also the present 35th Street business section, north of McClatchy Park. This we sold at $150 to $250 per lot, $5 down, $5 monthly. These same lots sold later at $5,000.

Beyond this our subdivisions penetrated another zone. This included Oak Terrace, Park Terrace, Goethe Additions A to F, Sacramento Heights, Fruit Ridge Park, Cloverdale. Both sides of what now is Stockton Boulevard became spotted for miles with Goethe subdivisions. This for years continued to be the main axis of growth. A long time elapsed before Population Pressure forced a crossing of Bible Toter 'Diah Smith's *Rio de los Americanos.*

HOMEBUILDING

Our first start in capital accumulation came through the Swiss private banker whose business Dad purchased. He had a clientele of *Schweitzers* from the Oregon Line to Tehachapi. Frugal but suspicious, these mistrusted those unable to speak German. They had been trained, in the Cantons at home, to expect only 2% to 3% annual interest. Thus gravitated to the Goethe office a flow of inexpensive capital.

In California, even in 1880s, the 1890s, there was growing a neverfilled demand for homes. We invented the slogan: "$100 down, balance like rent." In building, we paid union wages, plus 10%. Thus we secured the best construction. This was highly important, since our capital might remain in these building loans for years.

We made 10% construction profit plus interest. This enabled us to triple what our Swiss depositors expected. As the demand for Goethe homes had so increased, we grew short of capital,

turned to D. O. Mills' Bank. We soon also exhausted their full legal credit line. This then was 10% of their $600,000 capital and surplus.

PANNING GOLD

Dad's life was dyed indelibly with Australian coloring. The Antipodean Gold Rush was beginning when Granddad was heading up Mosellethal for the Belgium *Grenze.* Once in Australia, Granddad eloquently had pleaded the Diggers' cause. Naturally they made much of his first son. Dad's boyhood dreams were tinted by tales of strikes by Trelawneys, who once had dug tin from Cornwall's granites. Camerons, MacGregors yarned of nuggets of sizes that recalled of fish that got away. Sailors, turned prospectors, boasted of quick strikes. These would buy bits of heather-purpled moorlands bordering Highland lochs.

Thus started Dad's interest in mining. Sometimes 'twas harmless "grubstaking". $10 a month then supported a "pocket prospector" and burro. At other times it sluiced away savings as a placer miner lowers reservoired rain to wash the red dirt from the nuggets. Finally the mining ledger, after years of red ink, was in the black. Mother begged "Let's quit". Dad smiled whimsically: "Do you think I can?". . .

Gold Belt trips usually were squeezed into weekends. As eldest son, I was taken. Sometimes, as when, in a tunnel face, the "seam" showed signs of widening into a "pocket," I was told to remain as watchdog. In the bunkhouse at night, the men like the "Bad Man from Bodie," or like one of France's Foreign Legionnaires, boasted of misdeeds. Not always could absinthe addicts, even plain "Rot-gut soaks" be trusted when nearing a "pocket." Common gossip had an Irishman tricking his German partner into going to the Crossroads for next week's grub. Former had seen "signs" in the seam. In the hours Hans was gone, Mike opened the pocket. He tied its gold into a gunny sack. This he hid in the chaparral. Within a week he had become "sick." He had succeeded in sneaking the pocket over to another express office. Later "Uncle died in Ireland." Mike, out of that "bequest," paid cash for a fine Sacramento River ranch . . .

There then were but a few bridges. Generally we had only fords. In winter, one estimated rainfall. Upstream I often broke morning ice to pan samples. Exciting 'twas to wash the red dirt. Would the heavy black sand finally show color?

EGYPT

One of my earliest memories was Dad's excitement over the British occupation of Egypt in 1882. Australian-born, hence raised in an environment where "Suez" spelt "Security", he was happy to know that the threat of continued anarchy in Egypt was ended. Being his firstborn, he tried to explain to me, then 7, what it meant to have ended the corrupt government at Cairo. Being a born educator, he utilized the glamor of ancient Egypt to make a profound impression. There were, therefore, stories of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, of camels and Arabs, of the Statues of Memmon—and, of course, of Moses, both in the bulrushes, and on the Red Sea crossing. Now, 66 years afterwards, one looks back on weeks well invested again and again in Cairo, Luxor, Karnak, Memphis. One wonders if the original stimulus thereto was not Dad's romantic tales back in 1882.

DESERT FREIGHT TRAIN . . . THE CAMEL CARRIES DATES FOR U.S.A.

. . . To Australian-born Dad, 1882's Occupation of Egypt meant security to folks Down-Under . . . He filled our boyish lives with tales of camels and Arabs, of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

PYRAMID WINZE

Familiarity with the Gold Belt brought rare opportunities for mineral collecting. Sometimes there would be a unique find—perhaps never to be repeated. One of these was a remarkably beautiful association of needle crystals of bright green malachite on milky quartz. To the miner, it had no value. It was in heavy demand, however, for Agassiz Association exchange material.

Three trips cleaned that mine's abandoned dump. Specimens, however, still were on the tunnel floor at its mouth. Only, however, half a ruck-sack. Brother and I found, nevertheless, stubs of candles. The tunnel, about 1½ miles long, followed a curving vein. As the candle stubs burned low, Brother and I felt our way forward along the walls in the dark. Why, I do not know, but finally I said "I'm going to light my last candle-stub." To our horror, a few feet ahead, yawned a winze in the tunnel floor. Had we continued, we both might have fallen down its 150 feet. The mine having been deserted for years, our bodies possibly might have never been found in the water at its bottom.

"BIOLOGICAL ILLITERACY"

Thus Childhood lengthened into adolescence. Nature lore was stored about birds-of-paradise, about seaweeds, Billie owls, "petrified sausage", boomerangs, pocketmining, kildee-egg camouflage, needle malachite. Above was later to be converted into blind-schools' wild-bird-music classes, into parks' conservation, into National Parks' nature guiding, into reducing biological illiteracy.

When manhood arrived, it was evident there would be need of a continual flow of profits to support these ever increasing opportunities to serve one's fellowmen. This stimulated a study of method in Public Education. One effective item in its technique was coining slogans. In establishing Nature Guiding, it was: "LEARN TO READ A TRAILSIDE AS A BOOK." Later, accumulating experience disclosed the amazing biological ignorance of those in high places.*

There then was invented another slogan: "REDUCE U.S.A.'s BIOLOGICAL ILLITERACY." A conspicuous example thereof was the rejection of the Camouflage-concept by U. S. A., also by Britain, in World War I.

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* "One continually is amazed at the appalling and tragic ignorance of the average American in matters biological. Have we not a responsibility to end biological illiteracy? If once we raise a generation trained in biology, we will have a different kind of law-making.

AT "JUMPING" DAM SITE.

Our continued schooling in mineralogy brought its practical side. One Christmas Eve came a telegram: "We want to jump dam site on————Creek New Year's Eve. Will you undertake commission to leave tonight for county seat? Our attorney there will await you tomorrow. Search titles all next week. Our superintendent will jump the dam site midnight New Year's. Then we ask you to secure assignment of all riparian rights between dam site and mouth of creek. This necessary to anticipate any shyster litigation."

We were closing the office as that wire arrived. Dad read the telegram aloud. He snapped "I would not give up Christmas for a fee of all the stock in their company." I begged to go. Dad was adamant. We phoned Mother. She said "The experience will be good." I met their superintendent at their attorney's at the County Seat. I was a fascinated spectator when he jumped the abandoned dam site claim at 12:01 New Year's night. He recorded notices at 9:00 a.m. sharp January 2nd. We then started to secure the riparian rights' assignments.

That New Year's Day opened the Wm. J. Bryan 16-to-1 election year. These landowners were of hillbilly mentality. They supposed that, if Bryan were elected President, any citizen could go to his county seat. He there would be given 16 silver dollars. When he had spent all but 1, it was time to get another 16.

Such folks were confirmed corporation-haters. Only by convincing them of the enormous profits of orange growing by irrigation would they cooperate by assigning their riparian rights to the Ditch Company:— "An acre is 210 feet square. If orange trees were to be planted 20 feet apart, there would be to each acre 10 rows of 10 trees, or, say, 100 trees. If each tree were to produce 10 dozen oranges at 10c a dozen each tree would yield $1. From each acre would flow $100 yearly."

A hillbilly's "160" might thus produce $16,000 annual income. We had Wm. J. Bryan's 16 to 1 "skinned half-a-mile." After 4 days we had, for $1 consideration each, that creek's riparian rights— all but one.

HILLCOUNTRY MISER

That one was the Creek's miser. He had a mine across the Creek from his cabin. Known as the Creek's best shot, he had threatened to kill anyone crossing his boundary line. The Company's superintendent said "Here's where I quit". With an adolescent's lack of caution, I determined to finish the job alone.

The miser's cabin door was open. He sat at his fireplace. Four houn'-dawgs stretched on the floor. I felt uneasy as he reached for a sawn-off shotgun. I said "Good morning". No answer coming, I repeated the greeting twice. I saw he was watch-me out of the corner of his eye. His door was held open by a chunk of rock. Even then, the rock-hound habit prevailed. I picked it up. The miser was showing interest. I commenced testing it for "streak". "What are you doing?" "I am puzzled—I am sure this didn't come from this neighborhood." "You're dead right. Where do you think its from?" "Well, there's ore like this over the Sierran crest in Inyo County." "That sure's where it came from. Are you a mining engineer?" "I'm not old enough, even if I am tall."

"Say, what are you doing around here, anyhow? Didn't the neighbors tell you I would shoot anyone who came here." "Yes, but I didn't believe it and I don't believe it now." "Well, what *do* you want?" I explained my errand. He chewed his plug tobacco for fully 5 minutes. Then he drawled "I'll bargain with ye. . .I've got a mine across the Creek. I think it's rich but its quartz is barren. If you can show me the lead, I'll sign your paper—because I'll need that ditch water for a stampmill." I agreed, "Mind you, if you cheat me, I'll bore you with my first bullet. I don't miss." "Don't worry, got a pan?" "Yep". "Horn spoon?" "Yep". "Quicksilver-flask mortar?", "Yep." "Then let's start."

A MINE DISCOVERY

We loaded the equipment into his boat. We rowed across the creek in flood. Once there, I commenced panning samples. The color showed for about 100 feet along the bank. It narrowed, fan-like, as one prospected uphill. We came to a welldefined ledge—good hanging, good foot wall. Above the fan's apex I took quartz samples. I mortared the quartz. I washed it most carefully in the horn spoon. It was, as he had said, absolutely barren.

And yet, even grassroots' panning had showed gold colors. I was as puzzled as was the old man. He was growing irritable. "I'm stumped", I admitted. Then I exclaimed: "Hold on. Did you ever sample that?" There was a zone of rusty, decomposed rock ribboning the barren quartz. "No, why?" I mortared an ample sample. I hornspooned it. I had a quarter teaspoonful of rusty ragged gold!

"There's your mine!" He kept his word. In his cabin an hour later he signed the Riparian Rights Assignment. I witnessed it. He even wanted to open some homemade moonshine. "Good corn licker" he insisted. "We sure ought to celebrate." I thought it wiser to depart as he gulped down his glass and mine.

The Company deal was closed. As Mother predicted, I HAD gained experience. Does anyone who turns an electric light switch, ever wonder what pioneering was necessary to build our hydroelectric systems? That dam, those riparian rights deeds are part of one in California.

THREE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECES

We never could fill the demand for honest-built, easy payment dwellings. We therefore, to secure more capital, organized Goethe Bank. Followed glimpses of forgotten history. One new depositor was a widow. Her husband had owned a pioneer Sacramento River trading boat. He swapped needles, calicoes, towels, for eggs, butter, *schmeerkase*. These then yielded farmers' wives "pin money."

Whenever said skipper received a $2½ or a $3 goldpiece, it was sidetracked to his wife. She hoarded same in a basement-hid tomato can. When Dad and I opened Goethe Bank, she called. In her bandana were bits of that rusted can. She wanted to open a savings account. I gave her passbook for her savings, face value $485. I suggested her coming one year later to have her interest posted. In the interim, being myself a coin collector, I slowly fed out her hoard to collectors in New York, London, Amsterdam. Some of those $3 gold pieces brought exceptionally satisfactory prices. Goethe Bank was able to surprise that widow with a year's "extra" interest of $617.

CAMOUFLAGE

Mother, with infinite patience, as above described, guided her sons in Nature Study. Our nets yielded leaf butterflies. We were taught to notice their camouflage of a dead leaf. Grasshoppers, we were shown, partook of the color of the summer soil of Uncle's ranch at Gouge-eye. In the early 1880s, horned lizards, there, were still common. Mother again taught us to watch them "freeze". Their spotting blended with the sunbaked earth's terracotta color. We were taken on a camping trip into Cache Creek Canyon. There were shown a mottled fawn. When it also instinctively "froze", 'twas not easy to distinquish it from its surroundings.

Many might declare such instruction at 7 and 8 years was wasted. This is testimony that it was not. Now, at 73, those lessons dominate thought. They send one along the trail in the spring to the Redwoods, in midsummer to the High Sierras or along the Coast. In the autumn to foothills, in winter to the Desert. One constantly is alert for new discoveries of Mother Nature's camouflage.

As one grew older and became aware of one's urge to serve one's fellowmen, one became more and more absorbed in law-making. First experiences came were with the California Legislature. Later, Congress. One observed the different reactions of legislators. Those trained in biology tended to vote far more intelligently than those biologically illiterate.

SITE-BUYING

One trained in realty sometimes can contribute ideas to a church, a club, a school, any of which happens to be purchasing a site for building.*

Acquisition of the second site of Sacramento's Westminster is an example. My Aunt was a member of this Church when at 6th and L Streets. Westminster then had concluded they wanted to move uptown. Aunt asked Father, her brother, to use his best efforts in making the wisest purchase of a new site. Father advised buying on the main line of the city's growth.

Grandfather had done the same thing for his Church. He bought the corner at 9th and K now occupied by Hale's Department Store. The site then was a swamp. He built there his Church. He sold it later. The proceeds covered cost of new site at 12th and K, plus cost of building. Grandfather's original investment was $250. Because of twice buying on the main axis of the city's growth, that $250 eventually grew to, I understand, about $100,000. This paid for much of St. John's at 16th and L Streets.

Father, using the same strategy, bought for Westminster the 13th and K site for about $10,000. I heard the church afterwards sold for $175,000. This went toward cost of the present magnificent Byzantine structure facing Capitol Park.

* This author's guidance of the purchase of the Capital City Wheelman's Clubhouse is described elsewhere. The main-axis-of-growth strategy also was used therein.

GRUBSTAKING

Dad's early boyhood having seen Australia's Gold Rush, became infected with that germ. Dad must have welcomed Granddad's travel from Sydney to Mexico via San Francisco. That meant going to California Gold Rush which then was still vital.

Much to Mother's disgust, Dad "grubstaked" prospectors. Allowance: $10 monthly, strikes shared 50/50. Mother understood these dignified hoboes. Dad always trusted them. His safe guarded a tiny gold bar of 3 ounces, or $60. That was about the best that "50/50" ever yielded. It was perhaps 1% of, say, $6,000 grubstaking.

T. D. HOLLOW

Dad's devotion to Granddad almost partook of ancestor worship. He never doubted, on the other hand, his responsibility to select his eldest son's life vocation. As to his choice, however, he long vacillated. Was it to be the Law or Mining Engineering? In those days Lawyers, like Doctors, dressed with dignity, the part. Eventually I was admitted to the California Bar. Meantime Dad's gold-lure always must have been present. I always was taken on his mines weekends. After my tenth birthday I was required to take all vacations with someone Dad grubstaked. Supposedly hunting ledges, their strikes always were "pockets". One might yield $100. Elsewhere, I have described "Sailor Jack's $50,000 pocket strike."

On each 60-days' midsummer vacation, I was given $25. $10 covered a month's living expenses. $5 was for railroad fare home. One such vacation I was posted on one of Dad's quartz mines. It was in the side of an old placer gulch. The lead was well defined: Granite footwalls, slate hangingwall, gouge always showing, with bits of very low grade quartz. Periodically they widened into tiny pockets. This seldom paid a week's expenses. There always was, however, the possibility of another Sailor Jack's $50,000.

Dad had grubstaked Tuscarora Bart. I was ordered to Dad's mine to learn mine-timbering—and watch Tuscarora. Dad did not know Tuscarora boasted he was a "Band Man from Bodie." He was careful Dad should know nothing of this.

I slept of course in the bunkhouse. Bunks lined on both sides and the end. The dining table between them and the stove. I promptly was assigned to do the cooking. After my first adventure with beans, which I never before had cooked, my experience as chef ended. The others did their own cooking. I was forced, however, to eat beans 3 times daily till that wash boiler was empty.

WHEAT

While our homebuilding was expanding, the cattle ranches of my infancy were being converted into wheat farms. Wheat had become THE staple. The highest compliment an 1880s Californian could be paid was: "He is as good as wheat!" The 1890s, however, saw a Depression. Upvalley wheat plummeted to 70 cents a cental. Ranchers could not be coaxed to remain on their holdings. Banks were loaded down with unrentable realty. Abandoned farm buildings were uninsurable because of tramps.

Here came the first test of my pioneer-inherited resourcefulness. Dad became ill with worry. Mother was busy nursing him.

I had to shoulder the office load. I had read of European rural credits. I knew snowbound Dakota had many German-speaking Russians. I worked out a plan to split one of our defaulted wheat ranches into 20 acre plots. These were offered the Czar's former subjects at $400 each, $5 down, $5 monthly. This meant 79 months' credit.

We, moreover, financed these snowsick Dakotans as to lumber, pump, milch cows, pigs, poultry. We trusted to their labor. The plan worked. Those inured to European-peasant standards were delighted to own growing figs, grapes, oranges. It was just like fairy tales of Italy.

Followed Italians. One was a Sicilian. He came into our Bank. He laid on the counter a wicked looking stiletto. He said "Feel its point." I did, wondering why. Then he produced a filthy newspaper. He pointed to our "$5 down" ad. "That so?" "Yes." "I don't believe it, but here is $5. You give me paper. I start work. If you swindle me, I stick stiletto in your back." I assured him he need not fear. He planted his 20, later two more 20s, to wine grapes.

The same imagination that urged Dad to accept a whaler's

CALIFORNIA RICE GROWING

"Dad's rice crews consisted of Sikhs". These knew rice culture from the Orient. Rice always is thirsty. The paths between Oriental rice basins are narrow. This, because overpopulation forces use of every square yard of fertile soil.

transportation from Australia to California's gold fields,—that kept him ever thereafter in gold mining, that caused him to buy a succession of hillcountry sites whenever a cabin permitted scenery enjoyment, sent him pioneering into California ricegrowing. California technique was, of course, even then radically different from that of Oriental rice *paddys*.

RICE PADDY IN JAVA

Java's fertile, volcanic-ash soils yield five crops biennially. As throughout the Orient, each plant is set out by hand. This method has been unchanged thru the centuries that have become milleniums. Same is characteristic of the dull, unimaginative coolie population. The Far East once had a pioneering group. This was when Nordics surged thru the Himalaya passes, then over the deserts of twice a hundred sleeps. These masterful men, however, had no conception of the Differential Birthrates Law. As pioneers, it was long before their wives were to dare the burning desert's camel trails. Thereafter, these had to endure the icy gales of mountain passes. Same were two, even three miles high, among heaven-shouldering glaciers. These men from the Baltic, meantime, had begun crossing their blood with slave-girl concubines. In our century, all we have left of the Conquerors is: (1) their Sanskrit, (2) the scintillating gems of their nature-poems, the Vedic hymns, (3) an occasional blue-eyed, six-foot Sikh. Or, yesteryear, the red hair of a Chinese queue, lifted over his shoulder, as he bargains with you for the transport on the next three marches.

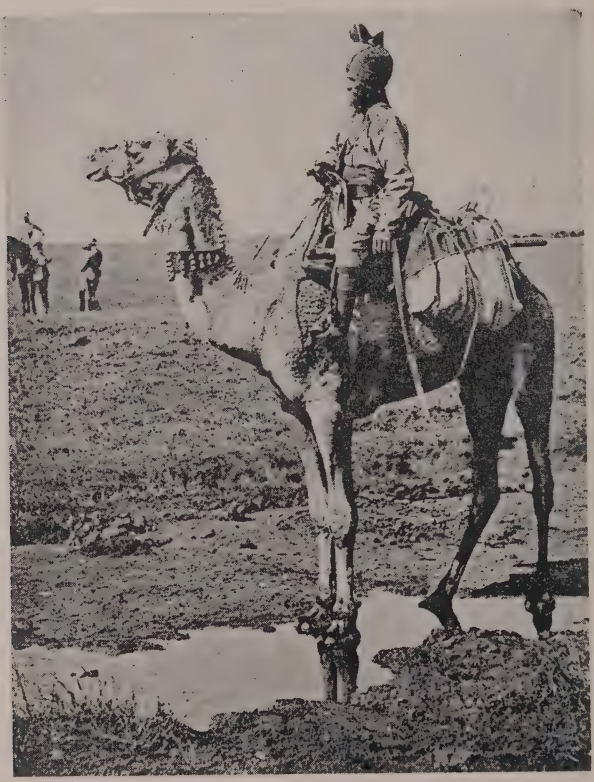
RICE

Dad, true also to his Viking blood, pioneered thus in California rice culture. Oldtimers were startled to see acres, long overcropped to wheat, raising rice. Rice being a water crop, Dad installed powerful pumps. There also was much expensive levelling.

Father entered rice culture long before I ventured therein.

His crews consisted of Sikhs. I knew these fine fellows as excellent police in Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore. My Sweetheart and I visited their Golden Temple in Amritsar. Today, however, California rice men sow, fertilize by airplane.

Before Dad's passing he said: "My estate includes rice profits. Each son gets his ¼. I'd like to feel yours would go toward holding the Immigration Quota Acts." Only one Australian-born could fully



SIKHS' CAMEL CAVALRYMAN

The Sikhs that farmed Dad's rice experiments were 6-footers. Their turbans added another foot to their stature. Possibly this unconsciously was a part to their defense mechanism. It added to their appearance of strength in combat like the red warpaint of our Sioux or Apaches, or the slitted cheeks of Sengalin Mohammedans.

Our Sikh is studying you. Perhaps he feels a vague tinge of brotherhood out of the centuries that are gone. Chinese Mohammedan, or Sikh constable, both are vaguely conscious, perhaps, that the pith-helmeted paleface from across the Big Water is being catapulted into a World Leadership that is to see even his rice paddy seeded and later also fertilized by airplanes, using raw products over which his ancestors unwittingly have trod for ninety-nine generations. California's rice, too, is a symbol of what is happening between 1900 and 1950.

grasp the foresight of the "White Australian policy." In all such matters he retained, until almost his last day, his perennially youthful interest. At his death in 1928, we still were fighting for Quota Acts. Their National Origins clauses really were enforced only commencing 1929.

* University of California's Agronomist, Mackie, introduced rice into California about 1908.

Photo: Courtesy California Packing Company.

PAPER LAYING MACHINE CONTROLS WEEDS

Mechanized farming displaces hand labor where the population-mass contains an element eugenically intelligent enough to use it. Most of this advance has come in this author's lifetime. As hereinelsewhere stated, he saw a Moslem in Anatolia, hitch his woman beside a camel to a desert-thorn hardwood plow. Latter was innocent of even a steel shoe. Photo shows mechanization to control weeds on a Hawaiian pineapple plantation. Eugenics is really the application of this same "Weeds-and-Seeds" philosophy to humans. Why father children doomed to blindness because of inherited defective genes of both parents? At one prewar World Eugenics Conference, statistics showed such marriages produce only 2% of future children not doomed to blindness.

MECHANIZED RANCHING

One wonders, as this paragraph is written, what will be the final result of the impact of American pioneer inventiveness on world population problems:

Some years ago we were having continual trouble with Mexican labor for sugarbeet digging. . .White labor long had been impossible to obtain. My own theory had been white labor would accept this socall "backbreak" work if it did not carry the stigma

of inferiority. White labor showed an instinctive race feeling against working beside Mexicans. Later it even called them: *"Peones"* (slaves.)

To substantiate my theory, I went to Germany to study its sugarbeet labor. Long rows of blueeyed, flaxenhaired girls gladly did above socalled "backbreak" work. This, Californians had maintained, a white man, much less a white woman, could not do.

Today, I still wonder. A report arrived yesterday about delay in digging the sugar beet crop on one of our ranches. The rainy season was approaching. The beets still are not dug. I had been complaining. The refinery responded: "Why worry? Our digging machine will dig them in a jiffy". Their outfit requires only 2 men. It displaces some 35 Mexicans. Upon the latter we formerly were absolutely dependent. . .

This is happening in all lines of agricultural work.

ONE WONDERS WHAT THE FINAL OUTCOME OF ALL THIS WILL BE. The very type of labor that is most easily led by demagogic leaders is the very type which, at the present rate of mechanization, must more and more, find a progressively-declining demand.

SUGARBEET GROWING

Being of venturesome Viking blood, we always were alert to try new crops. Some, as soybeans, proved worthless. Others, like sugarbeets, solved by their profit-possibilities, financial problems. Some new grains, soon were discontinued. Others we continued to plant for 4 decades.

California's romantic sugarbeet history is but another chapter of an old story. Whether it be the *Sapin*-based honey of Dijon's *pain d'epice*, or that of Nuremberger *lebkuchen*, or yet that of *honigkooken* munched by wooden-shoed bairns under Dutch windmills. . .Whether it be Vermont's maple sugar or Hindustan's toddy palm sugar, or yet the tragic account of Haiti's tropical cane plantations, the history of sweets always appeals.

The sugarbeet industry had its origin in the brain of a blockaded Napoleon. Josephine Beauharnais' Martinique was accumulating mountains of sugar. Britain's frigates sailed between these and Frenchmen howling for coffee-sugar. Shouted was the Napoleonic command: "Beets contain sugar. Isolate variations until France's soil supplies our sugar." The guillotined Lavosier's first Agricultural Experiment Station had not gone unnoticed by the runtish Corsican.

Above was to have worldwide repercussions. California be-

came another sugarbeet frontier. Thrips, nematodes, rootrot were to discourage pioneers. A field sometimes was so badly infested, only a 5% stand remained. Golden State's biologists utilized those survivors to breed resistants. Today only veteran growers can recall heartbreaking pioneering years of sugarbeet failures. Perhaps no one else except Covered Wagon Folk descendants could have persisted.

GUATEMALAN HOLDS WILD TOMATOES

"In World War II, because of war needs, we grew fresh vegetables." . . . Previously We-two had botanized for the origin of both tomato and potato from Mexico, thru Central America to Southern Peru.

TOMATOES

School days over, I was plunged into ranch management. Dad's family in Australia apparently had sheep stations, some in the Back Blocks. Dad never quite lost his desire for the country life he had enjoyed as a boy. He always was buying some new acreage. Am not sure its commercial prospects weighed as heavily in his decisions as did other factors. Mother, intensely practical, objected to his plan to buy a hill ranch. She could see no financial advantage. Dad countered with "But the view of the 'Georgetown Pyramids' is worth the whole cost." He had this view for years, finally sold a triangle across the road from the main holding for the entire cost.

Having inherited Mother's French thrift, I soon saw, as I gained understanding of the ranch department, the need of a planned policy. One of the fundamentals was to avoid fresh fruits

and vegetables. In the late 1890s, when much of the responsibility gravitated to my shoulders, Labor was hardly the problem it is today. However, there always was tension. In World War II, we grew fresh vegetables because of war needs.

Airplane dusting tomatoes with calcium arsenic cost $200 per hour. It cuts labor costs 50%, even more. . .Besides it avoids strikes at critical times. Planes come within 20 feet of the ground.

MUSTARD SEED

Demand for lettuce, carrot, tablebeet, gardenpeas seed one understood. When, however, there came what was almost an order for growing mustard seed, one objected. The author recalls his reaction thereto:— "Anyone planting mustard seed on Sacramento River bottoms ought to be quartered, boiled in oil!"

Mustard, indeed, is a troublesome weed. It was explained to us, however, commercial mustard seed was not noxious. "Its use"?

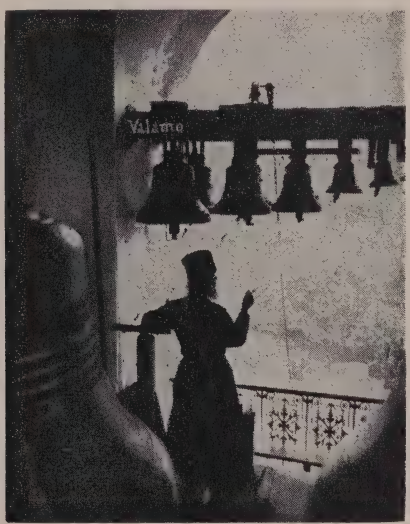
SPRAYING IN WEED CONTROL

"Airplane dusting of tomatoes cost $200 per hour . . . cuts labor costs 50% . . . The use of aviation in weed control is remarkable. On some of this author's ranches, grain yields run to 35 sacks per acre. (A "sack" contains almost two bushels.) The very soil fertility carries a weed control problem. Wild radish can choke grain until the yield is nothing. Sprays that kill radish, a crucifer, do not harm grains, (all members of the grass family.)

The airplane is used in rice planting, also rice fertilization, in California. It further is being used in other crops, as for dusting in insect control, in selective weeding.

"For forest-fire-burned areas." Once the ashes cool, the dust-sized seed was dropped from airplanes. California's long dry summer usually is followed by a late September rain. This is enough to sprout the hardy mustard. It makes a quick cover. This persists until the long winter rains come to sprout the more slowly-germinating native seeds. Latter take weeks to develop. Meanwhile "mustard greens" prevent soil erosion.

Other seedgrowing yarns are even, more fascinating. It was whispered, however, they were connected with World War II strategy. As this is written, our country seems to be entering the "Cold War", hence the tales are not recorded here.



ST. SERGIUS AND HERMANN CHIMES, VALAMO MONASTERY

"In Russia, 3,000,000 *kulacks* or intelligent master farmers were sent to die of starvation on the road to Siberia." With this appalling history, should one wonder the Soviet government now allegedly bars all university courses in genetics and eugenics* . . . Almost in sight of this Greek-Orthodox monastery was the Leningrad's Museum of Irreligion. The Militant Godless teach Communist youth that all Valamo stood for was Nonsense.

* See item on the Vavilov in this author's "Geogardening."

COMMUNISM

In a democracy, discussing current events with any voter educates one. One sometimes wonders whether, eugenically, the moron should have the same number of votes as one with an I. Q. of, say, 140. One recalls the old Greek concept of Government-by-the-Best. One such discussion came during the maritime strike, some years ago. A chance contact opened his conversation with: "Beautiful strike now running!" I remained silent. He said "Evidently you

do not like it?" "Certainly not." "Why?" "I have a tomato crop ripe." The cannery said, "Stop picking. We do not know when they will again accept deliveries." I continued: "2 strikes cause that cannery shutdown: One, a jurisdictional strike between two unions. The other, your maritime strike. This blocks flow of canning material." "You own a ranch?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "Well, you won't own it much longer anyhow. We will liquidate every ranchowner employing even 1 or 2. They live off the fruits of their employees. Same is only a form of slavery. U. S. A. has no Siberia. In Russia, we sent 3 million Kulaks to die of starvation on the way. We'll take the shorter process. We'll simply kill you all. Your farms then will be turned over to farm laborers." I told him destruction of Russia's intelligent Kulaks turned the U.S.S.R. into a food importer. He exploded "Propaganda!" I told of my last Mexican visit. Elimination of the *haciendados* resulted in such corn reduction, Mexico had become a corn importer. Again: "Propaganda!" I further recalled a recent report by an American officer. He had resided behind Berlin's lron curtain. "An officer? All American officers ought to be liquidated. I would only believe a report from a private who had been in Berlin."

CAPITAL CITY WHEELMEN

A glimpse into the possibilities of organized recreation came about 1893 that was never to be forgotten during a long life.

There had been a series of continued petty embezzlements throughout the business district. Sacramento then was a small frontier city. Everybody knew everybody else. The stealings had been mostly by adolescents belonging to "good" families. They continued, however, until it looked like San Quentin for about a dozen. Then D. O. Mills' Bank's President, Mr. Frank Miller, grasped that this meant shame and disgrace for the families of these delinquents. He sent his bank messenger to Dad's office requesting my presence at 3:15 that day.

In his room were the heads of a dozen wholesale firms. President Miller said they were assembled to discuss embezzlements. Their detective had traced the cases to about 3 "cigar stores". These really were fronts for backroom gambling. These boys were being systematically fleeced. Mr. Miller said the business men had concluded the remedy was plenty of strenuous outdoor recreation. Wheeling then was just beginning to be a craze. The old high-wheeler had given place to the solid-rubber tire. That week the first pneumatic tires had arrived.

He told me the men had decided each to summon his respective delinquents. Same were to be given the alternative of San Quentin —or membership in a wheelmen's club. The merchants had selected me to be its Organizer and to be later its President. I was to promise that these seniors would join.

There was to be no taint of misdoing. The merchants told me to guarantee the building of two wheelways. One was to run to Folsom, the other to Elk Grove. I was further to organize a racing team, and to have relay races with Stockton (hated rival) and with the San Francisco new cycling clubs: the Olympies and the Bay Cities.

Mr. Miller further said: "Your recompense for all this will be your learning how to handle men. I will promise to attend the wheelway runs—and each merchant occasionally will be on hand—two or three in on each run. We will watch your blunders, show you how to correct them."

Eventually we had the most powerful wheeling club west of St. Louis. I bought them the clubhouse in the present Weinstock-Lubin block for $4,000. It was sold at dissolution, years after the Goethe subdivisions expansion had compelled me to resign, for some $40,000.

President Miller was wise. In serving his group and in saving those parents as well as their boys, I had my first insight into supervised recreation. I thus was ready for 1908 and the Presidency of Sacramento's first playground, for 1912 and the playgrounds We-two started overseas . . . for 1915 and the Presidency of the California Nature Study League . . . for 1919 and the Tahoe Nature Guide experiment, and, finally, for 1920 and prompt response to National Parks' Director Mather's appeal to shift the Tahoe experiment to Yosemite: with National and State Parks participation ever since!

INCOME TAX

During this attempt at an idealistic life of "Seeking to Serve", accumulating years have brought humility. One learned by experience that what seemed idealistically desirable often had hidden dangers. One blunder was the Income Tax.

As an adolescent reformer, I entered wholeheartedly into the struggle for an income tax. Tax on incomes seemed the only just one. If one made profits, he paid. If he lost, he became automatically exempt. U. S. A.'s 120 years, then become history, was a time of *laissez faire*. Based upon intellect, plus use of virgin resources, great fortunes were accumulating. Many thereof were

being bequeathed selfishly. Observing Britain's entailed estates, remembering the abuse of money power, two controls were being discussed: (a) Estate and gift taxes. (b) Income tax.

The latter had its own peculiar appeal of justice as above. It was an alluring prospect. A small group worked for an income tax. The first act was declared unconstitutional. The second became the present law.

TENNIS CLUB, COUNTRY CLUB

The several years' success as President of Capital City Wheelmen brought two other sports' bids. One was the Presidency of the Sacramento Tennis Club—the other was the task of popularizing the Sacramento Golf Club. The latter still persists as Del Paso Country Club.

The tennis presidency came out of the original club's collapse with debts of some $1,800. I had been an honorary director. Never attended meetings because I was head-over-heels financing subdivisions. I was amazed that when the officers resigned, only the late Miss Rose Sheehan and I remained to pay that debt.

We decided to get creditors' extensions upon our promise to reorganize the Club. We were successful. When, some years later, I resigned as President, we had, with the aid of Miss Sheehan's Girls' Auxiliary, the largest tennis club in California—and all debts paid.

With the Tennis Club safely running, I joined a small group that organized the old Sacramento Golf Club. I agreed to build up the club by the same methods that had proven successful with the Capital City Wheelmen and the Sacramento Tennis Club. The first "links" was property the Goethe Company controlled. It was in Oak Park. When the club moved to the "J St. Extension" (as East of 31st was called), we subdivided the original links as Goethe Addition "F" to Sacramento.

MARRIAGE

December 1903 brought marriage. Followed more than 42 years of perfect companionship. We both had had in childhood, in adolescence thorough religious education. This taught the highest happiness came from endeavoring to lead lives of service to one's fellowmen. We therefore agreed, even before marriage, to invest in Social Service whatever executive abilities we had, in addition to earnings. We already grasped the need for balance for our "Seeking to Serve" program.

To me, therefore, fell overseeing research, also scientific and

certain educational projects. These grew to include the Playground Movement, our science work in hundreds of schools, also National Parks' nature guiding. My Sweetheart's then unusual training for Child Welfare was to be utilized in concentration mostly on religious education.

Always laboring for interdenominational teamwork, we further worked for wider cooperation between churchmen and scientists, as well as between Freemasons and churchfolk. We came to learn that one often finds an individual whose intense specialization has made him rather fanatical. Is it not tragedy that such idealists so often are at swords' point, when they should be struggling, shoulder to shoulder, against an ever-watchful and adroit enemy?

TITHE

Abraham gave tithes to the King-priest Melchizedek (Genesis XIV:20). Such spiritual income taxes have been coexistant with an anchored priesthood. One finds them from Pharaoh's Egypt to Montezuma's Aztecs. Tithe barns were not uncommon in mediaeval Germany. The Prince-Bishop expected payment in kind. He probably rather preferred this at a time when every important castle minted its own money. In those days, the great lords vied with each other as to who could circulate the basest alloy. Only he of St. Joachimsthal* had a reputation for honest money. This may have been due to the silver mines being located in his demesne.

Since We-two were accustomed to tithe-yielding from childhood, we agreed, before marriage, about the joy of exceeding them. Therefore, in our over 42 years of married life, we allowed ourselves a mere salary. We invested all other earnings in human betterment.

We learned the Uninitiated pay little attention to the Idealists. The former class the latter as "longhairs," as "crackpots." It startles them to find someone willing to invest money in social service projects. They seem puzzled:— Anyone with considerable earning capacity presumably has practical insight into business methods. Why should he route earnings into what means not only no dividends, but parting with principal?

With said Uninitiated the only progress for which one can hope is by the example of men who can back up their theories with money-power. Once they experience the results, they will grasp how to obtain life's greatest happiness. This comes when one feels a very deep spiritual responsibility for every dollar one invests in human betterment.

* See author's "Geogardening" for San Joachimsthal "thaler," origin of our word "dollar."

WALDENSIANS

My Sweetheart's deep spiritual urge, as well as my own, seemed to have at least one root in Waldensian heritage. The Waldensian story was for centuries told by father to son. Later these traditions became written. About 1500, orders came to exterminate the Waldenses. When World War II broke, however, some 20,000 Waldenses still lived in Piedmonte's "Seven Valleys."

On the "Piedmontese Easter," (April 17, 1655), Savoy's Duke Charles Emanuel II, slaughtered Waldenses refusing to become Catholics. Many fled. Hundreds found asylum in Holland. Later numbers of these settled in America. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Duke of Savoy, cousin to Louis XIV, proposed further attempts toward complete Waldensian extermination. Their chilren were kidnapped, then put in convents. The stories of Waldensian tortures, massacres, rival the tales of World War II atrocities. Grandfather Goethe had Waldensian forebears. The author often felt it was a Waldensian, even more a Huguenot urge that impelled Mother Glide to undertake, to ever continue her missionary work in Japan, China, Belgium, Czechoslovakia. Was it not said age-old tradition that prompted her building Mary Elizabeth Inn (named for my Sweetheart and her sister) ; also San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church, Glide Hall at Asbury; also Wesley and Epworth Halls, an experiment in Christian Eugenics, adjoining the University of California?

ARIZONA

The author's life-span, as this is written, is almost half U. S. A's as a nation. . .In his lifetime has come a remarkable expansion of population. Diary of his first Arizona visit records:— "Impossible to keep clean." (This in a duststorm). . .Of the first town, "of all the Godforsaken excuses for a town one ever saw!. . .It looked as if it had not rained for 50 years. . .Only visible liquid: whiskey. Population, outside of cowboys,--Mojaves, Havasupais, Navajos, with plenty of *Mexicanos*, big sombreros, serapes wrapped about their mouths--all too lazy to do anything. Typical is one, cigarette in mouth, leaning against a pole. . .Again, . . "We slept the first night in a cabin with a Navajo blanket for a mattress. Each had another wrapped around himself. It was December. The trip next day was by burro—since horses were not available."

A half century passed. We then sped over that same *mesa* by automobile . . . A few months later we flashed across Arizona from East to West by airplane.

NAVAJO RUG MAKING

Navajo rugmaking profits also falls to the woman. The high fecundity of the Navajo women resulted in a tragic overpopulation crisis.

NAVAJO HOGAN

Navajo divorce rate is startlingly low. This probably is one factor in the markably high birthrate and attendant overpopulation. The mother owns the hogan, as above, the sheep, the children (why not? She bore them.). If a husband becomes unbearable to even Amerind (American-Indian) patience, she dumps his saddle in the sand outside the hogan door. She does not even say: *"Vamos."*

NAVAJO MALE COUNTED FOR LITTLE UNTIL OKINAWA

His horse, his saddle, and his wagon--if he be wealthy enuf to own one--constitute all the Navajo male's wealth. It's a Feminist Land. Mere man never counted for much — until Okinawa. Then Navajo-speaking GI's had, in their language, a code the Japanese could not interpret. "Tank" might be "grasshopper" — "bomber," "eagle," — "machine gun," "quiver of arrows." So the Navajo brave has risen in public estimation.

ERATHOSTENES

My Sweetheart had majored in Mathematical Astronomy. To our first married year belongs memories of the great rolls of paper she used in computing reappearances of comets. In the 1890s it was unusual for a girl to go to college at all unless she expected to teach. Her work in astronomy was a reminder of man's debt to ancient Greece's colossal intellects. This included the mathematicians, the astronomers. She often discussed the brilliancy of Erathostenes.*

My Sweetheart had vision as to substituting scientific astronomical knowledge for the quack astrologies of the five-and-ten. She was pained at the revival and spread of superstitions connected therewith. All above impelled me to enter heartily into translating into an actuality her dream of a Golden Gate Park Planetarium.

Thus came glimpses of the vast implications of astronomical law. These deepened my conviction, 10 years before marriage, as to certain political items. One was the justice of woman's suffrage.

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* Notes on Erathostenes, Eugenics Pamphlets: N. 43, Page 19.

RED CROSS

'Tis fascinating to look back and recall changes in American folkways. The Red Cross is an example. One Sunday morning about 1905 Albert Bonnheim, strenuous philanthropist, called: "I have come to discuss the future of the Red Cross." He said it seemed the Goethes and Bonnheim are almost the only members left in Sacramento. Mr. Bonnheim said: "We must not let it die out. Of course, it now seems assured U.S.A. never will experience another war. With our magnificent navy and two oceans to guard us, we are impregnable. There always is, however, the danger of a major disaster. (The San Francisco earthquake came within two years!)

SKYSCRAPER

To adequately house the rapidly expanding business of Goethe Bank and other Goethe corporations, we decided to build a skyscraper. It was to be Sacramento's first. We secured an option on the Southwest corner of 8th and J Streets. This is the present site of the Bank of America's consolidation of the People's Bank and the Farmers and Mechanics Bank.

It is evidence of the vast improvement of technical skill that the Peoples Bank later succeeded where Goethe Bank was cautious. Our option secured, we employed an architect and an engineer. These made soundings. They found the terrain was an old slough-bed. They advised it would not support a many-storied office building. A short time after our option had expired, concrete piling use commenced.

SKIIS

Dad continually was buying mountain or seashore cabin sites that afforded pleasing scenery. One of these was in the High Sierras. We young folks early acquired skill with Canadian snowshoes. Then we heard of Norway's skiis. We obtained specifications for same. We bought stout hickory and made our own. This was about 1904.

Our interest therein was the wider range of bird study possible without fatigue. There were certain Boreal Life Zone birds we wanted to study: These included the Arctic 3-toed woodpeckers, the crossbills, the Arctic bluebirds. Skiis made possible longer trips.

In this connection, it was fascinating to note, in Readers' Digest, (March 1948), that, "In 1928, skiis were still considered

'foreign foolishness'". Also that, by 1948 3,000,000 in U.S.A. were using skiis. Naturally our long interest in recreation deepened our interest in Winter Sports.

KINDERGARTEN

"School Days, School Days,
Dear old Gold-en Rule Days
'Read-ing and 'Rit-ing and 'Rith-a-me-tic,
Told to the tune of a Hick-ko-ree-stick.
You were my Queen in Cal-i-co,
I was your blush-ing, bash-ful beau.
You wrote on my slate, 'I love you Joe.'
When we were a coup-le of kids."

The credit for Sacramento's acceptance of Froebel's ideas belongs to the late Grace Barnhard of Oakland. This brilliant educator also pioneered in the Parent-Teacher Movement. Sacramento, in 1900, deemed Froebel's theories as to education of very young children the height of folly. Budding same on to the vigorous public school stock was an experiment as disheartening as with horticultural amateurs. I will never forget an interview in the early 1900s with a school official. Same was on behalf of the young women students of kindergartening meeting at our home. He barked: "Goethe, we respect you as a successful business man. You are, however, in school matters, that 'fish out-of-water.' The 3 Rs are our rule today. They still will be 100 years hence."

The group headed by Mrs. Goethe finally succeeded in getting the kindergarten system into the public schools. My Sweetheart was President of Sacramento Chapter of Oakland Kindergarten School Alumni during its entire existence.

At the last Public School Week, which Freemasons attend, it was thrilling to see, at Coloma School in Elmhurst, a decidedly uptodate kindergarten section. This was nearly half a century since above interview.

SIERRAN TARN

Shortly after our marriage, We-two were botanizing in the High Sierras. It had been a wonderful day for new finds. By midafternoon we were resting beside a tiny tarn. We had been paddling on the granite-sand beach to cool our feet, hot from the long climb. Our plants were spread along a fallen red fir. We were absorbed in trying to run them down in the rucksack-botany's key.

Looking up, we were surprised to see a tall, bearded man watching us. "Having trouble with your wildflowers?" he queried. I admit I was somewhat irritated at this interruption by a back-country mountaineer. What did he know about botany? He did, however! He gave us generic and specific names of all our puzzles. He sat on the stump opposite us for nearly an hour. He told us amazing things about Sierran wildflowers, trees, birds, mammals, geology.

As he was leaving he said: "I have not even learned your name!" "Goethe." "Ah" he commented. "Goethe was a great scientist." "You are the first American ever to say that to me," I replied. "All in this country say 'Poet' or 'Philosopher'. In our clan, however, we always think of him first as a Scientist."

"And dare I ask your name?" "Mine? oh! just John Muir!"

DRINKING, TAHOE-YOSEMITE HIKE

This walk of some 200 miles was thru terrain like that where, years before, We-two had met John Muir. Dr. Harold Bryant's son Herwil is on the middle pack horse.

EARTHQUAKE

Men probably always will build shelters. Population pressure will force dwellings' concentrations even atop known earth faults, also on volcano slopes. This item is written in a hotel athwart California's great San Andreas Fault. It probably is the world's most extensive slip, except Africa's Rift. Our tavern is a flimsy frame structure. It would blaze like tinder were a real earthquake to come tonight. Yet life here, and for hundreds of miles along San Andreas Fault goes on thoughtlessly.

San Francisco's 1906 earthquake also came without warning. From our sleeping porch, we, that sunrise hour, could see our orange, grapefruit, cherry trees drunkenly swaying in our rear garden. There were no radios then. Within a few hours, however, everybody knew dismantled San Francisco was burning.

Goethe Bank the previous week had sold a considerable block of bonds. Instead of depositing the proceeds with our correspondent, we had the gold shipped to Sacramento. We thus were well prepared to meet the ensuing panic. We planned posting a notice we were prepared to pay ALL demand deposits. The Clearing House asked us to refrain therefrom. Same would have brought our little bank great prestige. We soon understood, however, that one neighborhood bank was utterly unprepared for the emergency. There then was no airplane transport. Californians disliked paper currency. Civil War "greenbacks" still smelled to high Heaven. The Clearing House certificate had not yet been invented. Banks lacked present machinery for handling acute panics.

Later, when We-two were living in Constantinople, studying the Exchange-of-Population phenomena, we saw the clearing house certificate technique in another form:— The Turkish government had made a complete mess of its currency situation. The people had to use street car transfers as substitute money!

OPPORTUNITIES IN EDUCATION

A number of my ancestors were educators. Some also accepted Sunday school teaching responsibilities. Father was a Sunday school superintendent. Thus probably came inherited tendencies toward seeking to serve in education.

This urge found various outlets: We-two struggled for public school improvements:— (a) Manual Training, (b) Domestic Science, (c) Science in the schools. Other educational openings were (d) California Nature Study League, (e) The Lake Tahoe Nature Guides' experiment, (f) National Parks' Nature Guiding in Yosemite Sequoia, spreading to nearly all National Parks, (g) The long Everglades struggle, (h) The continuing fight to reduce U.S.A.'s biological illiteracy, (i) Studies of the Municipal University. This was at least one beginning of Sacramento Junior College, (j) Undergirding education in Human Genetics and Eugenics in a score of universities, (k) Voluminous correspondence over many years, with professors, deans, presidents of colleges.

NATURE STUDY CLASS OF THE
BLIND, ROYAL DEER PARK, KLAMPENBORG, DENMARK

"The seeking to serve . . . urge found various outlets . . . in education: Science in the school, California Nature Study League, the Lake Tahoe Nature Guides' experiment, National Parks Nature-Guiding." . . . Of all such efforts, none seemed more spiritually satisfying than acquainting Schools for the Blind throughout the English-speaking World as to Danish instruction in wild-bird music for the Blind.

MANUAL TRAINING, DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Few Sacramento public school innovations were more revolutionary than manual training and domestic science. A small group of advanced thinkers were convinced both should be added to the 3 Rs training.

Same also knew the gap between the cultured, balanced diets of Western Europe and those of Frontier America. "French" restaurants were as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth. "Grub" at the average country "hash house" was intolerably greasy. Salads, even in the better hotels, usually were limited to chickensalad and *kartoffelsalad.* The latter often was highly indigestible. 1908, Expectancy-of-life then was shorter than now. In homes, say 50% of meals were poorly cooked. Commercial menus, perhaps 80%. Most girls needed a Domestic Science education not obtainable at home.

Among the boys, there was a similar need of educational reform. The Automobile Age, which forced training in mechanics, had hardly begun. There was no highways' network. Many

bridgeless streams still had to be forded. Our family's automobile, third in Sacramento, was steam-driven. Locomotive-engineer friends ridiculed possibility of a successful gasoline engine. Drivers were required by law to stop when horses were frightened. 'Tis said one western city required a motorist to enter it on foot. Upon reporting his automobile arrival to the Police Chief, the fire bell was rung. Owners of horse-drawn vehicles removed their steeds from Main Street. Only then was the automobile allowed to traverse the town.

In such an environment, Public School Friends attempted addition of both above to the curriculum. Followed several years' struggle. We finally offered to guarantee Sacramento the first year's salary of the Director. We did not grasp at that time that an adroit enemy persistently was blocking any public school education improvement.

SACRAMENTO JUNIOR COLLEGE CONCEPT

About 1905, a small group of Sacramentans determined to assume leadership in re-forming Sacramento's public school system. The "RRR" concept, also that of the "Little Red Schoolhouse," both had become archaic. This group numbered less than the fingers of one's two hands. Mr. Chauncey Dunn, Mr. Albert Bonnheim and Mrs. A. J. Johnson were especially active. My Sweetheart had brought home her unusual knowledge of two Atlantic States' colleges. Both my parents had been educators. They had a remarkably clear memory of the discussions of Senator Leland Stanford and my grandfather about the problem of snobbishness among young college graduates — a discussion which already had borne fruit in the founding of Stanford University.

This little band really remade the Sacramento school system. One great step forward was when they succeeded in having Mr. C. C. Hughes called to the schools' superintendency. He had what then was an outstanding training in education. His influence was electrifying.

The manner in which manual training, domestic science, the Kindergarten finally became part of Sacramento's public school system has been described elsewhere. One of the permanent results of this little group's work was the establishment of a Junior College to cap the Sacramento public School system. Into this effort, I brought the concept of what then sometimes was dubbed the "Municipal University." The University of Cincinnati was my model. I had long had contact with its President Dabney. He had taken

leadership in the movement to utilize U.S.A. brains to aid Mexico's efforts to create a real public school system. This was aimed to reduce that republic's appalling illiteracy. President Dabney apparently had been familiar with Granddad's earlier devotion in pioneering this work in Mexico. We had correspondence thereon. Out of this, I caught the vision of the "Municipal University." What impressed My Sweetheart and me, out of our juvenile delinquency studies, was the possibility of the first two years of college life being spent under the parental roof. Besides, a factor for democracy and in line with Senator Stanford's and Granddad's philosophy was: Broadening the base of college attendance. Many a family could give its boy or girl food and a bed that could not meet the expenses of a university boarding house. We-two were helping some worthy young folks at college. Therefore, we knew what the financial strain could be.

Credit here should be given to the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce group for really translating the Junior College concept into an actuality. Messrs. Dunn and Bonnheim had powerful influence therein. My Sweetheart developed great help by winning over several club women of vision.

Toward the end of the movement, my Chamber of Commerce City Planning Committee did much to finish the job. One of our fifteen sections had, at my suggestion, been allocated to Education. The ten members thereof were really powerful politically and did much, in their own very quiet way, to finally bring into being the Sacramento Junior College.

It is almost amusing to think of its start with but twenty-one students . . . one sometimes wonders if the community at large is sufficiently appreciative of the persistent efforts of certain Chamber of Commerce executives such as the late S. Glen Andrus and the present Messrs. Arthur Dudley and W. G. Stone.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Trying to live a "Seeking-to-Serve" life, one yearns for wisdom when attempting to project one's life into, say, the next two decades after death. This author is profoundly convinced endowments are blunders. Dare one be so conceited as to imagine he can anticipate the happenings a century hence? When Dad excitedly was building Sacramento's first business telephone system, could he be expected to have known, in two-thirds of a century, U.S.A. would atom bomb Hiroshima, Nagasaki?

On the other hand can one err much in working toward student

scholarships? Gone forever, probably, are the days, when, during our early married life, one could finance a medical student's 4-year course in the Orient for $100.

We-two secured for Sacramento Junior College the Bonnheim-Woodson Eugenics Scholarship Fund." It, at this writing, has been so successfully administered that every student's loan honorably has been repaid. A eugenics scholarship, it is limited to students of satisfactory I.Q. This is without distinction of race, creed or color.

GOETHE BANK

Under Seeking-to-Serve urge we plunged, optioned parcel after parcel of realty on 5 years credit. Soon we owed millions. Capital plus nerve gave us a monopoly for years. Available capital, however, was becoming exhausted. I then dreamed of a Goethe Bank. Depositor dollars legally could be made to carry 60% of every home sold. To win depositors quickly, I studied a certain Eastern bank. Rapidly expanding industrialism was dovetailed into its banking. If a bank could participate in factory-profits, why not ours in Sacramento's homebuilding?

We contracted Sacramento Bee's front page ad space. This was two squares for Goethe Bank, two Goethe Realty. The Bee never before had sold front page space. We also soon used the then-new color ads. We utilized devices from cherry picnics to publicity kites.

Goethe Bank, at opening raised savings' interest to 4%. It remained there for about a quarter century. This was a Seeking-to-Serve by-product. That 4% savings rate was a powerful thrift incentive. When POLICIES WERE INAUGURATED THAT EVENTUALLY CUT THE RATE TO 1%, THERE WAS SET INTO MOTION A POWERFUL INFLATIONARY FORCE. Goethe Bank further accelerated banking service by cutting commercial account opening deposit requirement from $500 to $50. It paid token interest on minimum monthly checking balances. Older banks were aghast at proposed Goethe Bank strategy. Each Sacramento bank's publicity then was a $5-monthly want ad. "You destroy banking dignity by huckster methods." They tried persuasions, then threats. They would ruin Goethe Bank. We had won our charter on a legal technicality, banking then being a closed monopoly. Finally someone offered us 200% premium for our stock, deal to be closed before our opening day. We needed,

however, capital for continued buying along Sacramento's growth-axis. With subdivisions at 100% turnover profit, a single 200% bank-capital gain did not attract.

CITY PLANNERS

We-two pioneered in City Planning. We brought several city planners to California from the East, even Europe. One was Rochester, N. Y's. Charles Mulford Robinson. He proposed two diagonal boulevards. One was to run from Southern Pacific Depot to Capitol Park. The other was to continue from the far side of Capitol Park to 31st and Y, connecting there with Sacramento Avenue's diagonal. Later I became Chairman, Chamber of Commerce's City Planning Committee of 150.* It included 15, 10-member sections. These met biweekly. I attended every section meeting. Most reforms then advocated have been in successful operation so long their origin has been forgotten. Examples: Elimination of the 31st Street, also Y Street open-sewer canals, municipalization of garbage collection. A few, such as the Ship Canal, have taken much longer.† About the only 100% failure was the above diagonal boulevard concept.

Governor Hiram Johnson later appointed me President, State Capitol Planning Commission. Most of its ideals also finally were translated into action. We had good influence throughout the State, even farther. Good Western examples of city planning:— Santa Barbara, California, also Santa Fe, New Mexico. Each has a pleasing local architecture.

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*"Acting President Scott Ennis, of the Chamber of Commerce, on August 1, 1912, appointed Goethe, Dunn, Rudolph Herold, Bonnheim and George N. Rangle as a committee on city planning to work with directors in obtaining services of an expert to plan Sacramento. Goethe, financing his own 'round-the-world trip for the specific purpose of studying city planning, had recommended selection of Dr. Werner Hegemann to do the work and thru Goethe's efforts, the German civic planner was asked to come to the capital city. ("Sacramento Saga" by Myrtle Shaw Lord, p. 198.)

†"Much of the groundwork had been done by the Chamber planning committee headed by Goethe and comprised of 150 citizens who had labored an entire year.

"Goethe submitted a comprehensive report outlining plans for the betterment of Sacramento in regard to sanitation, school and library improvements, establishment of a public welfare board, sociological work, harbor and waterfront developments, maintenance of playgrounds and a museum, and an up-to-date street car system.

"He explained the committee was then working on a program of vocational instruction; had been active in playground and nature study work, and that the sanitation section headed by Dr. Eugene Pitts, had, in conjunction with Commissioner Charles A. Bliss, obtained passage of the health ordinance then in force . . .

"Goethe himself had gone to Kansas City to investigate work of the public welfare board which, he said, was excellent. He told of his earlier investigation of conditions in various cities along the Mediterranean having climates similar to Sacramento. He had studied city plans in Geneva, Frankfurt, Copenhagen, Gothenburg and Christiana." ("A Sacramento Saga," by Myrtle Shaw Lord, p. 207.)

LAKE DWELLERS. . .AND OTHERS

It was our good fortune, in 1910, when we were absorbed in gathering the first data for what eventually was to become the National Parks Interpretative Program to meet, in Zurich, a learn-

ed anthropologist. He long had specialized on the Lake Dwellers. He was as minute in his learning as a certain renowned philologist: — It will be recalled that he had devoted a life of research to a certain Latin noun. On his deathbed he told his assembled family "I have lived in vain—I should have concentrated on the Dative Case!"

The chapter on "Crabapple" in the Author's "Geogardening" was inspired by this savant. He stimulated years of study of these remarkable men of the Long Ago. Prehistoric Man laid the very foundations of our civilization. Dr. East* wrote of them:

> *"Every one of the important plant foods was discovered and brought into cultivation by prehistoric man. Our by-gone progenitors must have been pretty busy old fellows, and just as keen as their descendants. Apparently they pounded up and made flapjacks or stews of nearly everything that grows, and passed the word along whenever they found anything worth their while. The interesting outcome of all this experimenting is that man lives on grass, and thus proves he isn't much wiser than his ox or his ass when it comes to satisfying hunger."*

* An Introduction to Anthropology, p. 194-5.

BOY SCOUTS

We-two brought to U.S.A. from Europe, some of the first Boy Scout literature. We were in London when Baden-Powell first organized the British. We were given some of his printed material. My recollection is it included a manual with a British-red paper cover. Baden-Powell's material was then being consolidated. It was not yet between stiff covers.

It has been fascinating to observe the world-wide growth of the Boy Scout Movement. We found troops thereof in French Africa. When we were with Dr. David Starr Jordan in Japan, a smart contingent was drawn up at one station to salute him.

As this is written the new troop at our little church is filling up its membership. Tremendous is the moral force of the countless Scouts all over the world, each "doing his daily good turn." It is thrilling to know that, in our Elmhurst section of Sacramento, twenty Scouts daily cheerfully help someone. 20 Scouts X 365 days means 7,300 "good turns" annually from Elmhurst's Boy Scouts' troop alone.

A good motto for one earnestly desirous of serving is "LET YOUR EMOTIONS EMOTE." One psychologist once queried "How much is lost by not immediately seizing the Opportunity."

THE MODEST BERWICK HOME, CARMEL VALLEY

U.S.A.'s Parcels' Post concept, also its strategy were contributed by a Carmel Valley farmer, the late Edwin Berwick.

PARCELS' POST

The Parcels' Post victory under the Act of August 24, 1912, illustrates how, in Seeking to Serve, one gladly accepts work in the ranks. U.S.A.'s Parcels' Post Concept, also its strategy were contributed by a Carmel Valley farmer, Edwin Berwick. Express companies then seemed to follow an old Central Pacific R.R. policy: "Charge all the traffic will bear." To Mr. Berwick, this was "Taxation without Representation."

He knew a few countries already had efficient, inexpensive Parcels' Post within their respective Post Office Departments. One was Belgium. He commenced writing letters to editors.* Mr. Berwick simultaneously accepted every public speaking opportunity. Both he and the author were members of a certain club. One day he addressed it on "A U.S.A. Parcel Post." After the speech he said "Goethe, you often are overseas. Help me by sending to editors, under your own name, every Parcels' Post story you discover abroad." During all his fight, therefore, I forwarded news. One was of parcels' posting, by an English Lord, of salmon he caught in Ireland. Tag wired thru gills and stamped, carried salmon to

* It is to be hoped this element in our Democracy will always be available. There always will be a percentage of crank letters. There will always be offerings similar to the cracker-barrel philosophies of country general merchandise stores of the years of "Tippecanoe and Tyler" too. Can we not overlook many above for one victory like Edwin Berwick's? These letters were his most efficient weapon.

friends. Another covered shipment of lead-lined tea chests from China's hinterland. Bandits there had learned never to molest the Chinese parcels' post. Such as the above were just one private's bit in the struggle for Congressional parcels' post war. The express companies were strongly intrenched—fought hard, adroitly. Victory really came only when a certain newspaper publisher became, as Mr. Berwick described it, "hopping mad." He had ways of organizing, within Congress, a spearhead of leadership. But first, however, were years of Berwick's persistent "Letters to the Editor."

A VENDOR OF WEED-STALKS FUEL

So complete had been Imperial Korea's destruction of her forests, We-two had only weed stalks for fuel. Our host's English permitted only "No opium." He was trying to impart that the fuel, one cold November morning, was not opium-poppy, but wild, Oriental-poppy stalks. His livingroom floor had a paper-mache covering. Under this were hollow tiles. These snaked from a below-floors' oven over to the base of a walled-in chimney. A guest was permitted to squat on the floor just above the oven. Thus he had a bit of heat. The host, his children shivered in a circle around their visitor.

ROADSIDE FORESTRY

We-two noted trees, fruit trees, nut trees, "sawdust trees" lining a German highway paralleling a railroad. Apple tree No. 614 was leased to Heinrich Meyer; Nos. 615 to 619 to Joseph Pfaffenberger. Stern German police saw to it that roadside crops of apples and nuts were never molested. "Sawdust" trees, birches, aspens, poplars, were not numbered. A German officer explained

same had been planted against 3 coming wars: In 1915, France and Russia were to be overrun. In 1925 Germany's great war fleet out of shipyards from Bay of Biscay to Behring Sea, would end British seapower. In 1935, the Americas, from Hudson Bay to Tierra del Fuego, would come under Pan-German rule. Germany would, in these 3 wars, have to fight encirclement. Aspen--birch--sawdust held no nourishment. 60% sawdust bread, however, would bolster morale in the last desperate weeks before victory! Such use of sawdust, also of moss, was not unknown in Europe.

We-two determined to reproduce Germany's roadside forestration in California. We invited some 20 Sacramentans who could consolidate public opinion, to our Sutter's Fort Park home. Heated differences arose between palms and elms enthusiasts. After two hours' debate, no one questioned expense. A delegation to the County Supervisors was selected. The Legislature already had enacted a County Forestry Board Act. The Supervisors would legislate, would not appropriate, would appoint anyone foolish enough to spend time, money. I was Sacramento County Forestry Board's first President. One Supervisor demanded chain-gang hole-digging. The Sheriff, however, said "No jailbirds to powder-blast Folsom Boulevard's hardpan." Our first planting, under such restrictions, was not a brilliant success. Later installations also were in better soil. The fine H Street sycamore avenue is an example. Eventually from such beginnings, roadside forestry was welded to the State Highway System.

FORT ROSS

Russia's extension into California must always be a fascinating page of the Golden State's history. Many states west of the Mississippi were settled by Long Rifle Men with beaver pelts as the magnet. What drew the Russians into Alaska, finally Northern California was another fur,—that of the sea otter.

The Spanish Californians also were not adverse to gaining a few extra pesetas by selling sea otter pelts to shoeleather hide-hungry Yankee captains. The Presidio de San Francisco had been built to bulwark Mission Dolores. Then the Czar Of All Russias constructed a fort upcoast Northwesterly from Sonoma Mission. The Slavs already had named Mount St. Helena for the Czarina's patron Saint. This outpost variously was called "Fort of the Russians," "Fort Russ," "Fort Ross."*

In 1790, Alexander Baronoff set out from Vladivostok to make

* The story of how We-two started the acquisition of Ft. Ross State Park has been told in the author's "War Profits - - - and Better Babies."

the Northern Pacific a Russian lake. He established colonies from the Aleutians to Fort Ross in California. Only Russia's war with Napoleon, which robbed him of the aid he had been promised, prevented his complete success. Secretary Seward recognized the tremendous value of Alaska in 1867. In 1927, General Billy Mitchell, urging the development of Alaska, said that the nation which possessed Alaska would control the world cross-roads of the air."†

† (Commonwealth 1-20-47)

FORT ROSS' RUSSIAN CHURCH, (SINCE RESTORED)

The Fort Ross photos, taken by the author, are from a series upon which was based the campaign to save this "Fort of the Russians" as a historic State Park. They illustrate the collapse of Russian power on the Pacific Coast south of Alaska. . . They also make plain how the EXTINCTION of the sea-otter spelled such human collapse. Are these pictures not significant in connection with the birthrate of one group of U.S.A.'s, nativeborn white women? It failed of replacement by 45%.

RUINS OF A FORT ROSS BLOCKHOUSE

Merchant Albert Robinson of Santa Barbara, in 1832, instructed Captain Rutter, Brig Plant, about "care of 3 casks, 316 SEAOTTER SKINS," perhaps enroute to Canton . . . The seaotter, hunted to death, was supposedly extinct in California for decades . . . The descendants of those who pioneered in California in Seaotter days trend also toward extinction with families of 2, 1, often 0 children. Why?

SONOMA PETRIFIED SEQUOIA FOREST

At an annual meeting of Save-the-Redwoods League Council came a progress report as to acquisition of the Sonoma Petrified Forest. It seemed highly desirable that this natural museum of fossil sequoias should become a part of California's chain of Redwood Parks. Author's feeling about same was intensified by the trip on which Superintendent and Mrs. Bryant of Grand Canyon National Park took him to Moenkoping Petrified Forest. This is on the Painted Desert.

Here is an impressive story of EXTINCTION. The Moenkoping trees, like those of Adamana's Petrified Forest, are mostly *Araucariaxylon arizonicum*. This species now is extinct. None of

its cousins, moreover, longer exist in the Northern Hemisphere. Extinction came thru competition with a type better evolved to persist. Here is a story of the struggle between conifers like the celery-leaf pine, which Mrs. Goethe and I found still growing in New Zealand, and the needle ones in the Northern Hemisphere.

Because of my lifelong interest in immigration control, I cannot help but feel that we have here a parallel between the masterful Normans who once could conquer Sicily and the rat-like gangsters which in our century persisted as the Blank Hand.

RUSSIAN, OR T. B. CROSS, ENTRANCE WIEMAR SANATORIUM

This cross we originally adopted as a T. B. Control Symbol. We built Alta Tuberculosis Sanatorium as a model . . . ready to be deeded as a gift at any time to the State of California. Here indeed was a case of the "dreamer whose dream came true," for Alta became the model for not only Weimar, but other sanitaria . . . Weimar is but one of a chain of state-owned tuberculosis sanatoria in California. Weimar is located in the pines at an elevation perhaps 500 feet lower than our original selection of our Alta Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

TUBERCULOSIS CONTROL

Shortly after our marriage, Dr. Wallace Briggs, Sr. called. That day a new patient, a telephone girl, had died of tuberculosis. The troubled doctor said: "Had she consulted me earlier, her life could have been spared." "Consumption" then was our deathrate's highest factor. Predicting its practical elimination, Dr. Briggs begged: "I know how medically. Will You-two join me?" Mrs. Goethe and I discussed his problem, decided to accept the challenge.

We stipulated inviting several other business executives, to distribute the financial burden.

Given. (a) tuberculosis as a major deathrate factor (b) Dr. Wallace Briggs' faith it was curable in incipient cases, my task was to blend whatever executive ability I had with the good doctor's medical science, to produce a workable T.B. Control Campaign. I discussed the problem with my Sweetheart. She had inherited remarkably keen business ability from both parents. We concluded the most practical plan was to spread the financial load. We, therefore, induced a couple of banker friends and several other capitalists to join in this venture in idealism. All knew every cent invested was gone forever. None of us grasped, however, that we would have to contribute some $60,000 to reduce tuberculosis to a minor factor in California's deathrate.

Dr. Briggs was convinced that we could expect enough profits from sales of proprietary articles to finance the work. He was certain the public would buy articles, the entire profit of which they knew would go to fight the White Plague. We were, however, as yet far from the days of Christmas Seals. Some then classed "consumption" as a curse from an angry God. These held it was sent as "Punishment for Sin."

Kirk Geary and Company, wholesale druggists, cooperated with us. We marketed "White Crusaders' Tooth Powder." It bore the familiar Russian or 2-barred cross that since appears on all Christmas Seals. This emblem was Dr. Briggs' suggestion. I never knew whether it was his own concept or whether he had it from Switzerland. The tiny republic that gave the world the Red Cross was Dr. Briggs' source of pioneer T.B. control material.

We announced that we were building the Alta Sanatorium as a model. We were ready to deed the property to the State of California as a gift any time the government would agree to consider it. The reaction of legislators was a study. "One-lungers are a Colorado, also an Arizona industry. Once let these suspect California will treat them free and we will have every 'consumptive' in U.S.A. headed hitherward."

We soon saw that, simultaneous with our conducting Alta Sanatorium as a model, we must also proceed with a public education campaign. Our first move was to employ a bacteriologist, after we had opened our clinic.

During the tuberculosis control campaign's first months it was evident that it would be necessary to overcome some medical profession's inertia. What was more serious was the energetic

opposition of a veteran practioner. He came to our first public meeting to denounce our program: "It is based upon a nonsensical assertion that consumption is caused by a germ. Why I've been practicing medicine in Sacramento since the Gold Rush. I once attended John A. Sutter at Sutter's Fort. If I had my way, these men would be meted out justice as we did it those days. They would be hung to some oak tree as an example."

He was one of those medicos still adamant as to Pasteur's theory. One thought of the writing of Sedittot as to surgery on the battlefield. "The horrible mortality among the wounded . . . the places where they are . . . recognizable by the felter of suppuration and gangrene". . . Here were again those "with faces pale but full of hope and the desire to live." And here was one who had taken the Hippocratic oath yet was actuated by pride and bigotry to block Dr. Wallace Briggs' effort to organize the rescue. One thinks of this as one recalls this outburst of rage at the meeting where, if memory serves rightly, we adopted the double-barred cross as the symbol of our "White Crusade" against tuberculosis.

Our group, organized to fight the "White Plague," asked California's Legislature to undertake tuberculosis control. They, as above noted, refused, fearing cases would be avalanched from other states . . . We then opened a clinic. We employed, as hereinbefore described, a bacteriologist to make free sputum examinations. We bought an X-ray machine, then a curiosity. We eventually X-rayed many legislator's lung areas. These, shown their healed scars, became alarmed. We meantime, had built our White Crusader's Sanatorium at Alta. This model, smoothly-running, highly-efficient plant we offered as a gift to California. It was refused. The Legislature, however, later made an initial appropriation of, if memory serves accurately, $5,000 for State Board of Health tuberculosis control. Followed larger appropriations, also the building of a chain of sanitaria, including that at Weimar. A State Board of Health official once said, thousands of lives annually were saved because of Dr. Briggs' concept. Our little group's contribution of some $60,-000, plus 8 years' weekly Board meetings is an investment yielding perpetual dividends.

The above is cited as an example of how a determined group can blaze the trail in Sanitation or other forms of Human Betterment. Our five started the Western U.S.A. phase of what has become a permanent Tuberculosis Control Movement, with its popular Christmas Seals.

FAIRHAVEN

My Sweetheart's mother had founded an unmarried mothers' refuge, later to be christened "Fairhaven."* She had paid, over the years, its deficits. When Mother Glide removed to Berkeley, we accepted said responsibility. Main source of income was their December sale. These girls, awaiting confinement, wove rag rugs. One winter I went to meet my Sweetheart after said sale. I found the Home's cupboard as bare as proverbial Mother Hubbard's. Also; rug sales had failed to total $20.

Here was a businessman's problem. How could the unsold rugs be marketed? Against the better judgment of the Home's staff, I phoned the Bee, the Union. Both responded sympathetically, energetically. Came reporters, photographers. "It's a pippin" was commented when a goldenhaired kiddie and a little Negro were kodaked, side-by-side. That week all remaining rugs were sold. Cash donations also arrived. From one leadpencilled message, signed "A Gambler" was enfolded more currency than the first day's sale had produced. The December sale since has ever been continued. Last year it yielded 90-fold the non-publicized campaign. . .

Using Sacramento Orphanage Farm as a Child-Welfare laboratory, most helpful was my Sweetheart's continued knowledge as to the fatherhood of Fairhaven kiddies. An example is the case of the boy born blind. Fairhaven work, except as to actual medical care by physicians, wisely is carried on exclusively by women.

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* Unmarried Mothers Home, founded by Mother Glide and described elsewhere. Same gave insight into fatherhood of many illegitimates. Most unmarried mothers finally talk to a sympathic woman.

VENEREAL DISEASE

Many times have I been asked why I persisted in the Venereal Disease Control struggle. Following is the reason. Elsewhere has been recorded the connection of We-two with Sacramento Orphanage Farm; also Fairhaven.

Above work enabled Us-two to decide as to a little boy we will call Johnny Jones. Johnny's mother, Annie, was a hillcountry girl. She was that very inexperienced type for which Mother Glide built Mary-Elizabeth Inn. Attracted to the city, she met Johnny's father. He seduced, then deserted her. He was one of California's most brilliant intellects in the late 1890s. Annie, herself, was very attractive, was physically strong, was mentally at least average. Johnny could develop into a fine man, except:

He was born nearly blind. He barely could distinguish light

from darkness. He had, at the Orphanage Farm, little play-life. We-two became concerned as to his future. We consulted several local eye specialists. These gave no encouragement. Finally in desperation, We-two took Johnny to an eminent San Francisco oculist. We offered him $5,000 if he would but restore Johnny's sight. Again defeat. He DID tell us, however, the cause: Johnny's father must have had V.D., had infected Annie. Before birth, the infection reached Johnny's eyes; had halted development. Nothing could start it again into progress.

The case seemed so tragic that We-two, then and there, started fighting V.D. We determined to do our bit to prevent some other Johnny having a similar life of misery.

GOTHENBORG'S "BOLAG"

In 1914 We-two went to Gothenborg, Sweden, to study the *Bolag*. The Dry Movement then was entering into a new phase. This eventually culminated in the writing into the Constitution the 18th Amendment. We, in 1914, had honest doubts as to the proposed strategy. Was Sweden's method wiser than ours?

I tried to buy a drink of *brannvin* in Gothenborg. The hotel's headporter, bellboys, none could find me a drink station. An English-speaking sailor knew the way. The *Bolag* room we entered was served by an attractive young girl. She tried to talk us into drinking tea, coffee, chocolate. Not succeeding, we were allowed to pass into the back room. Here a most unattractive spinster waitress took our orders. Walls were ornamented with contrast pictures. These contrasted in impressive coloration, a non-drinker's liver, an alcoholic's. In this dismal atmosphere, we were told we each could have a glass of *brannvin*, provided we each first ate a meal. We ate our meal. My sailor gulped his *brannvin*, also mine. Then I called for a second round. The limit was 1 glass each. For another glass, we must go to the next station, 6 blocks distant. There we each would have again to eat another meal before drinking.

Mrs. Goethe and I came home convinced we should enter the 18th Amendment fight. The Drys' weakness, in our judgment, has been too much emotionalism. They lack persistence after a crisis. What now is being done in Ohio, also by Alcoholics Anonymous, toward a scientific approach to the problem, is needed. Should not blending science with the spiritual drive hasten the solution of this, civilization's rotting problem?*

* A Reader's Digest article placed drink first among husbands' faults.

NARCOTICS

Our "seeking to serve," particularly after 18 years accumulation of notes in our work at Sacramento Orphanage Farm, brought convictions not only as to the control of alcoholism, also the control of venereal disease, but as to the control of narcotics. We long had had an academic interest therein. As we probed deeper, however, into the causes of Juvenile Delinquency, our feeling became more and more profound that another factor contributive thereto was the use of narcotics. The trade in California, as far as we could obtain the facts, was divided largely between the Mexicans as to marijuana and certain Orientals as to opium and similar narcotics. Among these might be mentioned cocaine and heroin. The use of narcotics, particularly opium by the Japanese during World War II, in fact ever since the Marco Polo bridge incident, is well known. It is one of the horrors of that war that ranks with the rape of Nanking and with the violation of the Canadian nurses at Hong Kong.

We-two long were acquainted with the spread of marijuana in California. About 10 years before this was written, a Mexican family were alleged to have systematically distributed gifts of marijuana cigarets to the grammar school children in a certain California city. As this is written the Sacramento Union, Jan. 28, 1948, publishes a marijuana photograph with the comment in the foot note below.

The accumulation of facts referred to above was one continuing stimulus to labor unceasingly for the enactment of an Immigration Quota system as gained in the Acts of 1921-2-4. As evidence piled up, it was ever an urge to battle to prevent their "Amendment to Death" by the hyphenate lobby at Congress.

"Evidence of the big profit to marijuana sellers is this picture, posed by a State Narcotics Division investigator, of how 25 cents worth of the raw drug becomes $50 when rolled into cigarets. Close co-operation of the state agency and the local police was revealed with the prison term handed a former prizefighter, for possession of a cigaret and the disclosure that more than 100 teen-agers had been enticed into smoking the drug at parties in Southside Park and other spots."

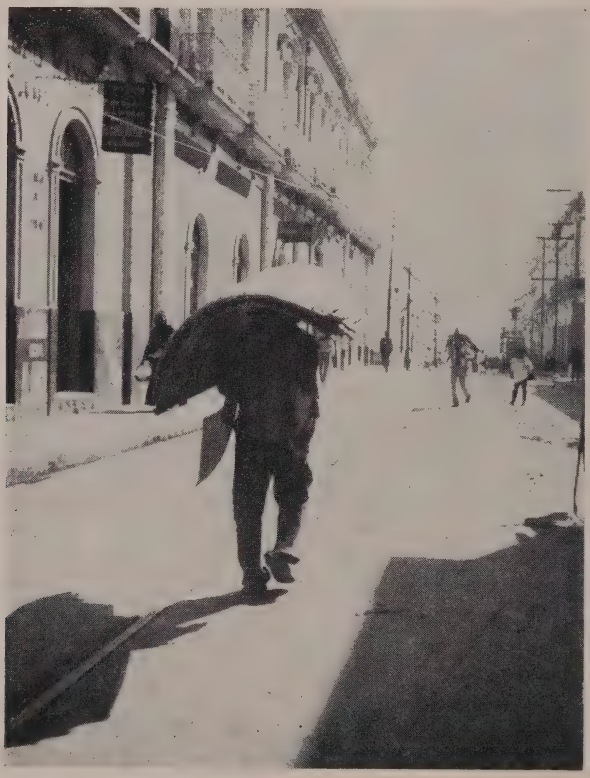
MEXICO

Before their marriage, Granddad had come under the hypnotic influence of Alexander von Humboldt. As one of those remarkable draftees of this encyclopedic scientist, Grandfather already had pledged his life to Mexico. Grandmother, thinking of babies to come, insisted on accumulation of pounds sterling. Australia, in the 1840s, was The Promised Land. Granddad at first said an emphatic *"Nein"*!

Later came, however, a call from Down Under he could not re-

sist: Wentworth, ("Aussie's George Washington"), as hereinbefore noted, was dead. His successor was idealistic, but tactless. He was losing, bit by bit, all terrain Wentworth had gained in his fight against Australia's Tories. "We need one who can rub the cat's fur the right way" the appeal was worded. Matthias Goethe, born diplomat, could not decline. Arrived in Sydney, he led those who eventually made permanent Wentworth's victories . . .

Thru all these years, however, there loomed for Matthias Goethe Mexico's shadow. Grandfather Matthias had pledged von Humboldt to help bring Teutonic culture, civilization to the Land of the Montezumas. Along with this had come a deep religious urge. This, perhaps, was inheritance from his Waldensian-descend-



PEDDLER ABOVE CARRIES A HALF DOZEN BEDS ON HIS HEAD

We Americans need to recall with gratitude U.S.A. has the world's highest living standard. Below the Mexican Border, this author often has watched the sick. Stretched on the bare ground, these could not afford a floor. The only bed was *petate* or mat. That U.S.A.'s living standard is a matter of eugenics became a profound conviction of We-two. Our travels under every flag except perhaps a half dozen caused us to labor several decades for public education in Eugenics.

ed mother. He yearned to bring the Gospel of Hope to the Mexicans. There were no vessels from Melbourne, even from Sydney to Acapulco. San Francisco was the only possible transfer point. Thus Granddad came to San Francisco, was attracted to Sacramento. Thus Dad was married there. Thus California's capital was my birthplace.

HACIENDADOS

Fascinating has been the development of Mexico's history over some 60 years. This began with boyhood stories of Alexander von Humboldt's influence in making Mexico Granddad's dominant life interest. Then came, in 1909, the first of years of repeated visits. This, fortunately, gave a glimpse of a Mexico little changed, at least in the Hinterland, from Conquistador days. Life on the *haciendas* was paternal, almost feudal. The unthinking peons seemed happy to have everything planned. Diaz had ended banditry with his pink-cravated *Rurales*. He had grasped that even bandits preferred a uniform that attracted women folk, plus the security of monthly *pesos*— to getting a living as highwaymen. Besides Government furnished guns, ammunition and the fun of jailing instead of being jailed.

After Diaz, followed some decades of unrest. Madero, Villa, Obregon, closed churches, confiscated haciendas. All these were chapters in a history only too often violent with Aztec cruelty. Folkways based on cutting out a living victim's heart for sacrificial offering are not much changed even after a few centuries.

RANCHO DEL PASO

We had a Californian equivalent to the Mexican *hacienda*, the Guatamalan *finca*, the Argentine *estancia* in the Alta Californian *rancho*. It was at least the embryo of what, in a few more decades, would have developed into the above. Dad and I almost became the owners of the Rancho Del Paso. Our urge to buy, however, was not the patient Spanish Mexican way of cattle ranching. Our stimulus was the almost hectic way of subdivision profits. We saw, not vast herds of longhorns, but ten thousand homes. Each of these would pay, in the course of coming into being, the fee of the accoucheur.

Then indirect hints came that, because of our long series of subdivisions successes, an offer from us to buy the 40,000 acre Rancho del Paso would be considered. This we debated for some days. At least $1,000,000 profits were probable. No one knew that terrain more intimately than our family. We had financed

certain private operations of the Ranch staff. Mother's veto, however, ended our plans to buy this great Mexican grant at Sacramento's very door. Today it is, in part, the City of North Sacramento.

Mother was eager to end expansion that we could concentrate upon the Life of Service. With her French caution, she felt we might lose all in that one "deal."

ORANGEVALE, NEWCASTLE

We refinanced Orangevale Colony when its original bankers became frightened. About this time we expanded our Farm Loans Department. This enabled many Orangevale's original settlers to deal with us toward paying off their Colonization Company contracts. From thence we entered the nearby, and then new, Newcastle District. Our farm loans there helped develop that fine fruit producing area. We avoided what now are Fair Oaks and Carmichael because of their then unsolved irrigation problems.

SUPERVISED PLAY

Strenuous after-office-hours work at Sacramento Orphanage Farm over some 18 years had yielded note books crammed with juvenile behavior observations. We had some percentage of juvenile delinquents. These unfortunates could not possibly have an environment equal to the normal home. Some came with experiences most perplexing. The most puzzling were neither orphans nor half-orphans. They were children of the divorced.

We-two groped in the dark for cures for juvenile shortcomings. Imprisonment of an adolescent with hardened "repeaters" seemed wrong. Our jails then were schools for crimes. Dickens' "Oliver Twist" dramatized the profit-possibilities of older men utilizing boys for the more dangerous crimes. One palliative seemed to be a Juvenile Court Law.* At that time most juvenile offenses occurred west of Tenth Street. Otherwise, Sacramento still was a city of homes. The act, however, was only partly prophylactic. Gradually we reached one conclusion: The real remedy seemed to be in directed recreation. We did not know then of the similar efforts of Boston's Joseph Lee, of New York's H. S. Braucher, of Michigan's Dr. Curtis, of Chicago's Jane Adams.

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* The efforts to secure a Juvenile Court Act, also to organize privately supported supervised playgrounds, are detailed elsewhere.

SACRAMENTO'S FIRST PLAYGROUND

Once We-two had decided that directed play was the best backfire against misuse of juvenile energies, we planned to open a playground. We knew Sacramento's citizenry generally could not possibly understand our 18 years' accumulation of Sacramento Orphanage material. We also grasped that some of my Sweetheart's fellowmembers of Orphanage directorate ridiculed the idea. We hoped eventually to persuade these to join us in awakening Sacramento to the possibilities of supervised recreation.

We asked to preside a gentleman with whom we had been associated in other humanitarian work for some years. Our invitations did not disclose our plan. We simply said "Child Welfare." We preferred studying interactions of the entire group as a bit of sociological laboratory material. We must have lacked eloquence. The president was emphatic. He was an employer of child labor. We had touched a sensitive nerve. After an hour's discussion our motion to inaugurate a Sacramento supervised playground received only 2 affirmative votes: My Sweetheart's and mine.

BUILDING PLAYGROUNDS' PUBLIC OPINION

There then followed 2 years of patient education of this group. If we could not win them, it was hopeless to convince the voters citywide. It must be remembered, however, we were not asking taxpayer support. Our first objective was a demonstration playground supported by private contributions.

We invited our friend whom we had asked to preside at our home. He was adamant. "I had to work as a boy. The remedy for a child is work, work, work. Give them no time for play. Remember: 'Idleness is the Devil's workshop'."

It took 2 years to convince that score of folks, interested in humanitarianism, but still bound by old folkways. After those two years we called a second meeting. That President made an address. He reversed his former position. The vote now was unanimous. Within some weeks we opened Sacramento's first supervised playground on the 9th & Q Street Plaza. Two college graduates--one man, one woman--were employed. Soon afterwards my Sweetheart and I employed a third collegian as director at Sacramento Orphanage Farm. Our supervised play there had grown until a fulltime worker was needed.

PRESIDENCY SACRAMENTO VOLUNTEER PLAYGROUNDS COMMISSION

I served as President of Sacramento Volunteer Playground Commission from its creation until the campaign for its municipalization was successful. We-two had many perplexing problems. Always, however, my Sweetheart and I would be encouraged by an example from my Grandfather's day. Sacramento's Fire Department in his time also was volunteer. It took years to convince the voters its expense should be met by taxation.

Sacramento in November 1947 had 16 playgrounds: Alkali. . . Muir. . .William Land. . .Sierra. . .Newton Booth. . .Crocker School . . . David Lubin . . . Theodore Judah . . . Coloma . . . El Dorado . . . Donner. . .McKinley. . .McClatchy. . .Crocker Park. . .Roosevelt . . Southside. The acorn has become a whole grove of oaks.

NATIONAL PLAYGROUNDS ASSOCIATION

In medical, in biological, in astronomical research, the identical discovery sometimes simultaneously is made by two workers, miles apart. This was also true of a sociological research project, Supervised Play. We-two worked on it for some 18 years. Ours was classed as unique only because it was the first attempt at supervised play in an institution.*

Meantime certain Easterners were thinking along similar lines. Elsewhere this author has expressed his admiration for the contributions thereto of Jane Adams, Dr. Curtis--and, later, de Groot, Raitt and others. The real strategists, however, were the late Joseph Lee, former president, and H. S. Braucher, now president of what has been rechristened National Recreation Association.† President Braucher refused tempting monetary offers intended to coax his investment of his genius in other directions. He has been almost Christ-like in giving his life to the children--and now the adults of America. It has been thrilling to be associated with him, even in a modest way, all these years.

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* See description elsewhere on Bird-music games in Blind Schools.
† June 1947 "Recreation" reports 1,743 cities with supervised play. These had 26,145 centers, 41,145 recreation teachers. The expenditures exceed $50,000,000. All this grew out of the nation-wide efforts of a small group a half century ago.

"EXPORTING THE AMERICAN PLAYGROUND"

Mr. Lee, Mr. Braucher decided to concentrate on U.S.A. The technique was: Have field experts cross, recross the nation until every city, every school had supervised recreation. This attracted attention overseas. My magazine articles, written for education of the American public, were translated into French. This was

PLAY SUPERVISOR AT LES JARDINS UNGEMACH

Here is an American concept translated in action overseas. America's Organized Recreation swept across U. S. A. in what was called "the Playground Movement." It later was "exported" worldwide . . . It was but one of many innovations introduced into France by "Papa Dachert" (See data thereon in author's "War Profits . . . and Better Babies" in most public libraries in U. S. A.).

an Atlantic Coast enthusiast's distribution. It was made by her in France, the French Colonies, other French-speaking nations: (Russia, Turkey, Egypt.) My Sweetheart insisted overseas' inquiries offered a rare opportunity for service. This concept of hers developed into what was called "Exporting the American Playground."

INTRODUCING BASEBALL TO THE ORIENT

Since our Far Eastern Organized-Play expeditions in 1911 and 1912, American baseball has steadily grown in favor. In addition to the secular field, We-two organized the "Missionary Playground Movement." Missionaries of various denominations were quick to grasp the possibilities of religious education thru play. We further launched the World Recreation Survey. Both institutions had their headquarters in Sacramento. . . . Asia, Africa, South America, even Europe, seemed hungry for news of the American plan.

THE FAR EASTERN PLAYGROUND TRIP

Our Far East playground trip resulted: We thus made field studies of possibilities in Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Malaysia, Java, Burma, Hindustan, Ceylon. Eventually followed similar studies in Egypt, Turkey.

We encountered amazing opposition in Japan. We learned later we had blundered in using the expression "Education thru

play." Japanese militarists wanted no educational ideas from any of the 3 Western Democracies: France, Britain, U.S.A. They desired a strong military government modelled after Hohenzollern Germany. We thereupon were forced to adopt that strategy since called "Going Underground." A group of brave Nipponese "took over." It thus became purely Japanese movement.

China was far more receptive. One Mandarin sent word he was prepared to donate sites in every one of the several score cities of his province. He further would support American workers, one man, one woman, at each, if we would recommend same. This, of course, was the technique we had devised for our original Sacramento demonstration playground. It was impossible to furnish such talent. In those days, we knew of not one U.S.A. university offering such training courses.

In the Philippines, the first playground was started in the Tondo, in a *nipa* shack area. The second one there was financed by altruistic Chinese. In Java, we found an energetic young Holland-born planter. To him must be given the credit for Java's first demonstration playground.

SWIMMING TANK, BALLIGHATA PLAYGROUND

The Lees of Calcutta enthusiastically responded to our plea for a Demonstration Playground for Hindustan. They donated the Ballighata site. We-two joined them in financing the experiment. Opened in 1912, Ballighata and its sister playground still are in operation. They have become a model for all Hindustan, all Pakistan. With the translation of World Recreation Survey literature into French, came reactions also from countries where French was the polite tongue. These included Egypt, Turkey, Russia and, later, the Russian-freed nations, such as Finland.

PLAYGROUNDS IN HINDUSTAN

The author must gratefully record here his debt to the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his stories of the children of Hindustan, such as "The Story of Muhammad Din." Often we likewise were careful to ceremoniously return our salaam *"Talaam Tahib."*

In Hindustan, we found Doctor and Mrs. Lee of Calcutta's Wellington Square most sympathetic. They sent us to the Temple of Kali to study child life before organizing the work. The Lees gave over to playground work an ample square in Ballighata. We-two joined the Lees in financing what thus became Hindustan's first demonstration playground. A second quickly followed.

After my Sweetheart's passing, there arrived on the same day, two messages: One was from France. It read: "Her philanthropic contributions to the world will always live." The other came out of Hindustan: "The Demonstration Playgrounds You-two started in British India still function."

These Supervised Playgrounds then were something of which the people of Hindustan never had dreamed. Here was an attempt to substitute for the cruel child labor, supervised, educational play among 300,000,000. Their thought always had been: "How soon can a child's work produce the pice, annas, rupees?"

Elsewhere this author, writing on Hindustan's overpopulation, has taken issue with certain tragically pessimistic conclusions. These, reached by the Native Commission, are paralleled by an eminent American investigator.*

* See "India's Insoluable Problem" in Readers Digest . . . also this author's optimistic "500 year plan" in Eugenics Pamphlet No. 57.

SOVIET PLAYGROUNDS

We-two were invited by a Moscow group to come to Russia. They asked us to organize a series of directed playgrounds, on the American plan, throughout European Russia and Siberia. We were rather surprised at the invitation. I knew my writings thereon had been translated into French. This long had been the Court language of Russia. The French translation of my output had been rather generally distributed throughout Russian intellectual centers. They had attempted a model playground. They felt they therein had missed the point. They were eager for some American-born to ferret out their blunders.

They held out the bait of a state-powered system in some 170,000,000. It DID seem a great opportunity for human betterment. We were suspicious, however, of their promise that STATE-POWER meant rapid development. We therefore courteously declined the invitation.

It was not until a quarter-century later that we came to grasp that We-two had decided wisely. We met a Briton who was a Lawrence-of-Arabia for Russia. We mentioned the bid. He exclaimed: "You WOULD have been a rare asset. That Gang HAD to build public opinion. One factor was abolishing Czarist illiteracy. There is, however, nothing the masses grasp quicker than helping children. If you could have created for them a nationwide system of playgrounds under leadership, it would have given them salve for the cruel wounds of their 5-year Plans. It would, moreover, have vastly increased their ability to indoctrinate their future cannonfodder."

PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE

My Sweetheart's grandmother had been active in organizing the Protestant Orphanage. The K-L-18th-19th Streets' plant had become outmoded. The Orphanage's brilliant 1907 leader, Mrs. D. A. Lindley, engineered sale of the pioneer day's site to the city. With the proceeds she purchased the Franklin Boulevard Farm. She there built a cottage system. Mrs. Goethe was invited to take her late grandmother's place on the Board. Each Director was responsible for one cottage. Our cottage was Rideout Cottage, gift of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Ellery Briggs (nee Rideout).

Thus began an Investment of Service by Us-two over most of 2 decades. We first attempted directed play. This was surprisingly successful in our, (Rideout), Cottage. We-two then employed a Stanford University graduate in supervised play, to expand the work We-two had developed at Rideout thru the entire institution.

One example of our successful playground work was its use as a base for Nature Study Field Excursions. In those days the Farm was truly rural. In Spring, there blossomed the native wildflowers. Summer brought butterflies, beetles, bugs. Autumn had orb-weaving spiders, turpentine weeds, tarweeds. These Mexican-originated flowers had their own peculiar insect visitors. The fall yielded also seed-travellers. Winter meant search for galls, lepidoptra-cocoons, wasps' mud-jugs, other wonders beneath loose bark. The rainy months, too, included netting watertigers, whirligig beetles, backswimmers for the cottage aquarium. Winter's coolth spelt arrival of winter-visitant birds. We collected from leafless trees abandoned nests for the home museum. Winter was marked by brilliant sunsets.

The Orphanage Farm then had a clear, unbroken sweep of the Coast Range. No buildings at that time obstructed the Golden West. We educated our bairns to know that no one could rob them of the love of color.

SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES FLAG

Bill Wilkinson easily was leader of some 100 Orphanage boys. He permitted a dozen to form his gang. They obtained somehow some pirate stories. One night "burglars had broken into the kitchen, had stolen utensils, food." Then that gang was missing. The matron, unbending disciplinarian, sent a frantic message they "had run away." One could not help admiring young Williamson's generalship. Munitions, the commissary, all thoughtfully had been considered. Everything utilizable as weapons was taken, from butcher knives to icepicks. In a field back of the farm had been prepared an underground lair. Over it a small flag waved. Its device: a crude skull-and-crossbones.

The "pirates" were surprised at being discovered. Their plans were startling. A sailboat at the river 2 miles away was to carry the crew to the Spanish Main, and Glory! . . . Should the intruder be a victim or an accession?

In the uncertain status of captive or pirate, there was need of diplomacy! It took the form of storytelling. The lads were told about the Bear Flag Rebellion. Remarkable was the alchemy by which ruthless pirates can be transmuted into coonskin-bonneted pioneers! Turned into long-riflemen, they were deployed around a nearby wild blackberry thicket. Stitches of a pillowcase were penknifed. 10 minutes later, a grizzly was being stained thereon with blackberry juice, red on a white background. After the Bear flag was raised, there followed much reconnoitering. Neither grizzlies nor greasers were found. Finally, a tired and exceedingly hungry group of lads ended the expedition at the Orphanage washroom. . .

TEHAMA VAN

We developed at Sacramento Orphanage Farm, a system of home gardens. Each child, as in Germany's *kleingartenvertrieb,* had his own plot. Housemothers bought the kiddies' tomatoes, corn, string beans, at market prices. The young farmers were paid in colored disks. These We-two redeemed at the yearend.

Each gardener was limited to 3 vegetables. One, Tehama Van, was a little colored boy. He was born in a moving van in Tehama County. Asked his choice of vegetables, he said "watermelons." "But you can choose 3!" "Then more watermelons." "That's 2. Still one more." "Well, ah guesses ah wants some mo' watermelons."

What a fine example of concentration!

The orphans were allowed to spend their crop money. We

asked them, however, to bank half. As an inducement, we offered each a $1 savings bank pass book to any child who would add 50% of that year's crop money. Some saved all. Most matched our $1 with that 50%. Redheaded Turkeyeggs had insisted that he could never save a cent. From his father he had inherited the oversized freckles that, brown on an already muddy skin, had earned him the nickname of Turkey Eggs -- had been also noted in the hillcountry village for his general shiftlessness -- his inability to provide for the proverbial day of downpour. His mother had told him that both freckles and shiftlessness had come from his father--and it was to attempt to prove to Turkey Eggs that shiftlessness was a weed in a garden that could also grow thrift that the Orphanage Kleingartenvertrieb had been organized.

It was based upon a highly successful *Kleingartenvertrieb* in Frankfort-on-Main in Germany. But as Kipling would say "That is another story." In any event a *Kleingartenvertrieb*, it should be explained, is a garden-checkerboard. Each square belongs to one gardening family. It is, in a sense like our Victory gardens of World War II.

JUVENILE COURT ACT

Both Sacramento Orphanage Farm and Fairhaven were fascinating as laboratories. I also had lectured at the Ione Reform School. This gave additional insight. A few years of above strenuous after-office hours work therein brought the conviction that California needed juvenile legislation. Both in San Francisco and in Los Angeles, others were discussing the same problem. The Juvenile Court Law, the beginning of California's modern child welfare legislation,* was originally passed in 1909.

* 1909 Statutes, Page 133. In this same Act, provision is made for the establishment of Detention Homes. This Juvenile Court Law was codified into the new Welfare and Institutions Code in 1937. This and related acts of this code are tabulated herein: Juvenile Court Law—Section 550—911. Institutions and Laws for Delinquents—Section 1000—1202. Orphans and Other Needy Children—Section 1500—1600. Institutions for Child Care and Home-finding—Section 162 —1630. Youth Authority—Section 1700—1783.

ORPHANS' SUMMER CAMPS

Several were the reasons which stimulated Us-two to organizing summer camps for orphans as our guests. First came Improvement in health. The second, reducing institutionalizing of the children. Third, Nature Study possibilities. Fourth, those other educational possibilites described below.

Our first camp we opened was Monterey Peninsula's Pacific Grove. This we knew when it was a Methodist campmeeting ground. We knew the value of the change in diet because of the

possibilities of much fresh fish. Electric refrigerators had then not been invented. We grasped the Nature Study values in Monterey pines, Monterey cypresses. We knew that wildflowers there continued to bloom on account of ocean proximity thru midsummer. This, when the hot interior valleys were given over to tarweed, turpentine weed.

We had ourselves experienced the fun of fishing, clamming, surfbathing. Above all, we had seen horizons widen because of collecting hermitcrabs, sanddollars, seaurchins, semitropical shells.

The first years demonstrated their worth. Thereafter we regularly invited the orphans as our guests. It later was suggested we vary the location to a Sierran camp. All this made us alert to the Los Angeles playground mountain camp's possibilities. The above was the germ of Camp Sacramento.

GROUP UNDER RANGER NATURALIST MOUNTS A 49-PALMS* SADDLE

Experience with such groups yielded technique useable in a wide variety of human service. Same included kiddie mountain camps, also aiding comebacks for wild life such as the Big Horn once nearing extinction. Further isolating also new desert-plant chemicals. These were evolved during untold centuries of adjustment to increasing droughts and blistering midsummer temperature. Same, once isolated, then evaluated, now can be mass-manufactured synthetically. Same are used in control of disease, preservation of food. All this grows out of "Seeking to Serve."

* 49 Palms is in Big Horn territory.

CAMP SACRAMENTO

Camp Sacramento was a by-product of two experiments in controlled recreation (a) the Orphanage summer camp (b) the introduction, into Sacramento, of supervised playgrounds. Our playground group worked at Los Angeles as well as Sacramento. In the City of The Angels, a Playground Commission's mountain camp had been developed.

Meantime We-two had experimented with our own summer camps. For several years we invited groups of orphans as our guests to Pacific Grove as above described. We thought each winter we noticed an improvement in the health of said orphans. There was, too, no question as to the educational value of the trips. Some kiddies never before had seen the Ocean. One was so eager about her first mountain she asked if the first railroad cut en route were one. Shell-collecting, seaweed floating, wading, swimming lessons opened a New World.

One day the late George Cutter, orchardist, had become interested also in our Sacramento playground. He called at our old home facing Sutter's Fort Park. He said "I hear you-two want to duplicate your Camp Los Angeles in the Sierras. I want to join you in this. I am willing to do all the hard work under your direction."

KIDDIES AT A KINGS' CANYON CAMP

Out of many years' studies of benefits occurring from these summer camp's sunshine came my Sweetheart's concept of Kiddie Desert Sunstations. She had wintered in the East in her college days--detested furnace-heating.

Neither Mr. Cutter nor We-two anticipated what that "real work" or that "direction" was to include. Looking back, it seems difficult to picture having to fight the Camp Sacramento concept thru the Courts before it could be translated into an activity. The narrow-mindedness of those who objected to spending Sacramento money outside the old limits of Sutter's original town today seems ridiculous. A Camp Sacramento visitor today would probably seriously doubt if told the whole story.

CANYON OF KINGS' RIVER

In the Sierras, back of this spot in Kings' Canyon National Park, are strung, like pearls on a necklace, a series of summer camps. Here kiddies, (that otherwise would endure an August with thermometer climbing to 115°) revel in vitamin-rich sunbathing at agreeable temperatures. The pioneering of We-two in children's summer camps began with about 20 from our cottage at Sacramento Orphanage Farm. Our first experiments were at the Monterey seashore. Then we were advised to also test the value of the Sierras. The experience thus gained crystallized into the present Municipal Camp Sacramento.

SEVEN SEAS' VICE

"Cast your bread upon the waters. It will return after many days." Our orphanage work case records brought returned bread, not days but years after one lad left the Orphanage. He was a good plodder, was a rather energetic worker. Whatever he gained in life evidently would be by hard work, rather than brilliancy of mind.

We maintained contact, when possible, with children "graduated" from the Orphanage. Financial considerations fixed such "graduation" at an unfortunately tender age. Bill would have reached this within another year. He solved the problem himself. He disappeared completely. Detesting study, he ran away during his high school years. We completely lost contact with him. After some 10 years we learned he had become a sailor. It was with a twinge of sorrow we handled Bill's life-history card, month after month. We had invested much time in the lad. His breaking off all connections hurt. One day arrived the first letter in a correspondence which since has never ceased over a quarter century. "You probably wonder why I sneaked away and never wrote. I went to sea. I have seen commercialized vice in a dozen seaports. Young sailors are cruelly exploited. Their weaknesses aid men who do not care how they make profits. Finally one hot night at ————————," (here he named a tropical port), "I reached the point when suicide seemed the only way out. I was dead broke, sick, friendless. I had a revolver. All I needed was money for a few cartriges. I tossed all night long. I kept saying to myself, 'nobody cares anything for me.' I could not forget, however, that, back at the Orphanage, there was a man who came out and worked with us. Finally I decided to return to a part of U.S.A. where nobody knew me. I would make a man of myself. I got a job. I studied law. I finally was admitted to the bar. With so much experience with the unwholesome side of life, I seem to be successful in handling jury cases. I have a practice which will support a family; also I have the willing girl. Distance may prevent your coming to our marriage. I want you to know that I am at last a good citizen just because you invested time in me". . . That "bread" cast upon the waters, had returned.

FUNGI

Under our yearly plan, a twelvemonth once was devoted to the study of fungi. I remember some of our friends thought then we were just a little queer. We didn't even dare tell them of our discovery of one of the fungi entirely new to science. This we had found on one of our hikes in the Sierran piedmont. All this comes to mind when I read the announcements of The New York Academy of Sciences Conference on Medical Mycology. It lists such subjects as "Mycological Research and the Progress of Medicine," "Public Health Aspects of Fungus Infections," and also such staggering words as "Superficial Dermatomycoses Caused by Trichophytons, Microsporons and Epidermophytons," "Chromoblastomycosis," "Histoplasmosis," "Cryptococosis," and "Blastomycosis."

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE*

Travel often brought undreamed-of "Seeking-to-Serve" dividends. An example thereof: this use of an etching. We-two found it in Chester, England. It pictured God's Providence House, the only Chester home to escape the Black Death.

Above seemed a striking example of how research constantly lessens human suffering. The etching was filed for possible future use. 37 years later, it is being used to illustrate a Eugenics Pamphlet article. Postcards based thereon then are mailed stockbreeders. These ranged from horsemen, cattlemen, to goat fanciers, poultrymen. Same also are forwarded to plant breeders, including members of Rose, Fuchsia, Iris Societies. They also go to professors of botany, zoology, biology in most of our 48 states; likewise to the overseas English-speaking world. They further are used for university and college presidents. Then they go to bankers, financiers, industrial executives. In all, this story of the uncontrolled Black Death reaches the attention of some 50,000 clear-headed thinkers. These intelligent leaders grasp that *today's immunity from the plague came from researchist labors.*

The above reminders to the cream of our leadership follows the strategy of Henry Adams!: Above opportunity to serve constituted a highly satisfactory spiritual dividend upon an hour spent, to quote Kipling, "in Sleepy old Chester."

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* See page 129.

RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY POPPIES

About 1910 a few Californians started the plan of having railroad rights-of-way a mass of gold for the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. They arranged to have available at certain con-

venient places, packets of California poppy seed. Those embarking on trains scattered the eschscholtzia seeds thru train windows. As a result thereof, California railroads still have the color thrill of miles of poppies. Being trained in biology that group knew that the native poppy was evolved to persist in the California environment. It was equipped to selfsow, year after year.

PANGERMANISM

We-two had, ahead of most Americans, a glimpse into Pan-Germanism's menace. In 1912, we found the Germans in Yokohama, in Tokio, surprisingly hospitable. In the Orient, one has contacts not ordinarily expected in Germany itself. Where Caucasians number few, there was less arrogance than in the Fatherland. In the Orient, it is politic for all Caucasians to be friendly.

We were amazed, nevertheless, with the manner in which Yokohama Germans handed us over to those in Tokio. These, too, could not do enough to entertain us. A list of names might interest elderly readers who knew Kaiser Wilhelm Zweiter's Germany. Several were to play star parts in World War I.

We did not suspect their cunning even when we arrived in Shanghai. Surprising openheartedness, however, not to be expected from Germans as with the French. This continued when we went back to Japan, also later, in the Philippines, in Malaysia. It was not until we reached Java, however, that we commenced to sense what really was to happen. There we found Teutons ostensibly engaged in the clove, also the bird-of-Paradise-feather trade. These were brutally frank about Germans planning to take over Holland and its Colonial Empire, including the Netherland Indies.

We listened carefully, were told much about the coming World Wars. Such conflicts were planned to start 1915, 1925, 1935. Space does not permit telling how we obtained data. We tried, on our return to New York, to interest some friends. These were influential in moulding public opinion. We must have lacked eloquence. Not one would believe that "Christian, peace-loving Germany" was plotting in the way we had discovered in 1911 and 1912.

ALTERING CHINESE FOLKWAYS

Writer's family entered yesteryear's Chinese missions to alter folkways about women (such as footbinding, female illiteracy). Its strategy was: CONCENTRATE ON SELECTION OF GIRLS FROM LEADERSHIP FAMILIES. Later, these, educated, were in demand as wives by Chinese students, returning from American

Universities, (Boxer-Fund type). Same wanted intellectual companions, such as they observed in U.S.A. wives.

Such selective process could speed Extension of the Kingdom, if clergymen become better informed as to Christian Eugenics. Human genetics, eugenics can help solve church problems. In counseling newlyweds, some ministers remind high I.Q.'s they have a sublime responsibility to posterity as carriers of desirable genes. They should have, if possible, 4 children. Herein lies Christian leadership.

CHINESE TOMBSTONE

Because of the ancestor-worship cult, every one in a village contributes gladly to the education of the youth whose teacher classifies him a highpower. The village also sees that he marries early, that he may have many brainy sons.

SUN YAT SEN

After World War I broke, a number of Americans in London worked on Relief under Mr. Herbert Hoover. Most of us were awaiting the steamer home. One day We-two met a recent arrival from New York. "Why eager to go home?" he queried. "I've come over to see HISTORY IN THE MAKING." There was something of this feeling when We-two were in China when the Manchu dynasty was overthrown. Then we had not heard that Sun Yat Sen had written China's Constitution; also had designed the Chinese Republic's flag, in our native Sacramento's "Chinatown."

We-two were in Manchuria, up close to the Siberian border when we noticed the first evidences of trouble. Our Chinese, our

Japanese was limited to about 50 words each. We did carry a few ideographs. These always procured us food, denatured alcohol (to boil water when necessary), shelter, also rickshaws or dhroskys. We noticed yellow posters on the walls. They evidently disturbed the natives. We then did not know they threatened beheading to any refusing to accept the Manchu paper money. As the tension increased, we worked way down toward Mukden. Here we learned it was war.

Space does not permit recording here the events of that winter. Our life span was to witness the ending of a number of dynasties elsewhere. Some Chinese scholars rather fancifully insist their first dynasty was the To'in, about B.C. 200. Its rulers, they say, consolidated the provinces into one Kingdom or Empire. They gave the new nation their name of Ts'ina or China.

At any rate we were in the midst of some 300,000,000 humans shifting to the government-type of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton. The time was not without humorous incidents, including the queue-cutting of objecting conservatives.

BIRTH CONTROL IN JAPAN

Our first visit to Japan was some years before World War I broke. It even then was evident Nipponese militarists had obliterated the Old Japan's folkway as to balancing births against rice. When a child was born, friends maintained a frigid silence. The immediate family debated whether the newborn was an asset or a liability. Once a favorable announcement was made, it then was proper to offer congratulations. . . and presents.

After the Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese Wars, all this was ended. The power-lusting warlords wanted cannonfodder. A Japanese Christian friend in Tokio, pointed out a slogan in a newspaper. It was " A baby a year." That day this author, (then trying to awaken Japan to the possibilities of the American supervised playground) wrote: "I feel very earnestly that one of the finest contributions we Americans can make, would be to educate the Japanese as to Birth Control."

MANCHURIA

Crossing the Yalu at midnight into Manchukuo, We-two slept in a Chinese inn. Bill for dinner, bed, breakfast for 2 was 30c. This was a most outrageous overcharge, considering the accommodations. Thence rickshaw coolies took us, thru the Jade Bazaar, to

the country road. Broad shallow rivers were forded by our being carried by our cross-handed coolies. Evening brought us to a mission. Here We-two met a Dane, an unusual mixture of medical missionary and paleobotanist.

Good Doctor Jensen successfully had fought the pneumonic plague from his village. In a score of settlements circling his, all had died. Paleobotany was the doctor's hobby. We spoke of his skill in the epidemic. His big, blue eyes twinkled. "Humans are like trees," he said. "In Manchuria, a million had died." "We saved a handful." His village was like an island of life left in a sea of agony. He continued "You came here thru wild walnuts on the flat below. Well, that is like my village. An Island of ancient walnuts left amid Extinction!"

DR. JENSEN'S "GREAT IMPERIAL FOREST"

That evening Dr. Jensen told of his "Great Imperial Forest." He had come from Denmark, via New York to Manchukuo. He spent an uncle's gift in "his fling": 2 days in New York's, 2 in Washington's museums, then thru North Carolina, Arkansas, Louisiana hardwoods. Followed brief visits to several Trans-Mississippi paleobotanically-interesting localities. Finally Seattle, Japan, Korea, Manchukuo. He insisted his "Forest" once stretched from Virginia's oaks, Louisiana's magnolias, pecans, Michigan's black walnuts, across to Oregon, Washington, over the now submerged Alaska-Siberian landbridge to present-day Manchuria's walnuts, Japan's gingkos. He told of Southern fossils, a half dozen cinnamons, a score of figs, of hickories, even more magnolias, acacias. . . Gingkos, sweetgums, myrtles, cypresses, walnuts, hickories then stretched across the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Canada, thru Alaska. Under gold-weighted Tertiary Californian river lavacaps he found a series of oaks. Different from today's California oaks, these were reminiscent of those of our South sweetgum belt. He was reminded of the Tensaw Swamp trees in finding a leaf of a fossil magnolia, (M. californica). These auriferous gravels contained, too, ebonies, figs, liquidambers, myrtles, even cousins of poison ivy. He had split at Eugene, Oregon, white shales. There he found black-brown leaf impressions.

The Doctor's "Forest" long ago had gradually dwindled, like a glacier's slow melting, He later took us on a dugout along a walnut-lined river. Natives were gathering wild silkworm cocoons. The fibre was spun, by Japanese weavers, as a coarse element contrasting artistically with delicate threads of mulberry-eating silk-

JAPANESE FORESTRY OFFICER USING HUMAN TAXICAB

The determination of We-two "to reproduce Germany's roadside forestration in California" was but one overseas' byproduct of the Teuton's *Schwartzwald* forestry school. We found in de-forested Korea, Japanese utilizing *Schwartzwald* technique in an effort to restore Korean forests. Our Korean experiences paralleled the earlier explorations under Governor Pinchot. Following this, he inaugurated U.S.A. system of National Forests. We found in Korea, as his people found in North China, mountain valleys whose silt-laden rivers meandered in gigantic "S's" from mountain wall to mountain wall. The heavy rainfall eventually had eroded all soil to the bare rocks.

worms. He reminded us that California's tanbark oaks' botanical name, *Pasania,* was not Latin, but Latinized Malay. Gingkos, once from Kansas to Alaska, persist to shade Buddist temple drums, also Nikko's red-lacquer bridge. Gingko is found fossil in Oregon's white shales. In Arizona, where suhuaro now fights with its thousand sharpened needles, the fossil record showed hickory nuts alongside Cochise Man's artifacts, also with bones of extinct wild horses, camels, mammoths, giant bisons. Tensaw Swamp hardwoods, daily falling, as this is written, beneath axe and saw, are about all Man now has of a forest once truly Imperial in vastness.

WHOLESALE HANGINGS, PART OF JAPANESE PLAN FOR MASS EXTERMINATION OF KOREANS

" In Seoul, a flowerpot-hatted noble said: 'The Japanese plot to enslave us.' "

"CROSS OVER KOREA"

When Mother Glide learned of our plans to carry to the Orient the new American concept, supervised playgrounds, she exclaimed, "Then you can study my missionary investment there."

Japan had made a "scrap of paper" of her solemn pledge to the Emperor of Korea. The Nipponese had stolen his dominions. The warlords promptly had set into motion the extermination of the Koreans. The inhabitants were desperate. They were plunged from their age of signal fires into Japan's wireless tempo. Their Buddhism was so loaded with the barnacles of superstition it gave no satisfaction. They turned en masse to the Christian missionaries.

When we arrived in Seoul, our old friend Bishop Harris met our train. "Your coming seems an answer to prayer," he exclaimed, "with your energy, you must carry back to America the news of what is happening in Korea. It will revitalize the church in U. S. A.—will give it new vision." Bishop Harris said as the Koreans were eliminated, the land was to be occupied by fecund Japanese immigrants. This statement was verified by conversations with Japanese officers. They quoted the gloomy statements of a certain English statesman as to British weakness in Hindustan—"ONE HOLDS PERMANENTLY ONLY WHAT ONE HOLDS RACIALLY." The Nipponese leader continued, "We Japa-

CORMORANTS

On the falling French birthrate were working a Paris professor and the author. Excessive birth control had plummeted France below the reproduction line a few months before World War II. This blocked natural selection. This, unhindered, works unceasingly in China's population mass. One element is chronic food shortages. Cormorants, common also on the California coast, in China are trained to fish. Their necks are so ringed they must disgorge a certain catch of fish before they are allowed to swallow their dinner.

nese will make no such mistake. We intentionally made into a 'scrap of paper' our promise to the Korean emperor when we needed his permission to cross his domains to fight the Russians."

One warlord even commented, "The greatest blunder in American history was Lincoln's 'Emancipation Proclamation.' If a Samuri had been your President, he would have ordered the negroes exterminated . . . and thus would have saved the nation some centuries of unsuccessful effort to solve perhaps your most serious problem."

It soon was evident that studied starvation was underway, along with planned terrorism. Meantime Korean Buddhism had become decadent. The old faith was gone.

The net result was a mass-turning, for spiritual help, to the Christian missionaries. Our Korean missionaries were undermanned, underfinanced. The mass-movement could not be handled. To increase the difficulties, the various Protestant denominations competed with each other in many areas. Acute quarrels resulted.

These, however, were absorbed in denominational quarrels. Our old friend, Bishop Harris, therefore, called a conference. To it he went with a map of Korea wrapped about two split-bamboo sticks. He laid the map on the table. He placed the longer rod atop

the great North-South Highway. He laid the shorter of the two rods across the East-West Road. The crossing was, as with these two trunk lines, at Seoul, Korea's capital.

The Bishop then said, "I propose we cease quarreling. Let each denomination accept one-fourth of Korea as its field. Even then, we Christians lack the manpower, the moneypower, for the task." Even memorial churches were transferred.

This, to Us-two, was amazing. Since childhood, we were accustomed to nothing but denominational competition. We never had dreamed of inter-denominational cooperation. Bishop Harris then said, "Mr. and Mrs. Goethe, carry this story of The Cross Over Korea back to U. S. A. I expect to die out here . . . but that story is Gospel. It will revitalize the church in America."

TRAVELING BY KAGO, JAPAN

"Even before World War I broke, it was evident Nipponese militarists had obliterated Old Japan's folkway as to balancing birth against rice."

There were 4 coolies to each Kago. Wages were 10 cents daily. This was, however, over double the wage of Chinese wheelbarrow coolies at that time. Even the Japanese pay was a monthly wage equal to six hours' common laborer's earnings in U.S.A. at that time. . .

In considering the eugenic aspects of Japanese immigration, let us remember one cause of Japan's entry into World War II was the determination of the Japanese militarists to possess the Pacific Coast of Canada and U.S.A. . . In economic warfare Japan's militarists had a powerful weapon in Japan's low wages, compared to U.S.A.'s. When above photograph was taken, even rickshaw coolies paid an income tax. The wage for ricepaddy coolies was about 5 cents a day. Rickshaw men earned several times this amount because most of them were known to be doomed to an early death through tuberculosis . . . It is no mere accident that dual citizenship was law in the three fascists nations, Germany, Italy, Japan.

Bishop Harris was a great ecclesiastical statesman. He had called the four leading denominations' missionary leaders into conference. He boldly asked them, "Are we truly followers of the gentle Nazarene when we fight each other?" He produced a map of Korea and a Cross. He laid the cross atop Seoul on the map. He proposed the three denominations withdraw from each quarter. This would leave the fourth one free from competition and fights. The plan was adopted. Even memorial churches were handed over to the remaining denomination.

We-two had seen in our native Sacramento nothing but denominational quarrels since childhood. Even today, after nearly four decades, I think it would be a shock to see Glide Memorial Church, in San Francisco, a memorial to my sweetheart's Methodist father, transferred to, let us say, the Baptists or the Presbyterians. However, even memorial churches were not permitted to block Bishop Harris' plan.

Here, indeed, was something novel. The Bishop was canny when he welcomed us with "Out of your visit may come something that will revitalize the church in U.S.A." Now it happened that, after years of hard work, We-two had built a certain property into income-producing status. We planned to invest the dividends in some new Seeking to Serve project. Korea's economical philosophy seemed an answer to prayer. We-two decided to invite the Protestant evangelical denominations to organize a Church Council and to contribute to its budget during its infancy.

We stopped over in New York to discuss the above plan with the Federal Council. We were begged to desist. A small city council would interfere with the Federal Council grand strategy. We were told this plan was slowly to build up strong city councils in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago. They were willing to devote a half-century thereto. Then, perhaps, they would consider San Francisco.

We persisted. It took two years to convert certain Sacramento ministers. Both the Sacramento Council, also the simultaneously formed California State Council were amazing successes. Mother Glide offered similar financing of a San Francisco Bay Council. This area, I now understand, has some half-dozen, if San Jose be included.

What was even more satisfying was the Federal Council's eventual response. After the success of the Sacramento City Council, a small backwater-town group was demonstrated. We were asked to join in financing a new Commission within the Federal Council.

This we did. Dr. Roy B. Guild was selected as its Executive Secretary. For years, he travelled across U.S.A., organizing city and state councils. I understand that practically every state now has a state council, that there are nearly 100 city councils, and that the county councils now are numbered by the hundreds.

Bishop Harris had vision. His statesmanlike planning was to revitalize the Protestant Church in U.S.A. and to weld it into a powerful weapon for Organized Unselfishness.

DAWN

We-two selected our second and last homesite in Elmhurst, a Goethe Subdivision. Our estate there has a 250-foot street frontage. We built near its Western edge. This gave clear space toward the East. Originally we had unobstructed view to the Sierran Crest. Daily we had the Dawn Glory,* followed by the Sunrise. We-two further became saturated with Inca also Vedic sun-worship lore.

This item, written at Thanksgiving, recalls lines of the ancient Vedic Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Dawn Goddess:—

> *"Oh! Thou beautiful Dawn Goddess,*
> *Clad in thy robes of saffron;*
> *Thou who awakenest all living things."*

It thrills one to remember the ancient Nordic nature-lovers. They did much, at History's Dawn, for Hindustan.

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* Dawn-hour quiet is invaluable for wading thru work. I sometimes am asked: "How do you accomplish so much?" One factor therein is rising at dawn. MORNING HOURS ARE MOST PRODUCTIVE. . . Nearing 74, I still manage a string of ranches. Today am experimenting with 2 crops new to the Sacramento Valley. Am installing new irrigation units. All this while supervising other branches of a business founded in 1858. . . As editor, I have written, over years, every word of Eugenics Pamphlets. Am in constant contact with hundreds of schools, mostly rural. We-two long have furnished them with biological material. We also have answered their questions. I help carry on several score Social Services programs. To do all above intelligently, I also must cover several magazines daily. Early rising is almost a requisite to disposing of such a day's work. Much can be finished before the 7 A.M. breakfast.

BIBLE TOTER

Part of our "seeking to serve" has been to attempt to conserve the traditions of our pioneer ancestors. We-two both were of Covered Wagon stock. Some of our forebears came by Prairie Schooner. Others crossed the fever-stricken Isthmus. Yet others made the perilous voyage by sail from the Antipodes. All such journeys meant further severe selection of stocks, already winnowed by Mother Nature to eliminate weaklings.

We both felt the responsibility of "carrying-on," by helping transmit to posterity a knowledge of what U.S.A.'s present high living standard cost our forebears. Of this work, nothing was more

fascinating than our chance discovery, at the University, of a reference to one "Bible Toter" Jedediah Smith.

We started exploring. This first was in the libraries. Then we tried to follow his trail on the Ohio River, at St. Louis, on the Missouri River, in Wyoming, on the deserts of Utah, Arizona, Southern California. Our periodic inspections of our Southern ranches meant regular trips up and down his route between El Cajon Pass and the site of his American River camp. We also covered his second journey north of our native Sacramento. This included following the course of Smith River, named for the Bible Toter. Then we finished the long route by following his footsteps thru Oregon, thence back to his frontier fur trading post.

CALIFORNIA NATURE STUDY LEAGUE

Some 36 years after I wrote the first Nature Study League material, it was being used in some 15 schools in one Western city. Preparing same a number of biologists at the Universities were most helpful. Many of these since have passed to the Great Beyond.

My Sweetheart, too, was always most patient in its preparation. She had done post-graduate work in child psychology. It had required months of struggle to win a biologically illiterate Board of Education to consider the concept of science work in the Sacramento schools. Here again was the same inertia, more discouraging than active opposition, that We-two had encountered in starting the playgrounds; also in adding manual training, likewise domestic science to the public school curriculum.

HOBBYLESS MULTIMILLIONAIRE

A hobby may be a life-saver.

I was botanizing on the Colorado Desert near Palm Springs for sand-verbena (or Abronia). Searching for it I mounted a sand dune at the rock-desert's edge. It was during a Norther. I was surprised to see there a dwarf hermit-thrush. Instinctively hand went to pocket for notebook. While writing, a tired voice called from behind a catclaw. Turning I saw a cot. On it was a man, whose flushed cheeks told of advanced tuberculosis. "Do you know that bird?" "Yes, it is a dwarf hermit-thrush." "It blew in here ten days ago in another norther. My nurses have given it food and drink, just to amuse me. . . Sit on that box. I want to ask you about birds."

There followed questionings of an evidently intelligent man. He lacked, however, training in biology. Out came the pocket note-

book. "May I send you a bird book. It has colored plates, and will help you make identification." "Certainly not. . . I'm no beggar. I can buy anything I want". . . He was placated, however. Then he demanded: "Do you know who I am?" "Why, how could I?" "I am Chairman of the Board of (naming one of U.S.A.'s most powerful corporations.)"

Followed a confession: As a young man he was most ambitious. Marriage, the birth of three children, could not swerve him from his dominant purpose to become head of his corporation. He lavished money on his young wife. He was so miserly as to his time, however, he neglected his family. Wife became society leader. Eldest daughter married an Italian count. He gave a dowry that was a fortune. Only son's record: Most noted rake at Blank University. Wife now in Paris, trying to marry youngest daughter to another title. "They care nothing for the old man. All they want," he added bitterly, "is my name on checks."

He then concluded "I have been called successful. I reached the very pinnacle. My life, however, has been a miserable failure. If we all, wife, kiddies and I had a nature study hobby, I might have held their instinctive affection. They would not have grown away from me. They would not have left me out here on the desert, among strangers, to die."

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

NATIONAL PARKS

What impresses the writer about the National Parks is their unique educational value. The visitor is on vacation, is carefree. He has the leisure to think about the wonders of his environment, to question whether the tanager's coloration is conspicuous or really concealing. He reflects upon the ability of the sequoias to extract from the soil its "creosote," its tannin, whereas the flower at its root manufactures perfume from the same soil. He takes time to watch antlion's pit's steep sides. This, to its victim, is as awful as was that in Kipling's "Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes."

Let us impress on plastic child minds the meaning of nature study seen on every hand in the National Parks. Thus will be accelerated the reduction of biological illiteracy. Then will ensue generations that are truly democratic in that they do their own thinking because they are propaganda-proof.

Photo: Courtesy Mrs. Wilson Craven

THE FALLEN LEAF AUDITORIUM

Where Director Mather first heard our Nature Guide lecture. He said he immediately grasped that here was a weapon to fight his opponents. The late W. W. Price was trained in biology. He succeeded in convincing five others of his fellow resort owners to cooperate with Us-two, and with Dr. H. C. Bryant, also Dr. Loye Miller in the 1919 Tahoe experiment. This was the beginning of the National Park's Interpretive Movement. It is no exaggeration to say that without Mr. Price's training in biology, the National Parks' success would have been impossible.

PIONEER RANGER-NATURALIST APPROPRIATIONS

Director Mather grasped the need of an efficient backfire against certain exploiters eyeing the National Parks. Just then he tarried overnight at Fallen Leaf Lake. He witnessed there the powerful appeal of the experiment We-two had brought over from Switzerland. Dr. Harold Bryant and Dr. Loye Miller had done more than fascinate the kiddies. Fishermen abandoned the speckled trout to learn about Clarke's nutcrackers and silver firs; about Lewis' mimulus and the pelage changes of golden mantled squirrels. The political value of ranger naturalist work was impressive. Director Mather asked my Sweetheart and me to join him in financing the Ranger Naturalists. He proposed starting at private expense. We-two did in a modest way. He explained the political value of participation of someone outside the Park's staff.

It was necessary to educate Congress as to its possibilities. Some members were friendly to the profiteers. The very great

majority, however, were merely not acquainted with the loyalty-building, Love-of-native-land possibilities of the Swiss experiment. We, therefore, arranged to have park visitors write their 2 senators and their congressman. Each in his own words told of enjoyment under the Ranger Naturalists.

NATURE-GUIDE HIKERS, HILDESHEIM

"Director Mather . . . at Fallen Leaf Lake . . . witnessed the powerful appeal of the experiment We-two had brought over from Switzerland." We first obtained the concept on the Vierwaldstaettersee in Switzerland. Under Swiss direction, we made repeated trips to Europe to study the various phases of Nature-Guided Field Excursions in also Norway, Denmark, Holland, Scotland, England and Germany. Above photo shows the group we accompanied in Hildesheim.

GIANT OF THE FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

"Many loved these giant redwoods for their sheer, overpowering grandeur." Under the devoted leadership of the late Director of National Parks Mather, a large area of the great Sierran Sequoia Forest has been reserved for an all-time playground as "Sequoia National Park."

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

Sequoia National Park had, as its nucleus, at first, smaller redwood groves. Many loved these giants for their sheer overpowering grandeur. Certain paleobotanists, however, were finding an additional interest. They were commencing to suspect these were remnants of a vast former sequoia forest. Fossils evidenced its once stretching from Spain, from Switzerland, across Eurasia to Alaska. Fingers of its American extension went down into, not only California, but Kansas, Pennsylvania. Reaching Greenland, this forest was almost circumpolar.

It therefore seemed doubly important to convert Giant Forest into Sequoia National Park. Here was an opportunity to serve. It was a joy to follow the leadership of Stephen Tyng Mather. It was necessary to obtain gifts of certain timber lands. These were needed to square out Sequoia Park. Their holders long had refused to sell. It also then was not possible to condemn. The lands were finally secured as gifts.

SEQUOIA BIOLOGY

Giant Forest's birds always are a magnet. Ornithological thrills? Sequoia National Park can match Bottleneck Key's roseate spoonbills . . . the hours' long stream of Humboldt Current's "anchovy"-gorging guano birds . . . Ceylon's beautiful jungle songsters, the coppersmiths. . . Chile's giant condors. . . the Antarctic's tuxedo-garbed penguins. . . Karnak's crested hoopees. . . Australia's lyrebirds. None of above really can excel in excitement the early summer doings of Sequoia Park Birds. Watch there the feeding of noisy young whiteheaded woodpeckers, their nesting holes bored into giant sequoia bark. . . The grouse flashes his colorful gular sac in courtship display. . . The 4 A.M. dawn-chorus of tanagers and evening grosbeaks in the colossal redwoods is unforgettable.

These great conifers also shelter a remarkably varied flora. In the lower reaches of the present expanded park can be studied the northern outposts of a fascinating Mexican flora. This evidently followed Jack Frost northward at the glacier retreat of each of the four great Ice Ages: McGee, Sherwin, Tahoe, Tioga. Their adjustment to drought and high temperatures has resulted in a plant life of neverending interest, even to one who has botanized under almost every flag. Judge Frye used to be proud of what he called his "northernmost yucca." Tho the cacti are absent, there are numerous other xerophytes. These include certain turpentine weeds, tarweeds, chaparrals.

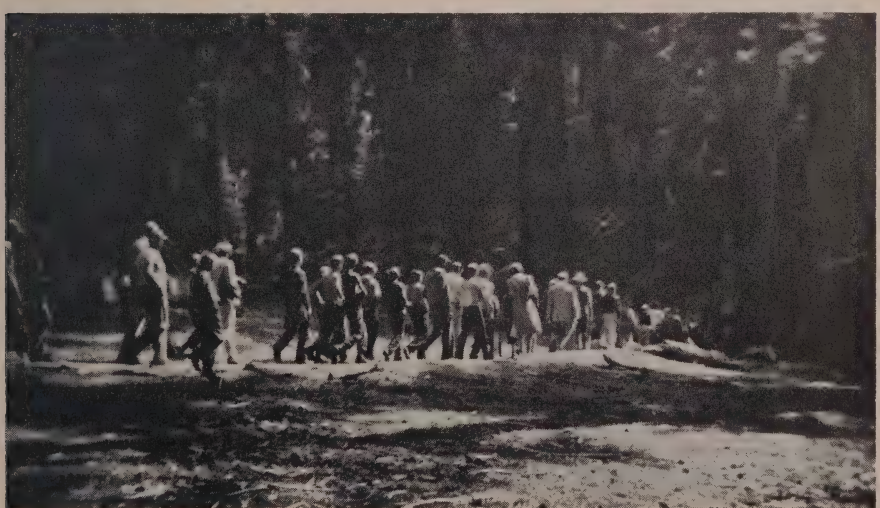
Then, in contrast, there are the arctics that one finds today

almost at the edge of Midnight Sun Land's glaciers—dainty saxifrages, ranales, crucifers, poppies. It is no accident that one finds specific names such as "greenland-ica," "siberica." The co-mingling, in Sequoia National Park, of Mexican with Arctic species reminds one of similar Himalayan phenomena. Its south flank has an upmountain complex of deodars, oaks, maples, birches, straw- and raspberries. Mottled with same are the radiation outposts of a tropical flora, treeferns, palms, ficus, bamboo. This is rain-forest-tropical as Sequoia's is xerophytic-tropical.

Another fascinating Sequoia floral element includes the animal-protein eaters. The writer never has found pitcherplants as far south as Sequoia. The sundews, however, were fairly common at his last visit. This resulted from the vigilance, above mentioned, of Colonel White, even when he had, as elsewhere stated, few laws as authority.

"HOT DOGS" IN YOSEMITE

Mr. Mather, I was told, patriotically, unselfishly, converted his borax profits into building the present National Parks system. He was the National Park Service's first Director. His courageous stand against certain exploiters of our citizenry thru commercial-



OVERLOAD GROUP IN SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

This author's experience is that groups should be limited to twenty. This one included over forty . . . only half are visible. One lad, however, in such a group in the 1920's, has become an entomologist whose work already is saving farmers and timbermen considerable sums thru more intelligent control of insect pests. The National Parks' Interpretive Movement has become a chain of summer schools. The instruction is sugar-coated. Folks on vacation are receptive to new ideas. They would find these boresome in the stress of workday life.

ized "recreation" had brought him trouble in Congress. He told me how he resented the attempt to make Yosemite a gigantic Coney Island. He insisted Ferris Wheels, hot dog stands, dance halls and slot machines had no place in Nature's Cathedral. He said the amusement kings, in retaliation, cut off his Congressional appropriations. Out of this dilemma in which Director Mather found himself came the author's invitation to Director Mather's 1919 Yosemite Christmas party. Mr. Mather at that time asked the author to do several things: One was to secure transfer, to Yosemite National Park, of the Lake Tahoe nature guides plan. Herein both Dr. Bryant and Dr. Loye Miller wholeheartedly cooperated. Director Mather said that he had observed the popularity of the Tahoe nature guiding. He felt it could be made a backfire against his enemies in Congress.

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK RANGER-NATURALIST GROUP

Young folks of 12 in 1919 are now 42 years of age. Not a few, whose first interest was aroused by the first Ranger-Naturalists, have become famous in science. One ranks "tops" worldwide. Another's contributions are so important an American scientist said to the author recently, "If the Interpretive Movement had produced only that one scientist, it has paid its whole cost."

COLONEL WHITE, JUDGE FRYE

The writer thus later came into contact with two more patriots. Both worked in building Sequoia National Park: Colonel White had to struggle within paucity of legal authority. In fighting those whom John Muir called "hoofed locusts," he displayed that remarkable diplomacy that had characterized his Philippines' record. He saved the mountain meadows' rare flora. Only

trained botanists know Sequoia's treasurers. These include rare plants that live on animal protein, such as flies.

The other Sequoia devotee was Judge Frye. He had an almost Muir-like love of Giant Forest. One could return, day after day, to his fireplace, to hear ever new tales by this born naturalist.

Director Mather's able successors, Directors Cammerer, Albright, Newton Drury always have felt a deep affection for Sequoia. Trying to analyze this, one concludes that same is based upon, not only the sequoias themselves, but both the wee beasties and the wildflowers which the redwoods shelter.

RANGER-NATURALIST H. O. JENKINS, KINGS' CANYON PARK

Dr. Jenkins is a fine example of that type of scientist that, in ever-increasing numbers, is sacrificing a part of vacation time to invest in the National Parks' Interpretive Movement the nation's best talent. It is most encouraging to those who pioneered therein that the sons of those who thus labored in the 1920's are entering the same work. So great is the urge to participate in such work, this author saw, in one outlying National Park station, a wife volunteering to cook for a National Park staff so her husband could participate in what was dubbed "a call to be a missionary in biology."

KINGS' CANYON NATIONAL PARK

It is Kings' and not King's Canyon. The river was named, 'tis said, for the Three Kings, or Three Wise Men, who journeyed to the Manger at Bethlehem. Dr. H. C. Bryant, who was Superintendent there, was one of those who fought unwaveringly for the enabling Act. He writes: "The signing by President Roosevelt, on March 4, 1940, of the Act establishing Kings' Canyon National

Park, brought to a successful conclusion a sixty-year fight to make that wilderness country a part of the National Park system. The Kings' River area was long recognized as deserving of park status, and pioneer work was accomplished by friends of the National Parks located in Fresno and Visalia. Soon after Theodore Roosevelt's administration, there was a definite move to create a Roosevelt National Park, to include the headwaters of the Kern and the Kings Rivers. This move was blocked by cattlemen who wished to preserve their grazing interests. The Sierra Club was largely instrumental in the final drive to place the area within the National Park system. Largely through their efforts and the efforts of many individuals, Congress finally passed a modified bill."

Mr. W. E. Colby, honored Sierra Club President during the fight, pens:— "John Muir advocated a Kings' National Park in 1880-90. The Sierra Club started active work in 1906. It worked hard at various times since then and usually succeeded in a bill passing one House of Congress. The bill which finally passed in 1940, was introduced in February, 1939. We started work in January, 1939."

His last sentence refers, of course, to the Sierra Club's final and successful drive for Congressional action.

REALTY TRAINING IN NATION-PLANNING

As a banker trained in specialized financing of not only home-building but subdivisions of homesites, I early grasped my generation must round out U.S.A.'s National Park realty holdings. Same were absolutely necessary, if the future was to erect therein a great educational system. Coming from a stock devoted to education, I glimpsed particularly the possibilities of the use of Nature Study to reduce biological illiteracy. From a practical standpoint, the foundation-laying must consist of acquisition of land. Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson tersely expressed above thusly: "The first need of wildlife is land. It is a basic essential. Birds cannot nest on the wing."*

To quote further: "One who did not live thru the period of acquisition. . . of these. . . can have little conception of the immense volume of work, etc." In the National Parks, the hectic years were from, say, 1918 to 1947. The later acquisition of Big Bend National Park was followed by the creation of Everglades National Park.

As to the National Forests, that colossal task began when Theodore Roosevelt, one of our two presidents who was educated biologically, called Governor Gifford Pinchot to build a National Forests System.

* Scientific Monthly 9-'47, p. 182.

YOUNG REDWOOD SECTIONS, SAWN FOR "PATIO BLOCKS"

It has become the fashion to use these in lieu of concrete blocks. Conservationists believe in the utilization of all possible substitutes to save redwood areas for both recreational and for educational purposes. Children trained to enjoy wildflowers, birds, butterflies, under Ranger-Naturalists will become, in maturity, conservationists whose contributions to world culture will far exceed patio blocks that could have been made of concrete. One can hardly blame owners of timber acreage when lumbermen bid higher and more quickly than conservationists.

NATIONAL PARKS THEN AND NOW

President Woodrow Wilson in 1916, signed the National Park Service Act. President Lincoln had, of course, set aside as a public park Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Trees. Then Yellowstone National Park Act was dated 1872. Stephen T. Mather persuaded U.S.A.'s War President to pause long enough to sign the bill. Not until 1924 came the first real National Parks Congressional appropriation, $7,500,000. Until then expenses often were paid from Mr. Mather's borax profits or from dollars begged from his many friends. An example thereof was the cost of National Parks' Nature Guiding. This was borne by Mr. Mather, Mrs. Goethe and me until we "educated" Congress as to its worth.

Our National Parks now has a master plan. It represents, as Director Newton Drury wrote, "cooperative effort of technically trained men in many specialized fields, from beginnings in the early days, steadily developed over 30 years."

Every wisely selected National Park is a potential university. Out of these comes citizen-education in biology. It was in 1919 that

the late Director Mather asked the writer to transfer, from Lake Tahoe, as above stated, his experiment in Nature Guiding based upon years of study of the European techniques. In less than a quarter century the movement has expanded until, 'twas said that, exclusive of the spillover into State Parks, hundreds of biologists were employed. These, in one recent year, had directed National Parks' Nature Guiding to serve some 25 million Americans in recreation that was Re-creation. For years Yosemite has had a Nature Guides' school. Its graduates are numbered among above named biologists. They have dispensed biologic education in sugar-coated doses. This has helped toward improved food supplies, insect control, limiting insect-borne diseases, conservation, on human genetics, eugenics. Thus has come, too, a better understanding of the causes of War. An enlightened democracy, thru nationwide biologic education, can hardly be overestimated. Many Americans now shoot wildlife with camera, in lieu of rifle. The new generation of farmers no longer hold "hawk and owl shoots." They prize, instead, these untiring hunters of levee breaking gophers, crop destroying ground squirrels, field mice, kangaroo rats.

But every school child should know not only that there is such a thing as a National Park System, but he should know what it is,

SEQUOIA SCRAP, NOT USABLE EVEN FOR GRAPE STAKES

The value of securing National and State Park sites in this generation is shown by above — Trees growing when William, the Conqueror, crossed the English Channel can be felled in one hour by modern saws.

why it is, and why its character should be protected and upheld. It is equally important that his parents have the same knowledge. I incline to the belief also, that an obligation rests on us--on the Federal Government, let us say--to take the parks to the millions who can get to none, or only a few, of them. One of the purposes for which they exist is to provide enjoyment to the public; they could do it, and probably should do it more effectively, if means could be provided, through various media--motion pictures, slides, photographs, publications, etc.--to reach an immensely larger audience than our present limited means permit.

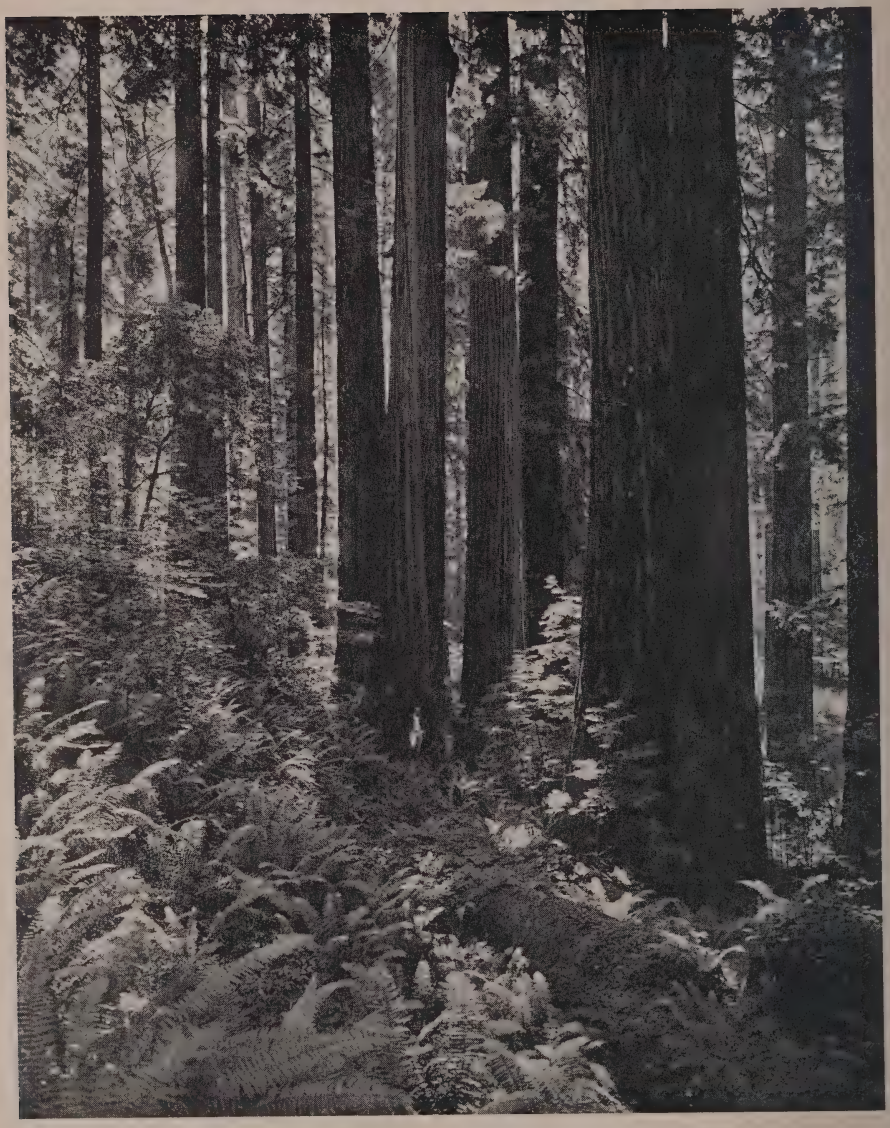
See "The National Parks' Service. The First 30 Years" by Director Newton Drury in American Planning and Civic Annual for 1945. Director Drury further wrote:— "Director Mather realized that the States had an important part to play in the field of parks. He felt development of state parks should be encouraged; saw in this a means of assuring preservation and use of desirable areas which could not qualify for admission to the National Park System. Hence his leadership in the establishment of the 1921 National Conference on State Parks."

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Midsummer 1917 We-two took one of our several hundred mile hikes. This one was thru Glacier National Park. It was fascinating to pitch our dogtents on a gallardia-carpeted prairie under the Lewis Overthrust. Here we found an old buffalo skull. It reminded us of Mother Glide's tales of the first week on the Union Pacific. Her locomotive paused for several hours until a herd of migrating buffalo passed. The mountain meadows were enamelled with pink moss-campion. From our sleeping bags at our Iceberg Lake Camp, we watched mountain goats train their kids to jump from crag to pinnacle. This was in the cirque wall, hundreds of feet above.

We-two had invited two men, two women. We men had rucksack loads of about 70 lbs. The gentler sex also were heavily laden. The second day out we met a file of Blackfeet. The bucks saluted with characteristic dignity. Once past us, the squaws turned. They had noticed our women's shoulder-straps. They hastily glanced at the packs. Then one squaw ran back. She patted me on the elbow. Then she gurgled, "Heap smart paleface--know how make 'um squaw lug pack!"

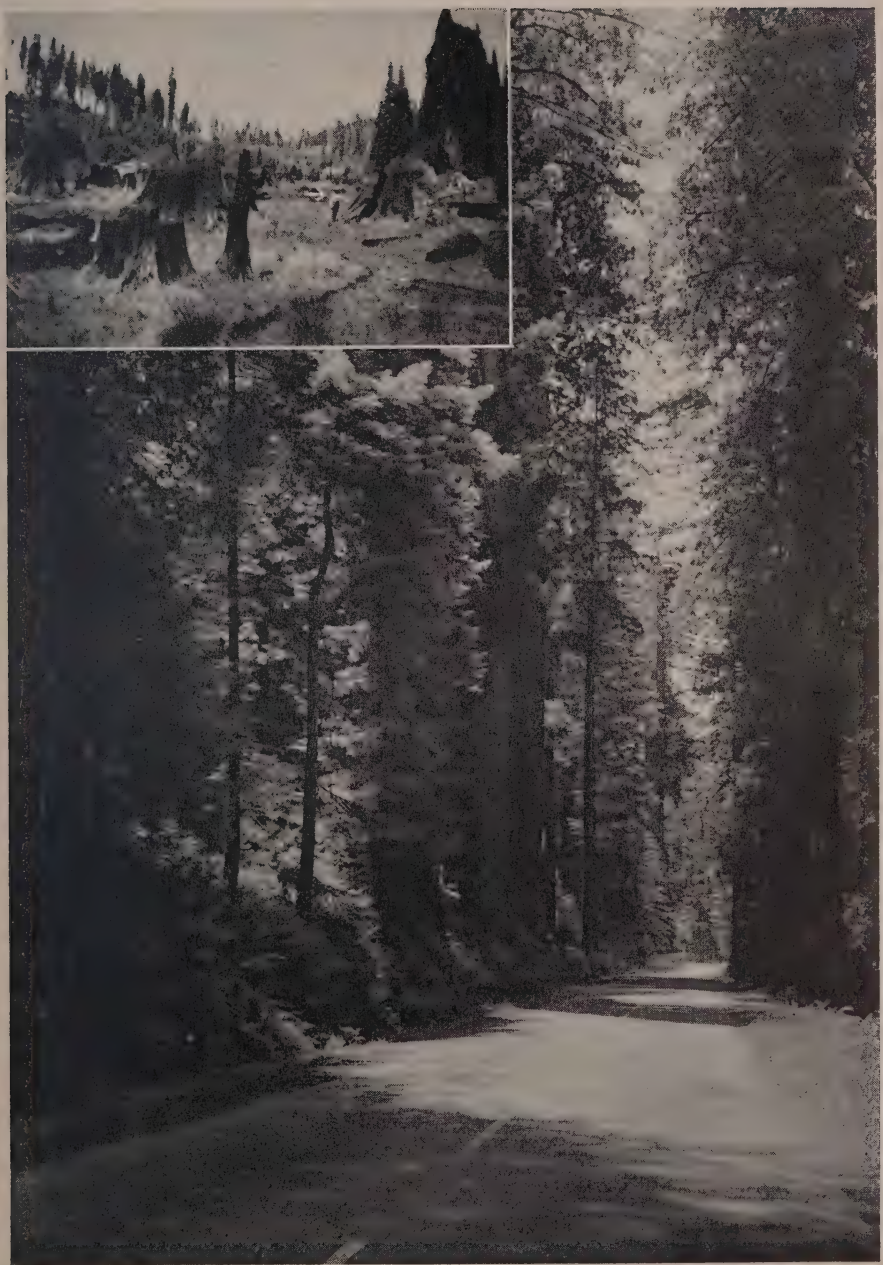
That hike's most fascinating incident, however, was meeting one Seeking to Serve. It was at our exit. We had had several weeks hiking. During this, the men folks had shaved some nights with a pool for a mirror. We were tired the last afternoon, eager for a bath. As we rounded the last curve we saw a 2-saw-horse table. It held ripe watermelon; also luscious tomatoes on ice. A man on crutches was in charge. "Crippled from an ice fall here three summers ago. Can hike no longer. No charge for this refreshment. I'm a bank president, in (naming a Middle West town) I know God wants me here each year to serve my fellow men."



TREES THAT ALMOST "SKY-SCRAPE"!

Both species of Sequoias are typical zone markers.* It is known they are the world's tallest trees. This author visited in Australia the very tall eucalypts that once claimed the record. Sequoia finally won. It seems probable that they also are the oldest of all trees.

* For data on California's Life Zones, Lower-Lower Sonoran to Boreal, see this Author's Sierran Cabin . . . From Skyscraper, in most of U.S.A.'s public libraries.



CONVERSE BASIN RUINS

Oldtimers say the Converse Basin sequoias were grander than any existing groves. It is said their lumbering actually resulted in a financial loss. Note the man at the arrow, the gigantic stumps to his right. Contrast the Converse Basin ruins with the sequoias in the larger picture.

"INTERPRETATION" - NATIONAL, STATE PARKS WILD LIFE

What originally was dubbed "Nature Guiding" has come to be known as "Interpretation." Those who discharge its responsibilities already are known in the National Parks and are coming more and more into the State Parks--as the work expands therein--as "Ranger Naturalists." The use of the latter term instead of "Nature Guides" is a second example of nicety and of increasing accuracy in the choice of language.

The Save-the-Redwoods League section thereon also is known as Committee on INTERPRETATION and Education; Administrative Secretary Aubrey Drury describes Dr. Ralph Chaney's expedition to the heart of central China on the trail of the "dawn Redwoods" as "ranking with the greatest and most far-reaching botanical research of the century."

EVERGLADES' WILD TURKEY ON STEAMERS

Our original Everglades expedition had been when Florida's development had been concentrated on the East Coast. In the highwayless interior, travel still was by tiny steamboats. Turkey served aboard was the wild bird. Florida's "Key People" still ate "Pink curlew" and "black curlew." There then were still to be seen a few Carolina parakeets.

Even then, We-two had accumulated rich jungle experiences. We had nature-studied in Mexico, Philippines, Malaysia, Java, Burma, Hindustan, Ceylon. We had accumulated desert experiences in Chihuahua and Sonora in Mexico, also in Arabia, Somaliland, Algeria, Lybia. We KNEW, as probably few Americans then did, the educational value of roseate spoonbills and royal palms; of caracaras and conch shells; of strangler figs and the snails that gave the Everglade's kite its food.

After above pioneer Florida steamboating, we were overseas nearly every year. We-two continued our jungle studies on the Amazon headwaters, on the Orinoco, in Guatemala, Salvador, Ecuador. We also saw much more of Asian and African deserts. We explored the remainder of Mexico's West Coast, as well as North, also South Peru's deserts,--Chili's too, and the semideserts of the Argentine and Patagonia. As above biological experiences accumulated, constant was my Sweetheart's reiteration, 'I will never be content until the Everglades come into the National Parks' chain for the children of all time!"

BUILDING EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK

We sensed the Nature Study value of that BIT OF TROPICS REACHABLE BY AUTO. My Sweetheart wanted all U.S.A. kiddies to know thatch palms and mangroves, anhingas, reddish egrets and ibises. Most of all, she felt they should know, if not the Key People, at least where they had lived on beef-at-Christmas only. Otherwise their meat diet was spoonbills, herons, cormorants.

We worked over the notes of our first Everglades' field trip. We argued. Once it seemed progress would end in success. Texas' Big Bend, however, was not to be then repeated. Everglades' oil was found. Suddenly Florida enthusiasm for an Everglades National Park cooled. Thus came to U.S.A.'s nature lovers a new task: To build nationwide public opinion needed to convince Congress. Political conditions had changed muchly since Director Mather's time. A new technique had to be invented.

The author has written many telegram-sized newspaper items on Everglades' wonders. Some thereof contrasted the extinct Carolina Parakeet with certain birds near-extinct in U.S.A. Among these were: Roseate Spoonbill, Everglades' Kite, Caracara, Anhinga or water Turkey. Botanically, there was used Royal Palm, Everglades' orchids, the Strangler Fig, the Mangrove "tree." The experiences of We-two in Brazil's Golden Monkey Jungle, in Java's swamps, in Bengal's rain-forests, in the jungles of Malaysia, the Amazon, the Orinoco, gave a wealth of material. We tried to excite parents' imagination. Those who could not afford the expensive Hawaiian National Park sea trip at least could pack the youngsters into the family auto, could motor to a possible Everglades' National Park.

EVERGLADES' $2,000,000

We continued to work whenever possible, in our own modest way to do our bit in the struggle for the Everglades Park. Those at work included some in Congress, also in the National Parks' Service, likewise certain officials and layfolk. Conservation groups nationwide were alert.

Finally all hurdles at Washington and at Tallahassee were cleared. Florida voted that $2,000,000. Florida laggards were converted when shown that increased tourist dollars would soon repay its citizens the tax money they advanced. President Truman, in dedicating the Park, reminded Governor Caldwell and others assembled that 25,000,000 used the National Parks in 1947.

The main problem now seems to be to educate even a majority of Floridans as to appreciation of Everglades' biological treasures.

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK MUSEUM

One of the most gratifying outgrowths of National Parks nature-guiding is . . . the museums. A most efficient one is that of Hot Springs National Parks."

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK MUSEUM

One of the most gratifying outgrowths of National Parks' Nature Guiding is that of the museums. A most efficient one is that of Hot Springs National Park.

It really is a double museum. It includes more than the one housed in the building in our photograph. There has been developed here also the "Trailside Museum." Growing trees for example--also geological phenomena--are accurately and fascinatingly labelled with metal markers.

The exhibits housed in the museum building are worth careful study by museum administrators. There is a balanced section on the Caddo culture. Its story of EXTINCTION ought to be familiar to every voter. The de Soto phase of American history is admirably handled. The biological sections could hardly have been more wisely installed. One sees evidence of Dr. Harold Bryant's influence in this museum's planning.

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

In Hawaii, the Hilo landing thrills. Then, under Ranger-Naturalist guidance, one descends into a tiny crater. It is treefern-lined. Next the highway runs thru lemon-guava thickets. At the luncheon place, the Ranger Naturalist points out blooming native begonias. Here is a strange example of radiation. Begonia is a genus whose species range mostly from Martinique, also Guatemala, thru Venezuela to South Brazil. How did one get out to Hawaii?

Where Kiluea crater spouts lava, the Nature Guide points out a volcanic bomb. It weighs possibly a ton. Its being far from the crater mouth, one grasps how great is such a volcano's force. At the Hawaii National Park Museum are varieties of lavas. These include the unique Pele's hair. Motion pictures in color are shown of flowing lava. The Ranger Naturalist gives an arresting lecture on vulcanism.

All the above is highly educational. The Hawaiian National Park trip, however, by sea, by air is expensive. U.S.A. now has another opportunity for tropical thrills. Any motoring Dad can pile the kiddies into the car for Everglades National Park.

WHALER'S CABIN, POINT LOBOS RESERVE STATE PARK

Trees are the rare Monterey cypress once nearing extinction in the wild state. Point Lobos Reserve State Park was a part of the Rancho lost in gambling by its owner to Captain Castro and nine other soldiers. The captain then won from the nine, one by one, 'tis said. This Mexican grant thus became the basis of the Castro family's fortune.

POINT LOBOS LOOKS TRANSPACIFIC TOWARD CHINA

Point Lobos Reserve State Park is an example of a recreation area so administered that it also is a biological reserve and a sanctuary for mammals. On this author's last visit were seen deer, coyote, fox, ringtailed cat. Now that the area no longer is cropped to grain, the flora is staging a comeback. Superintendent Roland Wilson has painted its colorful wildflowers, even fungi.

POINT LOBOS RESERVE STATE PARK

Our interest in Point Lobos dated from before the Save-the-Redwoods League secured it for the State Park system. We used to tramp there, as well as hike the 17-Mile Drive. We early had come to appreciate the Monterey Peninsula's wealth of nature study material. We made repeated excursions there from 1903 to 1945. In these later years, we came to love the Roland Wilsons and the Dr. Jean Linsdales of Hastings Reservation. As this is written I have on my agenda, as a member of the Point Lobos Advisory Committee, two rather ambitious Point Lobos projects. I hope to live long enough to see both transplanted into actualities.

SPIDERS

Our life-plan included helping reduce biological illiteracy. This required our own concentration, each year, on another Natural History sector. Thus came a continued succession of thrills of fresh discoveries. Among these year-tasks were The Algae, the Lichens, the Mosses, the Ferns; also the Orthoptera, the Diptera, the Coleoptera, the Hymenoptera.

The spider-study year illustrates continued interest possible

from a home garden. Ours was deepened by the advice of Dr. J. H. Comstock, and of Dr. J. H. Emerton.

The spider's 8 eyes under the microscope always fascinated. Crab spiders, often the color of the flowers where they awaited their prey, were a never-ending source of wonder . . . Wolf spiders ran down their quarry like a speeding accipiter or bullet-hawk. Webmaking offered as much fun as a circus. Webbing ranged from funnelwebs to orbweaving. . . Ceylon never assembled moonstones more alluring than a hedge's webs when dewpearled. The spider circus had its acrobats, the black and red Attids. . . There was always the spice of the Black Widow. We classified it next dangerous to a rattlesnake. It was our only California spider we considered unsafe. . . Our garden had no tarantulas. . . Trapdoor spiders offered an excuse for an expedition into the Sierran piedmont. Stormy winter nights in Spider-year permitted travel with Fabre. We had made a pilgrimage to his home in France.

LIMEKILN SCHOOL

We-two became deeply interested also in the name of "Lime Kiln School." In its vicinity are found, in the ancient strata, limestone lenses.* They yielded some crinoids. These are starfish-like animals that were not free-swimming, but were attached to the seabottom.

Lime Kiln School was rather typical of the rural school which fascinated us. We had commenced, years ago, supplying nature study material to a few such schools. Same was so enthusiastically received, we expanded the effort. At this writing we are covering some 2,000 schools. These are mostly rural. The advantage of selecting such schools is that the intelligent, observing pupil thereof already has a fund of nature lore. One finds there no repetition of the World War II English story:— A London lad, evacuated after Nazi bombing, sneered at Somersetshire milk. "In London we don't get our milk from filthy cows--we get ours from nice clean bottles."

We-two had several profound reasons for going into this work. We recognized, after our Sacramento Orphanage Farm work, its value as a preventative of juvenile delinquency. We determined, too, to do our bit to reduce biological illiteracy in order to obtain more intelligent citizenship. Then too, Mr. Franklin Hichborn, about 1910, reminded us of his studies of the California Legislature. He found that the cities were relatively sterile, not only in birth-

* In book, "Sierran Cabin . . . From Skyscraper" is quite a story about these limestone lenses.

rates, but in originating progressive legislation. It was from the Senators and Assemblymen from what the San Francisco delegation contemptuously called "the cow counties" that California had its truly progressive legislation.

REDUCE BIOLOGICAL ILLITERACY

We-two coined the slogan:— "Reduce U.S.A.'s biological illiteracy." During our years of seeking to serve, we both felt the crushing weight of inertia or opposition on the part of those in high places, who were biologically illiterate. I now use it as much as we did our other slogan: "Learn to read a trailside as a book." Latter helped our introduction into U.S.A. from Europe of National Parks' ranger naturalists' nature guiding.

Writing about biological illiteracy one recalls Mandy and Sam's first day at the Zoo. Sam, pointing to a zebra, asked Mandy what it was. His sweetheart, undaunted, glibly answered "Dat am a sports model mule!" U.S.A. has many, even in control of the destinies of millions, as biologically illiterate as Mandy.

TENSAW SWAMP FOREST

Botanists, with Tensaw Park added, would find their National Park's series improved. Sequoia Park preserves a remnant of the once almost global Cretaceous redwood forest. A hundred million years ago the sequoias, their sister conifers marched as far as later did the Tertiary hardwoods. The cone-bearers, then supreme, made an earlier Imperial Forest, from Siberia, Switzerland, Spain, across Greenland, Pennsylvania, Kansas to California, Alaska. Ranier National Park also is a botanist's paradise. A Nature Guide there said "In no other National Park, except Alaska's, can one study Arctic flora better than in Ranier's Hudsonian and Arctic-Alpine Life Zones." He pointed to a Sitka spruce. "Its kind has survived because needles, branches, tree-form, all are evolved to shed snow. A magnolia here, in the first week of blizzards, would become a wreck of sagged, snagged, broken branches."

Zoologists, with Tensaw Park added to our parks' chain, would also be content. Such wilderness areas are the last wildlife stand. We send anatomists to Egypt to unwrap mummies, to gain knowledge as to progress of disease. 'Tis also important to save ALL vertebrate life. Research problems may be clarified by living examples of mammals, birds. In Rocky Mountain Park one can study those animated trowels, the beavers. Because of beaver fur, trappers dared venture over thousands of miles of unknown trails

where, any moment, a swift arrow from a painted redskin's bow might bring a lonely death. Because of these dam-builders Astoria was built on the Columbia, the Astor fortune in Manhattan. Beavers brought a century of desired double dividends to Hudson Bay Company stockholders. ("Here Before Christ," a Canadian "mounties" translated its initials.) To win beaver profits, man dared explore, made possible our acquisition of an early Louisiana stretching from below Tensaw Swamp to the Oregon country. McKinley National Park preserves big game, not only moose, caribou herds, but the grizzly environment. Only there can one today grasp why the founders of California Republic chose as their Bear Flag totem a grizzly who knew "exactly where he was going."

Tiny Hot Springs Park has more than merely a spa to cure ten thousand cripples. Here was once a budding Caddo industrialism. Here was a redskin military strategy that could, did, defeat De Soto once triumphant at mighty Incan goldtiled temples.

Geologically Yosemite's domes display Nature's ice-tooling, with moraines as shavings' piles. Montana's Glacier Park shows glacial ice planes still working . . . From icebox to furnace: Hawaii is a vulcanism laboratory. Hawaii has Pele's hair, volcanic bombs, Kanaka legends about its Lake of Fire. Lassen has mudflows, dacite "crumbles." Crater Lake Park colorfully exhibits a caldera. Yellowstone's Firehole is unique as a "flame below a river surface." Ranier Park further contains one of that remarkable necklace of Pacific Tertiary cones. These include our Hood, Shasta, Mexico's Popocatapetl, Ixtacchuitel, Orizaba -- Ecuador's Cotapaxi, Peru's Misti, Chile's Orsono. In Grand Canyon Park, Nature patiently fingered the pages of the geologic Bible. Between its covers are records of even the perishable medusae of bygone days. Here too, is an erosion story our citizens of a hundred generations may read. In Zion, in Bryce, Nature turned willful artist, daubed the geologic pages with great Titanic strokes of burnt siennas, tawnys, ochres, vermillions.

Tensaw Swamp, as either a National or State Park, would complete a series, geological, faunal, floral of wilderness samples of all ancient America.

IVORYBILLED WOODPECKER

We-two motored from Shreveport, Louisiana, across thru Minden, Tallulah, Vicksburg. There remains little of the original hardwoods forest that once stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. Hickory, pecan, walnut, gum, all long ago have been

felled. We then went down the Mississippi to Vicksburg, thence circled the Tensaw Swamp forest via Frogmore, Waterproof. We crossed, recrossed Tensaw Forest, hoping to gain a glimpse of even one Ivorybilled woodpecker.* This bird has become exceedingly rare. We afterward were told it's down to 7 individuals.

The ivorybill may go the way of the Carolina parakeet. The latter was the only parrot native to the United States, ranged north almost to New York. This parakeet has followed into extinction the great auk, the dodo, the moa. There, however, still possibly are some nesting pairs of the magnificent Ivorybills in what is left of Tensaw Forest area. This approach to EXTINCTION in the case of the giant ivorybill was said to be due to its unwillingness to bore nesting holes in 2nd growth trees. Because of their educational value for the kiddies of generations to come, Mrs. Goethe and I long have been interested in saving rare birds.

We-two had had too much experience with the value of Nature Study at Sacramento Orphanage Farm, to neglect conservation of this asset, if possible, for the children of generations to come.

The Tensaw timber apparently was in a somewhat complicated ownership. With our years of Parks' experience, we suggested acquisition of the Swamp as a National or a State Park. It had other sentimental values. It is a refuge for the wild turkey. There was a time when our family down there raised no domestic turkeys. A slave annually was detailed to shoot what was needed for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's.

We-two felt that saving the ivorybill had come as a part of our life plan of seeking to serve. We could not forget our thrill, when, on our Tahoe-Yosemite hike in 1919, we found our first Great Northern Pileated Woodpecker. This experience urged us toward saving the much more spectacular Ivorybill. We, therefore, offered National Audubon Society $1,000 toward preventing Ivorybill's extinction. President Baker was masterful, energetic, tireless, resourceful in the attempt. He made trips to Chicago, as well as to Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Louisiana to save this temperamental bird. Some day he may write the story of why success could not come.

There, too, Tensaw Forest in Louisiana, along with Porcupine Mountain Park in Michigan, was about all that remained of U.S.A.'s great midwest primeval hardwood forest. This was a part of what once we knew, from fossils, of what this author has elsewhere described as "The Great Imperial Forest." It extended

*As this book goes to press, comes The Auk. In it, Mr. J. V. Dennis says (10-48, p. 497), "The last known colony of American 'wrongbills', (on Singer Tract, Louisiana, a part of Tensaw Swamp Forest) has apparently disappeared."

from Manchuria, Korea, East Siberia, across Alaska, to Michigan, Virginia, the Carolina's, Alabama and Louisiana. The author long was interested in paleobotany--had a series of fossils of this ancient forest from locations like Ellsworth, Kansas, and Eugene, Oregon.

Ivorybill's extinction parallels humans, and the suvival of U.S.A.'s civilization. We blunder in much nation-planning legislation as tragically as we erred in estimating the Japanese. The average American lacks grasp as to extinction of our Talented, as much as he did as to the Nipponese. If EVERY voter saw clearly what was involved in preserving the Ivorybills, if further he knew what similar extinction factor had reduced the farflung Imperial Hardwood Forest to the microscopic Tensaw Swamp remnant, if he became aware same biologic trends are working in U.S.A's population mass he could, HE COULD ACT intelligently. A national problem became apparent at our 1940 census. It must soon be faced. The war, unfortunately, distracted our attention therefrom. This 1940 census showed U.S.A. following a few decades behind France's drift toward impotency. The general figures were bad enuf. What, however, is really alarming was the still greater fall of The Talented's birthrate. Your editor worked in France over several decades, trying to awaken some French interest in that republic's parallel problem. At the 1960 census our own people can easily become hysterical over above. They then may demand "more babies--and we don't care what kind!"

THE BLACK HAND, . . . ALIEN REGISTRATION

A Sicilian, long resident here, once described his Black Hand experience. He recalls the Branding Gang. If displeased, they kidnapped the offender. They branded a cross on his forehead. They gave him a week to clean up his business, get out of town. This was in the 1890s. Said Sicilian observed synically "The Mafia no longer is as gentlemanly as in 1895!"

We-two, because of over intense interest in Immigration Control, decided to study the Mafia at first hand. We landed in Palermo, visited that island's North, West, South, East. We departed from Messina via Taromina. Sicilian gangsterdom apparently was built up during successful resistance to authority. When Those Above questioned, silence was imposed by the Black Hand. Some Sicilians declared the Mafia was not so much a Secret Society as a System. It originally was a backfire against Mainland taxgatherers. Many tales were told of Sicilian's ability to hold his tongue. . .

The writer's gardener at that time, (now dead), was born at Piano dei Grecci. Visiting his country, we heard two townsmen had

duelled with stilettos. One was stabbed fatally. He heard *carabineri* approaching. He warned his adversary, then buttoned his jacket. They were discussing crops when the constables entered. Everything seemed peaceful. They did not notice the blood dripping to the floor because the dying man leaned on the table in front. The *carabineri* passed on. They never caught the killer. Incidents like above explain why a Sicilian gangster in Chicago or New York does not "squeal." Silence is a matter of highest honor. . .

At our visit, we were told Sicily was combed by Mussolini's police. Scores were apprehended. Prisoners claimed to have lost registration cards. This was held they feared to expose their criminal records. Italian law declares accused guilty unless he can prove innocence. We were told the guilty could choose between imprisonment on a penal rock, or a passport to Havana or Vera Cruz, scarcely disguised bases for U.S.A.

FOXTAIL, AN UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT

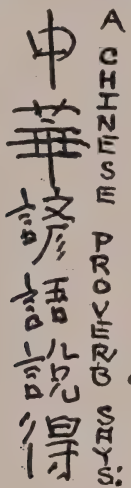
Foxtail, one of California's most annoying Mediterranean weed immigrants. One bearded seed, clinging, possibly, to someone's trousers, is dropped on the sidewalk. In a tiny sidewalk crack, it sprouted, produced seed. A single head contains some 30 seeds. This plant had over 300 . . . Like this foxtail, many human weeds came to U.S.A. from the Mediterranean, from East Europe. Several governments there cynically, systematically, dumped on us their social inadequates. Blackhanders gave us New Orleans' historic Mafia riots. During nearly 20 years, an Alien Registration Act was

esterday.
It was laid to the "continual drought," the soap shortage and overcrowded transportation.
EIGHT SPARROWS MULTIPLY
All English sparrows in this country are descendants of eight piars brought to the U. S. in 1850.
22c plus tax till noon

CONQUERORS BY PEACEFUL-PENETRATION

Someone estimated, at the end of the 1930's Depression . . . the Quota Immigration Acts had saved U.S.A. a deluge of at least 25,000,000 aliens. They would have displaced more of our Covered Wagon stocks just as the eight worthless immigrant-sparrow couples, blunderingly admitted to U.S.A. in 1850, have, by the "peaceful-penetration" route, crowded out native songsters and insect-eaters in U.S.A. Seldom have we more striking evidence of the need of biological education of our citizenry, than in the matter of the Differential Birth Rates Law.

introduced into Congress. Passage prevented by Hyphenates. These insisted same was "insulting" to their fellow countrymen, aliens but residents here. Only coming World War II brought enactment. Today these same Hyphenates nibble away at the Quota Acts.



The daughter of a crab does not give birth to a bird.

THE BARRED ZONE ACT

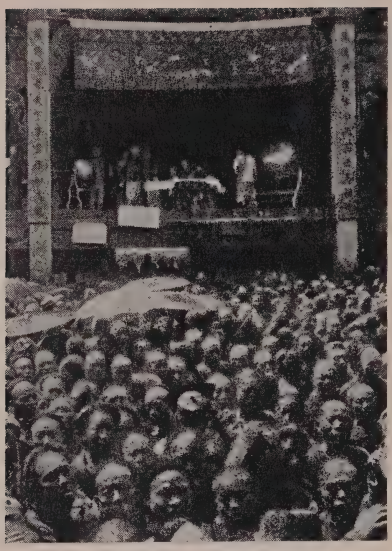
World War I, like all recent wars, was highly dysgenic. It brought tragic elimination of British leaders. Oxford, Cambridge men idealistically rushed to hold the opening German thrust until unprepared France could mobilize. General Leman had held Liege. The British blocked the Putsch. This along with a day's delay each at Mons, at Chareloi, at Namur, spoiled Germany's "quick victory" strategy.

That sacrifice, however, spelled Eugenics-in-reverse. Then were killed many of those whose blood ancestors had built the British Empire. Their group, under French influence, already for some generations had been reducing its birthrate. Many a Welsh coal miner, with a bonehead lack-of-imagination, meantime fathered 10 to 15 children: This working at the Differential Birth Rates Law, was to load the scales with today's equivalent of ancient Rome's "Pan et Circuses' " offspring.

America's loss on World War I battlefields was comparatively light. On the other hand, two immigration measures of tremendous eugenic importance, as a result thereof, came to be enacted. These were (a) the Barred Zone Act (b) the Quota Acts of 1921-2-4.*

*Mr. J. C. Russell, Chairman Immigration Section, Commonwealth Club, Rotary Club luncheon at Burlingame, California, said:

"A small group of farseeing and public spirited citizens, including two prominent Californians, V. S. McClatchy and C. M. Goethe, of Sacramento, and Congressman Johnson of Washington, became concerned about the possible effect of further unrestricted immigration upon the future welfare of the United States, and inaugurated a movement to drastically curtail immigration. The result of their efforts was the enactment of the 1924 Quota Act."



CHINESE CROWD

The Chinese are numerous. Because of ancestor-worship, their love of family is favorable to survival. Meantime, the intellectuals of our Occident race-suicide with two, one, sometimes no children.

TRAVEL BY WHEELBARROW

To parody the slogan of the Campbells of Loch-awe, "Tis a far cry from" the wind-aided wheelbarrow of China to the recently announced seven-hundred-miles-per-hour airplane. However, we Occidentals could well pause to consider that extremely conservative China, due to various causes, (including ancestor worship and planned early marriages of talented youth), has a population trend which is decidedly eugenic. America's present highpower birthrate, since 1900, has become more and more dysgenic.

BUILDING PUBLIC OPINION

The Hyphenates fight to "amend to death" the 1921-2-4 Quota Acts never has ceased. Their possible financial and other gains are colossal. The author, for more than 25 years, continually has written material toward keeping public opinion consolidated to block amendment or repeal of these Johnson Acts. At their passage they were called "America's Second Declaration of Independence."

We also have responsibility herein to the Dominions, (Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa), once we had jammed shut the Ellis Island gate. Hindu pressure was great at Capetown. Because of above, the author journeyed, after the passage of the 1921 Quota Act, to Australia. Millions of warweary East--also South--Europeans were eager to enter any high-wage area. The Down-under Dominions seemed easy prey. Certain newspapers, particularly in Sydney, were most cooperative with us restrictionists.

The greatest stroke in all this public-education was enlisting an Eastern magazine of unusually large circulation. The writer suggested its influence at Washington was tremendous. He volunteered to go from Sacramento to the East to interview the editor. 'Tis too long a story to be detailed here. They assigned a top staff writer to the field work. This completed, he and the author wrote the articles. Published under the staff writer's name, they helped hold, against Hyphenate attack, the frontline trenches that Congressional session.

Someone estimated, at the end of the 1930s Depression, that this work of a devoted few inside and outside Congress had saved U.S.A. a deluge of at least 25,000,000 aliens. Unscreened, many of these would have been Europe's social inadequates. The satisfied could be expected to remain home on the Continent.

HARRIS-BOX BILL

An example of the corroding influence of pressure groups on National Policy was seen in the defeat of the Harris-Box bill. This paragraph is written in a mountain cabin, and entirely from memory. There will be no opportunity to check it against the author's library before going to press. The writer's memory is that there was an 8 to 1 House majority, 3 to 1 in the Senate. The bill failed of enactment.

Once above happened, the control of Western Hemisphere immigration--purely a domestic matter--was relinquished forever. At that time Dr. H. H. Laughlin had shown the so-called "Latin"-American Republics that such control, domestically, was as much

HUMAN LUMBER WAGON

"Dr. Laughlin had convinced the so-called "Latin"-American republics that immigration control was as much their concern as ours." Above photograph illustrates living standard "South of the Rio Grande.". . . Above human lumber-wagon was coming up grade. His DAILY wage for 13 hours balanced that for 10 minutes of certain unionized U.S.A. workmen.

PROTECTION OF PINETREE POLLEN

Had the Harris-Box Bill been enacted with its 8 to 1 House, 3 to 1 Senate majority, the Mexican Border also would have been closed to lowpower immigrants entering via Mexican ports. We are more careful of our pinetrees than our humans . . . Photo shows pine tree at the Institute of Forest Genetics. In order to keep pure the pollen from the very best strains, the male flowers are carefully tied in bags, as seen in the cut. This protects against any intermingling with undesirable types . . . Mankind thus goes to infinite pains in solving such problems as growing timber pines in say one-fourth of the time they grow naturally in forests. We recklessly ignore, however, such methods in population planning. In no field is this more tragically seen than in the history of immigration control in America.

their concern as ours. The writer's library contains copies of much of versatile Dr. Laughlin's efforts, all in Spanish, therein. Space does not permit of description of the patriotic, energetic, unselfish efforts of Dr. Laughlin and of a colleague of his. A few years later the "Good Neighbor" policy was announced. The attitude of nearly a score of capitals South-of-the-Rio Grande, changed. Who, today, would dare propose a quota against Brazil? Mexico? Colombia? Cuba? Even Haiti?

MEXICAN BORDER

Our interest in Immigration Control always was deep. We also continually were in close contact with New York and with Washington restrictionists. We were not asleep as to Japanese infiltration. It was apparent, however, that the sector in which we-two could be most helpful was on the Mexican Border.

From 1921 on, We-two made Mexican Border studies nearly every winter. The writer organized Immigration Study Commission, was its President during all its existence. One summer, rumors came of greatly expanded high-grading in California's gold mines. The offenders were Mexican miners. The author, fortunately, had had experience with this stealing. The practice of smuggling past the shaft--or tunnel-mouth, is referred to in his "Manuelito of the Red Serape." These thieving peons had been trained in Mexican mines. When the writer was in Guanajuanto, the DAILY underground wage was 17c gold. California mine-owners paid 6 times this per HOUR. The more adventurous peons crossed The Border. It was easy on California's Mother Lode to "high-grade" 50 times their Mexican daily pay in "specimen gold." 'Twas little wonder peons could buy Fords then go back to get their women, children.

Above sent us to the Border. The allegations were verified. Thus came our check of, not 2nd-hand, but apparently 5th-hand "Tin Lizzies." Out of this came the famous Vignette and its story. It probably has been printed in different forms, over one million times.

It was a national tragedy that the Harris-Box Bill never was enacted into law. This was worse than a blunder. It was a crime. Through this hole in our dike was to pour between 1932 and 1948, many socalled "refugees" from Europe. These gained illegal admissions.

From 1921 on, We-two made studies of the Mexican Border nearly every winter.

Diagram to left shows how the Law of Differential Birth Rates works. If one highpower couple multiply at a 3-child rate, and another, near-moron, at a 9-child rate, their great-grandchildren, provided all live, will be as the above sector is to the black area.

TALL TEXAN

The Border unrolled a never-ending movie of immigration control drama. One noon we lunched with a Border Guard. He was a 6-foot-5 Texan, long, rangy, awkward, blue-eyed, yellow-haired. He was a devout Baptist. He had taken an oath to guard The Border. This is how he said he did it:

His sector was some miles either side of his cabin. Both to East and to West arose steep escarpments. He seemed to be in what geologists call "a fallen block." He ran a wire both directions across the sand-deserts and well up into the rock-desert chaparral. He had his Indian pony and three "houn' dawgs." Any aliens crossing the desert at night broke the wire. This rang an alarm clock at the head of his bed. Dogs and horse plus the Texan, were said to have arrested more aliens that winter than any other sector. He never told his superiors how he did it. One wonders if, when they finally knew, they approved.

CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM

The Mexican Border's hundreds of miles was tragically undermanned as to Immigration Patrol. It offered a thousand open doors to Asiatics. The 1918 Barred Zone Act had ended the legal influx from Hindustan. This thereafter was channelled into South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya.

There were, however, enough Hindus and Moslems already here to excite others to attempt penetration. We were told that, out on the desert, an immigration officer one winter had a narrow escape. Motoring along the highway, he saw an airplane make a forced landing. He covered the aviator and his two Hindu passengers with his revolver. He forced all three to disrobe. He marched

them a distance away. He examined their clothing. That of one Hindu was alleged to have had a hyperdermic needle with a cyanide of potassium solution. Ask your doctor what would have happened if that Hindu had jabbed the officer with that needle!

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE

"Travel often brought undreamed-of 'Seeking-to-Serve' dividends. An example thereof: this use of an etching. We-two found it in Chester, England. It pictured God's Providence House, the only Chester home to escape the Black Death."

GRAND LEBAN "SCHOOLS"

Like the vortex of the Titanic sinking under an iceberg-stroke, the U.S.A.'s high living standard sucked in aliens from far beyond Sicily, Hungary, Poland. It was noticeable that Arabs and Syrians were finding rug-peddling highly profitable. One suspected that the Oriental carpets sometimes were a smokescreen for traffic in *"hasheeh"* and possibly other narcotics.

There also was the possibility that certain swarthy "Mexicans" one met at the Border were of Near Eastern origin. We-two,

therefore, decided to see what could be heard by visiting Egypt, Palestine, the Grand Leban and Syria; also revisiting other parts of old Arabia and Turkey. The trip was made in 1925. We found much fascinating material. There is a true story one would like to record here. So thoroughly have Americans been hoodwinked by Hyphenate propaganda, that one hesitates. Americans have so far lost their race consciousness, (which has a high survival value), that from ten thousand sources come silencers on a subject that involves the very future of our nation.

One incident of the Grand Leban trip can be recorded here. We met there an American. He said he had discovered, in the Grand Leban, a unique "school." For a fixed fee, a Syrian was taught English and Spanish. He was drilled in wearing *serape* and *sombrero*. He was advised where, between the City of Mexico and the Border, could be found an accommodating official. For 25 pesos (say, then, about $10 to $12) he could obtain a certificate of his MEXICAN birth. This was far safer than entry via Cuba as described elsewhere. . .

Above is another penalty U.S.A. has paid for failing to enact the Harris-Box bill when there would have been no repercussions South-of-the-Rio Grande.

DR. JORDAN'S STRATEGY

Dr. David Starr Jordan once was guest at our home, when enroute to address Greenville, Plumas County Women's Club. It was a two-day journey from Stanford and return. We knew the Club had only some 12 members. My Sweetheart asked how he could afford 2 days to address a dozen in a small country village.

Dr. Jordan smilingly replied:— "I fight to outlaw war. True my auditors are few, but 150 words describes my 'sermon.' It will easily reach, because of newspaper accounts thereof, a half million readers." One appreciated Dr. Jordan's constant devotion to duty. He then was no longer young. The trip must have been fatiguing. He was, nevertheless, like the doctor in Whittier's "Snowbound":—

"Prompt to Duty's calls,
Was free to urge her claims on all."

CUBA'S 1,000 KEYS

Nasty rumors persistently came of alien smuggling in the Caribbean. We-two decided, therefore, to go to Cuba to listen. It was not difficult to hear stories confirming what had filtered thru

COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEK

"There also was the possibility that certain swarthy 'Mexicans' at the Border were of Near-Eastern origin. We-two journeyed to Grand Leban. It is Fattail-Sheep Land. Its Baalbek has the mightiest stones of all architectures. Syria's present inhabitants have a living standard of approximately one-tenth of ours. It indicates their former leaders—once the World's Masters—have bred out their highpower strains. Possible cause: Concubinage."

into U.S.A. Ellis Island was closed to the hordes once accepted there. A well organized business had been created of opening the Back Door.

Same was said to be largely in the hands of descendants of the old Spanish Main pirates. These, in later generations, had fattened on the slave trade. Now, in our generation, this type had capitalized alien-running. The fee was $1,000, ($500, if that was all the European had.) It was collected in advance. We were told Cuba's northerly coast has hundreds of "Keys." Anyone thereof made a secure smuggling base. In a swift powerboat, was placed an iron frame. Under this the alien stretched out. Over him were placed bunches of bananas. If a suspicious vessel appeared on the horizon, the smuggler murdered his passenger. Numerous sharks soon disposed of all evidence. When one shuddered at such ruthlessness,

one had the Latin shrug of the shoulders, and "Pirate, slaver*, stock . . . can you expect anything else?" Instinctively, these Cubans were Eugenists.

The infamous traffic was possible because all Europe knew U.S.A. had less alien-registration laws than, it was said, had Turkey or Persia. The alien, once landed in Florida, was secure. ADMISSION WAS EQUIVALENT TO THE LEGACY OF A FORTUNE. The traffic was ended largely by pressure from Cuba itself. That, too, is quite a story.

* There were yarns of Negro slaves bolted to a long chain. When an English corvette hove into sight, the chain was crowbarred overboard. When the Union Jack came alongside, the slave-boat's stench was all that remained. That was not sufficient evidence in English courts.

DELIBERATELY STARTING A FIGHT

The strategy of welding an organization by deliberately starting a fight may be worth mentioning here. We-two organized Sacramento Church Federation, also California Church Council, in 1912-14. Denominational loyalty had been increasing ever since Plymouth Rock. Denominations had multiplied with the decades. A young Methodist today cannot sense, for example, the hatreds between the North and the South Methodists. Early in 1913 we were asked by one ranking clergyman: "Do you expect me to associate with those who pretend to be Christians, but who I know are doomed to everlasting hellfire?" At another time I locked my private office door on two ministers who glared at each other from opposite ends of my desk. I said that my door would remain locked until both had prayed for forgiveness and understanding. They sat it out for 2 hours and 9 minutes. Then one offered to shake hands with his opponent.

We-two therefore deliberately picked a fight with "The Devil." This was to gain membership, to weld denominations that never before had thought of their common task. That fight was winning the Referendum recalling Senator Grant and tried to send his Red-light Abatement Act to a referendum. By jumping into this very controversial matter and by awakening dormant church opinion, the Grant Act was held against the brothelkeepers. It still is on the books. Fighting shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy brought together Church denominations that hitherto had fought each other. In other words, this daring strategy worked.

One looks forward prayerfully to the day when all Christians will be united.

CHURCH DEBTS

A bank officer in 1947 asked: "Any way to warn churches of a possible coming Depression?" He interpreted recent falling stock values as storm warnings. He reminded the author of the 1930's Depression.

As chairman of Sacramento Church Federation's Church Debt Committee, this author was shock-absorber between certain defaulting churches and their creditors. One bank had a file of delinquent churches. Under ordinary rules, these should have been foreclosed. Church income had dropped severely. Many people then even could not pay taxes on their homes. I worked to save church plants. More than once, We-two made contributions to pay interest, postponing a church foreclosure:—

The loss of San Francisco's William Taylor Hotel-Church is perhaps the most conspicuous example of above. In the Sacramento area, however, every involved unit finally was saved. During above Depression, sometimes Commercialized Vice interests were eager to take over church plants. In one case, we were told there was a standing offer. We-two met that church's interest deficits over several years. This saved its becoming a so-called "Recreation Center." This church, fortunately, now is entirely out of debt.

EPWORTH CHURCH, EPWORTH HALL, WESLEY HALL

I have never been able to fathom just what happened regarding the Epworth and Wesley Halls at Berkeley. Mother Glide was at our home a very great deal at the peak of her Kern oil lands deals. One day she had it out with the late Mr. Blank. He had tried every artifice to get her to sign certain papers. She finally won out. She said she was planning to use, out of the bonus he paid, a certain amount at Asbury College. She said she had quite a tidy sum left over. She asked my Sweetheart and me in as to what we would like to have her invest it. We immediately brought up the possibilities of Christian Eugenics at Epworth Church in Berkeley. She previously had said this Church was about to be lost during the Depression. The congregation was thoroughly disheartened, did not care to fight any longer. She made arrangements to acquire the mortgage, which she said was about $50,000. Afterwards she said she made a present of this to the Church.

Knowing above, my Sweetheart and I decided to ask her to acquire 2 eugenic dormitories for Christian students. One was to be for the men, one for the women. Our idea was that these two, in the immediate neighborhood of both the Church and the University

would provide an environment for romance, for marriage. With our long experience in Animal Husbandry, we felt there was a value in marriages of deeply spiritual types. Such could be expected there. Mother Glide wanted my Sweetheart and me to be directors. We felt, however, that we had so much work overseas, we would not dare accept. As a result, I have never been able to find out whether Mother Glide's plan for this experiment really worked out. I have been told that only the Women's Hall is in operation, that something was done with the Men's Hall. I have made several inquiries, but never got at the bottom of it.

FLOWERPOT-HATTED KOREAN

Above school children of Imperial days were learning Korean ABC's. Korean since ruthlessly has been destroyed as a Living-tongue. Note how carefully they parked their rice-straw sandals. One must not disrespectfully soil the Center of Intellectual Light with dirty shoes.

FLOWERPOT-HATTED NOBLES

Shortly after Japan turned her sacred pact with Korea into a scrap-of-paper, We-two were in Seoul.* A flowerpot-hatted noble said: "Our Emperor blundered in changing our policy. For centuries Korean law said: 'If a foreigner lands on Korea's coast, kill him'. The Japanese, to defeat Russia, induced our Emperor to grant the passage against the White Men. Thereafter the Nipponese stayed, started to enslave us."

Korea was senescent at this century's turn. U.S.A. hardly was out of its swaddling clothes. This century may be OUR critical period. Canny Siegfried understood: U.S.A. might homogeneously

* See tale of a 2-story Korean office building, in the author's "Sierran Cabin" From Skyscraper.

remain Declaration of Independence type. Or, it could exchange homogeneity for heterogeneity. Hyphenates, originally admitted as refugees, are ruthless in plotting to destroy our pioneer stock. Do you recall the fable of the man, warming a frozen viper in his bosom, only to be stung to death?

Nationalism is sneered at by Hyphenates in U.S.A., as the enemy of their Internationalism. It may, nevertheless, have, for present-day U.S.A., a high survival value. This, if we accept the judgment of above clear-thinking French scholar, Andre Siegfried. He estimates: "The future of U.S.A. still hangs in the balance."

About 1910, a small group of Americans grasped our immigrants no longer were overwhelmingly Northwestern-European. Under propaganda, a truly anthropological term, "Nordic," has become tabu. Aforesaid group moved toward organizing Immigration Restriction. Thus came enactment of the 1918 Barred Zone Act, the 1921-22-24 Quota Acts. National Origins became effective 1929. In 1925, Hyphenates boasted the Quota Acts would be "amended to death" by 1930. That little group of Immigration restrictionists fought the Hyphenates every Congressional session. Captain J. B. Trevor and the writer are two of the few of that original group still living.

MUSSOLINI

A mob, inflamed by a Fascist demagogue, allegedly raided a non-Fascist merchant tailor shop. Windows were broken, doors smashed in. "Help yourselves to this traitor's bolts of cloth," shouted the leader. Looting soon was over. The tailor, himself, beaten insensible, was kicked around in the gutter. His only offense was objecting to Mussolini's muzzling the Press.

Il Duce was daily disgustingly applauded by the subservient newspapers. The author bought a newspaper, once foremost among Italian dailies. That day every front page column had headlines laudatory of Mussolini. "Restorer of Roman glory" constantly was used. This slogan, contrasted with the known Italian inferiority complex. Latter started with Adowa, then Caparetto, Guadlajara. Il Duce, nevertheless, coldbloodedly had calculated War's cost in national debt increase in Italian lives. The "Sawdust Caesar" was as ineffectual in reaching a Triumphal Arch in Egypt as he was in his "stab-in-the-back" of France.

The author repeatedly during a quarter century, covered Italy from the Alps to Sicily. Following the castor oil episode, there was a certain improvement in Italy. Begging was ended. Sanitation

improved. Systemic robbery of innkeepers' guests ceased. The author once had not been able, despite repeated requests, to obtain his bill. It arrived a quarterhour before train time. It contained a daily charge for life insurance premiums while a guest! When he threatened to lay over a train and fight it out, the innkeeper boasted: "The police, the judge get a part of my rakeoff."

The Fascist machine accelerated dumping Sicilian Blackhands upon U.S.A. These became our gangsters.

CHILDREN'S DESERT SUNSTATIONS

For years We-two had spent at least a fortnight annually on some desert. Sometimes it was a camel trip as into the Sahara toward Timbuctu. Again it was in the snake-shaped desert between the Andes and Peru's guano islands.

Once, en route to French Africa, we discussed child welfare with some Paris social service workers. We mentioned the tonic effects of desert winter sunshine. A physician suggested a study of Villard de Lans. We went there in 1932. This children's winter sunstation is in the mountains behind Grenoble. Many, rich or poor, needed simply sunshine. Usually it was a fortnight's vacation. In some cases it was extended to twice, thrice that term. Many returned completely restored.

My Sweetheart long had dreamed of eventually a string of children's Sunstations from Coachella Desert across Arizona and New Mexico to Southwest Texas. One specialist in rheumatic fever, also children's arthritis, said her plan annually could save thousands from going crippled thru life.

Her suggestion was to first utilize Anza Desert State Park for a demonstration sunstation. She thought of winter outings for children from furnace-heated dwellings of Chicago, Detroit, New York. . .

During World War II we again had 2 winters at Palm Springs. Watching bombers arrive from the factory, she exclaimed: "If we can spend thusly killing people, why not for combatting disease."

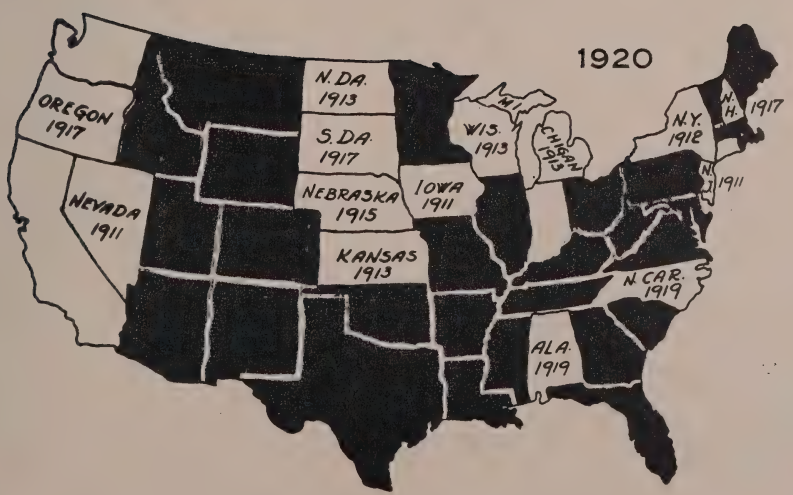
EUGENE BLUE PITTS

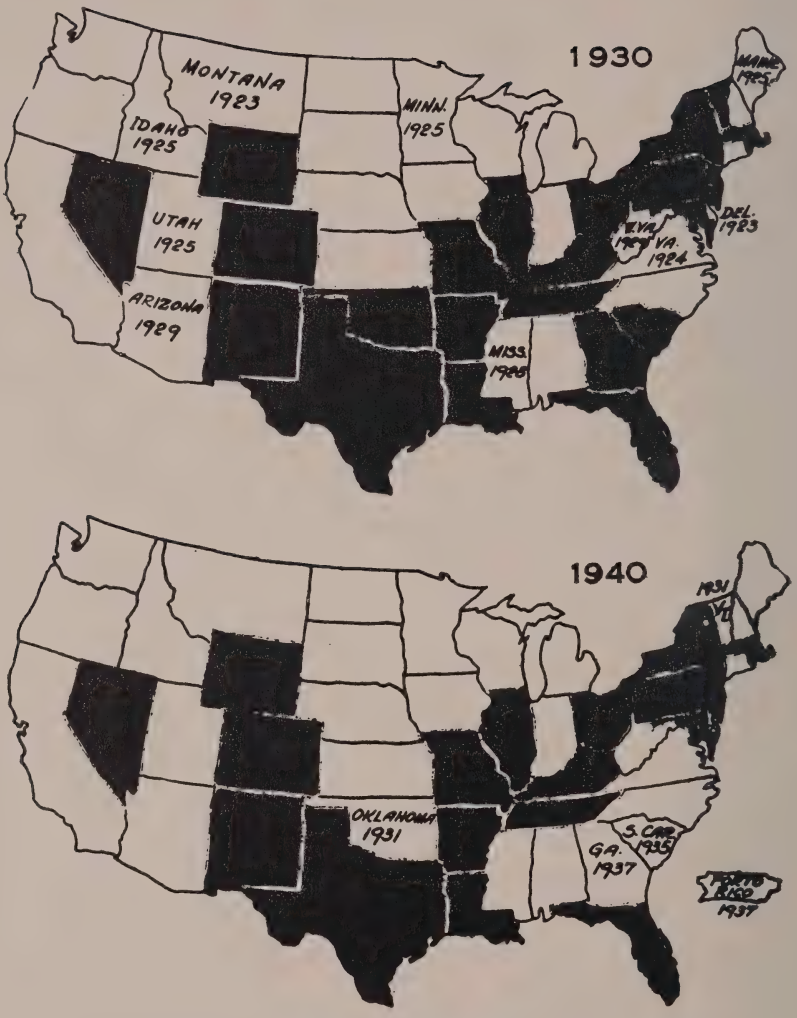
As far back as 1910, a very intimate friend and associate of the late Dr. Wallace A. Briggs, to wit: the late Dr. Eugene H. Pitts, also Mrs. Pitts and We-two, had worked together upon several medico-social problems. These started with V. D. Herein Dr. Pitts had the fire of a street preacher.

The Goethes joined the Pitts in the hope that their son, Eugene

Blue Pitts, would "carry on." This brilliant young scientist, however, was killed in an automobile accident June 3rd, 1933.

We-two decided therefore to establish a Eugene Blue Pitts Memorial Fund. This was utilized to cover the succeeding annual budget of Eugenics Society of Northern California, which We-two had founded. This Society, over many years, published "Eugenic Pamphlets." These have been widely used by universities and colleges throughout the English-speaking world.





FOUR MAPS, SHOWING INCREASED ENACTMENT OF STERILIZATION LAWS

When Dr. Hatch and the author planned the California Sterilization Law, enacted 1909, neither of us knew that a similar statute had been enacted in Indiana in 1907. The power behind these respective laws can be judged by the statistics published by California's Human Betterment Foundation, which was formed to concentrate on human sterilization.

PLANETARIUM

My Sweetheart had majored in Mathematical Astronomy. She concentrated upon computation of comet orbits. Her knowledge of the Laws of the Heavens was profound. She always, too, was interested in archaeology. She would declare a hasty glance at the

beginnings of Euphrates Valley's civilization would awaken one as to our debt to the Chaldeans.

She would quote Rawlinson: "Chaldea, parent, inventress of Asiatic civilization." Also "the classical nations, (whose inheritors we are), . . received from the Orient many. . . primary elements of art . . . literature" . . . She classed Chaldea as one source of the stream of universal history.

At breakfast one holiday we discussed these Chaldean shepherd-astronomers. A few hours later she called me from my gardening to our loggia. She said "I want a Planetarium in Golden Gate Park!" I laughingly answered:—"We are not quite in that class!" "What would one cost?" "I suppose half a million." "Well, put on your thinkingcap." (a favorite expression of hers) "You'll find a solution." A few days later I suggested that, my being a member of California Academy of Sciences, we offer them $5,000 for a "fishing expedition." The Academy had Steinhart Aquarium, Simpson African Hall. Stryberg Arboretum, too, was just beyond the de Young Museum. Here was an impressive array of Memorials. I felt someone could be found who, thru a tactful promotion campaign, would invest dollars in a Memorial Planetarium. . .

The story of subsequent events is too long to give here. As this is written, I am told $468,000 is banked. San Francisco school children gave some $9,000. Their average gift was about 15c. I am to subscribe the last $10,000.

That Planetarium's impact on Pacific Coast culture will be indescribably deep. It should tend to eliminate the cruel superstitions of astrology. It should parallel the reduction of biological illiteracy in eventually improving lawmaking.

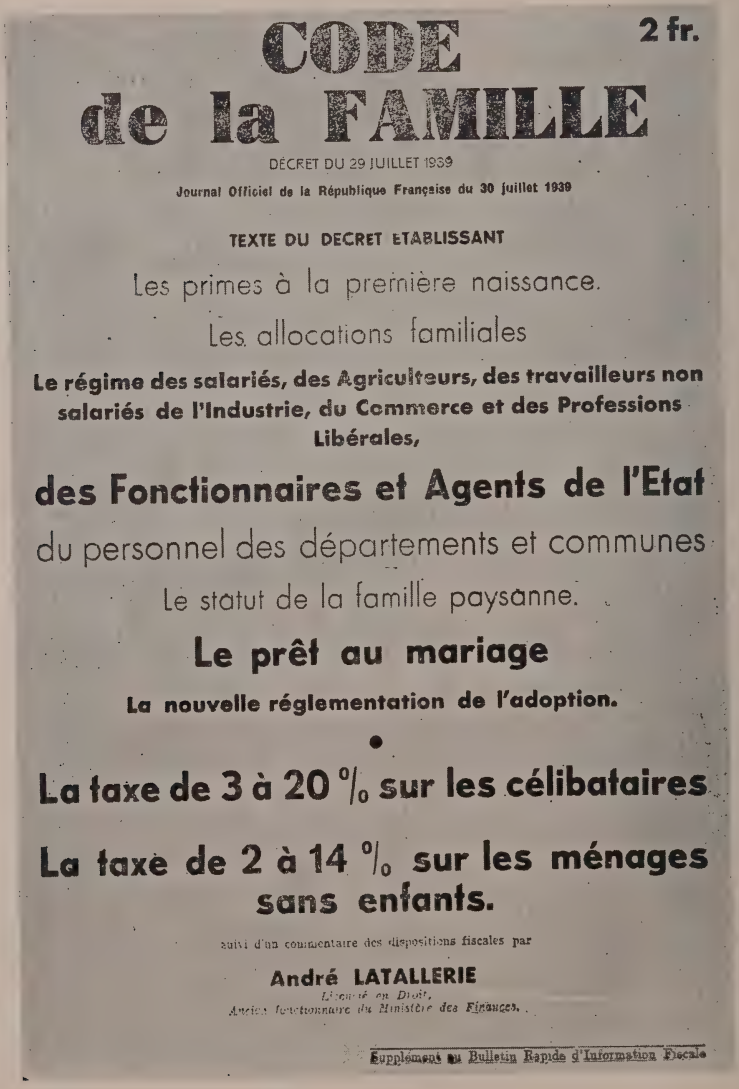
EINSTEIN

To the uninitiated, the interest of the astronomical mathematician partakes of the magical. My Sweetheart used to discuss with Dr. Wallace Briggs, the Einstein theory. He, it will be remembered, asked Us-two to join him in pioneering in T.B. control. The doctor was a scientist of rare attainments. He would shake his head, however, and say "C. M., Mrs. Goethe grasps this. It is beyond your intellect and mine."

I thought often of this comment between the time that the existence of the planet Pluto had been announced thru the calculations of mathematical astronomy and the date when it finally was discovered. My recollection is that some 15 years intervened. During that time continued photography of the area brought no

verification of the existence of Pluto. Finally the planet actually was discovered.

As this is written, I have just returned from a visit to Pala just below Palomar. One who has had some glimpse of what astronomers expect from the great 200 inch telescope, awaits with eagerness the first year of their peering into the Further Heavens.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de la FAMILLE
DÉCRET DU 29 JUILLET 1939
Journal Officiel de la République Française du 30 juillet 1939
TEXTE DU DECRET ETABLISSANT
Les primes à la première naissance.
Les allocations familiales
Le régime des salariés, des Agriculteurs, des travailleurs non salariés de l'Industrie, du Commerce et des Professions Libérales,
des Fonctionnaires et Agents de l'Etat
du personnel des départements et communes
Le statut de la famille paysanne.
Le prêt au mariage
La nouvelle réglementation de l'adoption.
La taxe de 3 à 20 % sur les célibataires
La taxe de 2 à 14 % sur les ménages sans enfants.
suivi d'un commentaire des dispositions fiscales par
André LATALLERIE
Docteur en Droit,
Ancien fonctionnaire du Ministère des Finances.
Supplément au Bulletin Rapide d'Information Fiscale

The Code de la Famille, 1939.

SIGN PAINTING

On the falling French birthrate were working a Paris professor and the author. One factor involved was the difference between urban and rural birthrates. French cities, like those of America, are comparatively sterile. The high rural birthrate fills the vacuum. "Perhaps," said the professor, "you would find illuminating contacts in one of France's truly medieval villages. It has never possessed a physician. Its only midwife officiates at childbirth."

"You must win your way, however, with these villagers," said the spectacled professor. "I would suggest buying a cheap brush, a little pot of paint. I will spread the rumor you are American signpainter. To gain peasant votes, politicians secured certain tobacco-tax exemptions. Law requires posting grower's name, number of planted hectares. These signs cost francs. You will paint without charge, as slowly as you desire, and with pauses to rest if you find the conversation profitable. You thus can question at will. Their tongues loosen at something-for-nothing. You will glimpse into their very hearts."

Plenty of business that week! Peasant after peasant came to save francs . . . and to gossip.

Peasants are careful about sanitation if laws affect their markets. Nearby lived a *cressonaire*, weathly from his watercress plantation's income. He had a deep well of pure water, the just not-too-fertile cress soil. He had contracts with several de-luxe Paris hotels. Watercress there is popular. Paris, that once was chilly to Pasteur, supervises origins to control typhoid.

We-two, and our professor, made voluminous notes until after midnight each day. These were based on our gossip with tobacco-growing peasants.

1939 PARIS BLACKOUT

We-two long had foreseen clearly France's decline. Mother Goethe, Father Glide, Mother Glide, all were of Huguenot descent. Some Huguenot families keep strong the tie with France. Most of them, however, neglect educating children as to ancestral history. Same is tragically destructive of spiritual ideals, is unwise eugenically We-two, trained therein, visited, on each trip some Huguenot shrine: Albi, Ussat, Montauban. . . Inspired by Aguesmortes' "Resistez," we brought photographs of Geneva's Protestant Monument for all U.S.A.'s religious press.

Throughout the 1930s, we worked on the French birthrate's dysgenic trend. Same seemed an opportunity for service. We had

the American eugenics students' fresh viewpoint. Appalling was the French intellectuals' tragic indifference thereto. Some friends in France were concerned. Fortunately we had Pasteur's experience and knew this attitude was nothing of recent growth. . .

At the last Eugenics World Conference at The Hague, French was one of the 3 required international languages. Only one French delegate appeared. The German scientists came in force. Tho guarded in criticizing the Nazis, one was amazed at their profound research. Deploring war as highly dysgenic, they said, however, that discussion of Hitler was impossible.

The French, feeling secure behind the Maginot line, insisted:— "Our artillery is matchless." Asleep militarily, they also slumbered as to their dysgenic trend. Attempts to alert them brought no results. Awakening came with a roar in Midsummer, 1939. *Code de la Famille*, supposedly eugenic, quickly was promulgated. This author made one of the first translations thereof into English, having secured a copy the date of its issue.

WATER TURKEYS AND . . . GOD!

This heading is not sacrilegiously worded. It is written with the same reverence that it was hear spoken. . .

Intent on studying bird behavior, We-two landed at a Central American open roadstead. First call was on the doctor for local information. "You are in the malignant-tropical-malaria belt. Quinine rations, therefore, right now." The next day was at a swamp to study anhingas, or "water turkeys." Where the jungle gave on a bit of swamp-beach, these long-necked water turkeys were plentiful. On snags in the water they watched fishing possibilities. In a dugout between two snags lay, shivering, a peon. His woman had piled all obtainable rags atop him, hoping to lessen the malarial chill. She came pleading for help. She begged, "*Americanos*, you help! My brother Miguel, he work Panama Canal. He say *Americanos no permite* the fever. Americans know all, can do all. Americans just like God!"

Now there IS a spark of the Divine in the Children of Men including "*los Americanos*." Is it not possible that they who "can-do all," may use, to reduce biological illiteracy, our National and State Parks. Tensaw Swamp, for example, is one of the northernmost stations for above-named anhingas, so characteristic of the Tropics. Nearby Tulane University, too, is becoming one of the world's recognized leaders in tropical disease control. A conserved bit of this almost tropical environment, held as a primitive area,

may become an easily accessible, invaluable outdoor laboratory for Tulane students. Enormous profits are to flow hitherward as graduates such as these devote their life to Science's conquests in the Caribbean, the Amazon Basins. These will include commercial profits. Remember the stream of gold that has come by using Boston brains to extend banana culture in what O'Henry called the "banana republics." Those who have watched the graduates of Yosemite's Nature Guides' school have grasp of what even one generation can do from such a National Park base. Research in a National Park as in a Dupont, a General Electric, an Eastman-Kodak laboratory, can, at any time, produce amazingly brilliant surprises.

RESEARCH SUPPORT

One opportunity coming to him who "seeks to serve" is aiding in PURE research. A business man can contribute executive ability by aiding pioneering doctors by business management as in tuberculosis control. There is moreover the possibility of actually financing researchists.

We-two learned, years ago, that professors who are in PURE research often are expected to spend much time in giving university lectures. Such constitute perhaps the most unselfish group of any researchists. Often in the smaller colleges, away from the great centers, because of their devotion to humanity, they toil into the night, and on Sundays, holidays.

A current drive for research funds is criticized by some doctors as furnishing soft jobs for men not interested. Small sums, however, to above mentioned college professors used to employ similarly devoted graduate students, often bring rare spiritual dividends.

It seemed to Us-two important to keep alive PURE research. Within our lifetime, there came tremendous acceleration of industrial corporations' research. Same added tremendously to U.S.A. power. Use of discoveries, however, is probably subject to Directors' scrutiny:—

Suppose someone should discover a way to make gasoline out of air as was done with nitrogen-fertilizer and explosives. One could imagine a company, with hundreds of millions investment in oil leases, suddenly find them useless if such a discovery were not pigeonholed.

We-two felt, therefore, that the light of PURE research should not be allowed to flicker out. We repeatedly have made, therefore, modest grants to assist these PURE research workers. At present

writing, one group working devotedly in 3 states on a certain problem may before long make a real contribution toward the solution of one major health problem.

Must we not ever keep before us Pasteur's words:—

> *"The cultivation of science in its highest expression is perhaps even more necessary to the moral condition that to the material prosperity of a nation."*

EVEN BLACKSMITH-HAMMERED NAILS UNOBTAINABLE

Some years ago We-two visited the plantation in Louisiana, owned, with its slaves, by my Sweetheart's grandfather. There we heard a story of pioneer homebuilding. Iron for blacksmith-made nails was unobtainable on the Frontier. To build a home, dovetailing was utilized, also wooden pegs where necessary. Families were large in those days--9 to 15 children were common. In another generation, rooms were built all around the original core of hewn lumber. The additions were of sawn boards. Iron nails now were brought up by Red River steamer from New Orleans.

Then a cyclone struck. The additions were converted to toothpicks. The original hewn lumber, mortised-and-tennoned cabin, stood firm. It later had been plastered. No crack in the plaster could be found.

Our forefathers built homes wisely--and a nation, intelligently.

TEOCINTL

Our 1939 expedition to Mexico was via Acapulco. It was planned to cover some hitherto unvisited territory, particularly in the state of Guerrera. We-two renewed some ornithological friendships. We found again the varicolored Painted Bunting. This we first had seen in 1909 while staying on an *hacienda* on Lake Chapala. It was doubly welcome as we later had known it as a Florida Everglades' visitor.

Also we saw, usually perched on an organpipe cactus, another Everglades friend. This was the caracara. There were scores of these between Acapulco and Taxco. It deepened our determination that U.S.A. children should be awakened, thru Everglades' nature study under National Parks Ranger Naturalists, as to these tropical birds.

We were "geogardening"* too. We found yellow cosmos. We

* Author's "Geogardening" is obtainable at most U.S.A. libraries.

sought for other "*sauvages*." We had hoped to discover wild some of the smaller dahlias. In this we were not successful. Our greatest thrill, however, was *teocintl*. This is said to be a possible origin of cultivating maize. An ever greater thrill than finding *teocintl*, or the wild yellow cosmos, than watching the caracara atop an organpipe cactus, alert for horned toad or snake, than the marvellous Joseph's coat of the painted bunting,—was visiting a Mexican public school in the hillcountry between Acapulco and Taxco. In many of us there persists vestiges of old folkways. One is fearful of 13 at a dinner. Another shudders when a black cat crosses his pathway. Mine is a shred of ancestor worship. It was therefore a thrill to stand in the doorway of this rural school. The teacher, an earnest young man, was imparting knowledge to some thirty young Aztecs. The musical Spanish was the sweetest of music. Here was that for which Granddad had suffered martyrdom. He was willing to accept the poison cup that these redskins, with their big black eyes and straight hair, might have literacy.

CACTI AND LLAMAS

"We saw, usually perched on an organpipe cactus . . . a caracara." This type of cactus ranges down the North American Backbone from Mexico thru Salvador's arid West Coast, Columbia, Ecuador, 'way down to Peru's Llama land.

PEARL HARBOR, GUAM, TRUK AND TARAWA ATOLL

Seldom did We-two steal Sunday time to listen to the radio. On Dec. 7th, 1941, however, I was "fishing" for distant stations.

We were so fond of Hawaii that I was happy to have picked up Honolulu. While listening, there burst forth a sudden pandemonium. It was as if all the Furies had gone into action at once. It was not long until we had the news. The War Lords of Japan had treacherously struck. They had repeated their sneak strategy of the Russo Japanese war. The late V. S. McClatchy and I long had known their method. For nearly a quarter century, we had fought to block Nipponese immigration into U.S.A.

Japan's militarists systematically hoodwinked a large section of U.S.A.'s public opinion thru an amazing propaganda campaign. Only a very tiny decimal of 1% of our nation's population know how blundering idealists were tricked herein. A conspicuous example was the success of these groups in preventing our fortification of Guam. These Americans' argument (really it was "made in Japan") was— "If we fortify Guam, we will offend Japan." They were blind to Nipponese building nearby Truk into their Gibraltar. The Japanese did this so well that, when MacArthur's Stars and Stripes were flying over Tokio, the Rising Sun flag still fluttered over Truk. Should we not hold these responsible for the corpses of American Marines on the barbwire of Tarawa Atoll?

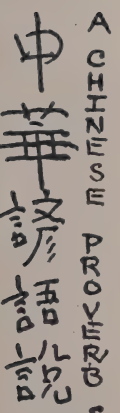
GARDEN CLUBS

Iris is an example of the impressive amount of human thought expended upon the improvement of a single garden flower. . . So vast has been this effort that there exist Iris Societies. These parallel the Rose Societies, the Gladiolus Associations, the Fuchsia Clubs.

We-two, after our first visit to Holland's polders, were stimulated to take up, as a hobby, iris specialization. The canny Dutchmen had their collectors searching worldwide for available material for additional hybridization experiments. . . Our purchases of Holland hybrids brought color thrills. They bloomed, however, only a year or two, being evident examples of what some biologists call "hybrid vigor." Our real profit from this hybrid iris investment was the knowledge that THE WHOLE BIOTA, IF STUDIED EARNESTLY, SYMPATHETICALLY, FURNISHES LIGHT AS TO HUMAN PROBLEMS. These hybrid-iris generations exhibited phenomena similar to that observed in our studies of human hybrids, such as Eurasians in China and in Hindustan. We recalled one author's words:

> *"Science takes into consideration the theories of natural inheritance, variation, selection, regress-*

ion. By scientifically tracing these fundamental elements THROUGH THE LIFE HISTORIES OF GENERATIONS OF FAMILIES, it endeavors to arrive at a satisfactory method of IMPROVING GENERALLY THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF MANKIND."



WHAT EUGENISTS CAN LEARN FROM THE CHINESE

Most Chinese never heard of genes or chromosomes or mutations. They have accumulated, however, thru the centuries that have become milleniums, much folkwisdom. Their system of ancestor-worship bulwarks family life. Their village culture includes contributions from all for the education of the exceptional boy, that he may honor his clan when recognized as a scholar. Such support is connected with his early marriage "that he may have many sons." Eugenists appreciate the fact that this means acceleration of the birthrate of the Gifted. The Chinese, moreover, lean toward Peace. Their record over the centuries contrasts sharply with the devastating wars of Europe.

Rice does not grow on bamboo stalks.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

Sir Francis Galton once wrote: "Our part in the universe may possibly in some distant way be analogous to the cells of an organized body. Our personalities may be transient but essential elements of an immortal and cosmic mind." This was over 2,500 years after the Psalmist sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." (Psalms XIX:I.) An English critic wrote:— "Those who enjoy a sense of communion with God can dwell on the undoubted fact that there exists a solidarity between themselves and what surrounds them, through the endless reaction of physical laws among which the hereditary influences are to be included. . . They are descended from an endless past, . . . have a brotherhood with all that is, . . . has each his own share of responsibility in the parentage of an endless future. The effort to familiarize the imagination with this great idea has much in common with the effort of communing with a God, and its reaction to the mind of the thinker is in many important respects the same. It may not equally rejoice the heart, but it is quite as power-

ful in ennobling the resolves, and it is found to give serenity during the trials of life and in the shadow of approaching death."

Galton's niece, Mrs. Lethbridge penned this:— "Hard to find anyone with so high an ideal of duty as his. . . Nothing, not self-interest, praise, blame, or anything else, would swerve him a hair's breadth from . . . right. GALTON CONCEIVED EUGENICS AS A COMPONENT OF RELIGION BUT ALSO OF SCIENCE."

"GASTRONOMICALLY SPEAKING"

One way of imitating Thoreau's "traveling in Concord" is dining at geographical restaurants. In San Francisco one can have a pilau, Armenian style, served on a fresh grape leaf. . . At a Russian restaurant, waitresses, in what, under the Czar, were wedding gowns and crowns, serve blackbread, also fresh cherries with a side dish of honey for dipping, and. . .if you are a spend-thrift, caviar. . . A Hungarian cook will give you a goulash with pickled rose fruits, and *paprikahuhn* in the best Budapest tradition. Across the Bay in "Marvellous Marin," is a French chef; While wanderlusting, he married a Tahatian. He has a score of mush-room sauces. Even a trained mycologist might shake his head at some of them. . . He also prepares seafood dishes, such as sea urchin, that make you feel like the Albatross in the Ancient Mari-ner when it "Ate the food it ne'er had eaten." His wife has a know-how of concoctions that save one a trip to the Paumuto Atolls. Chinese restaurants galore serve "chop sueys" --(name invented here, not even pidgin English) . . . but also willow catkins atop shredded chicken breast, shark's fin, dried oysters, dried shrimp, also dried duck, and that expensive delicacy--birds' nest soup.

Hence, long before you start overseas, you can educate your-self gastronomically at home.

QUEER OVERSEAS' FOODS

There are, however, adventures in eating that can only be had beyond U.S.A.'s borders. A few are listed here:

WILD PEACOCK. We-two had found the vegetable diet of Hindustan monotonous:— *Dahl*, rice, rice, *dahl* week after week. Parts of Hind are fanatically careful of tigers, cobras, even insects. One day I was reproached by a turbaned lad for killing a wasp. "*Salaam, sahib,* but how do you know it did not hold the soul of my deceased father?" It was a relief, then, to fall in with a Briton out for wild pig sticking and tiger hunting. He just had to be killing something. We, therefore, had presents of blackbuck antelopes

and wild peacocks. The latter tastes like coldstorage turkey. It is "larded" to improve flavor.

FLYINGFISH. This is esteemed as a delicacy in Barbadoes. We also had in the South Seas a delicious salad. It was flavored with native herbs. It was rather a shock, however, to learn we had been partaking of a salad of RAW flyingfish.

CHUNYO. This is the Inca equivalent of our modern American breakfast foods. It is a flaky, frozen, dried potato. The marble-sized "taters" (there are no Luther Burbanks among the South American Amerinds), freeze every night. The frost is squeezed out of them by much the same barefooted-girl process as with certain Italian wines. We had a stew one evening of stringy llama meat and *chunyo.* One has a powerful appetite at 12,000 feet. Perhaps this is fortunate.

FATTAIL PILAUS. In Syria's hinterland, one has frequent pilaus. Made with rice and stonepine nuts, they are most palatable. The test of being a good guest comes, however, when the pilau is improved (?) with plenty of grease from a fattail sheep.

DATES. At some of the southernmost oases of French North Africa, we had to rely at times on an almost exclusive date diet. There would be an offering of camel meat. The Arabs out-scotch the Caledonians, however. No camel ever is slaughtered until the owner has squeezed out of it all possible transportation. The meat, therefore, is about as palatable as a hamburger of discarded auto-

PYRAMIDS OF GIZEA SEEN THROUGH DATE PALMS
"We had to rely, at times, upon an almost exclusive date diet."

mobile tires. The hump is almost pure suet. Fat or flesh, the unscreened oasis butchershop swarms with flies. One is reminded of the stranger in the backcountry eating-place. He said "I'll have a slice of that huckleberry pie." The calicoed waitress replied scornfully: "Them's not huckleberry pies"—"Shoo!"—"Them's custard pies." This gives an idea of why we sometimes went several days on dates only. The first day was like eating only candy. By the third day, one was adjusted. Dates really contain much easily digested food values.

IGUANA. In Guatemala, We-two had delicious lizard. It is as delicate as capon. The squaw made a sauce of a half dozen herbs she gathered fresh, along with iguana eggs.

REINDEER BLOOD-CAKES. In Lappland, we became hungry enough to eat these. We arrived just after the slaughter. The blood had been saved, made into the customary blood-cake. This was flavored with fresh tundra berries. We rebelled thru 2 meals, then became hungry enough to partake.

REINDEER HIDES ARE LAPP'S LUMBER

The Lapps' one obsession seemed to be: Coffee! Lapps, like Eskimos, are short. Dr. Mjoen emphasized one danger of human hybridization: Norwegian sailors crossed with Lapp girls. Resulting children often inherit Norwegian 6-footer's lung-size. For such a breathing apparatus, small heart inherited from runtish Lapp mother makes an inadequate pump. Tuberculosis' rate, therefore, excessively high.

MARIMBA

"In Guatemala, We-two had delicious iguana . . . A large lizard, it is as delicate as capon." In the highlands back of Quetzaltenago we found the primitive marimba band. Instead of metallic tubes, they used their native gourds. The music was balanced, rythmic, pleasing.

REINDEER PAW SNOW FOR REINDEER-MOSS

"In Lappland, we became hungry enough to eat reindeer blood cakes. They were flavored with fresh tundra berries." Reindeer wander long distances for reindeer moss as do camels for forage in Africa, Asia. Both move far annually to gain even a meager living.

WRITING "GEOGARDENING"

The writing of my book, Geogardening, was stimulated by my Sweetheart's reading one evening, in Balzac's "Cesar Birotteau." the following.

"A poet, passing thru the Rue des Lombards, may admire the *danseuses* in a *chauderie*, as he breathes the odor of an Indian root. Dazed by the blaze of cochineal, he rcalls the poems of the Vedas. . . brushing against piles of ivory in the rough, he mounts the backs of elephants seated in a muslin cage, he makes love like the King of Lahore."

MODESTLY-PETTICOATED PALMS

"When you are intoxicated by the winter desert's sundrench, think of the millions of kiddies marooned in furnace-heated rooms of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati. The young folks enjoy both the native palms and the date palms—also date milkshakes." Washingtonia, native California palm, is a tree of the Lower-Lower Sonoran. The green terminal fans become dry, drop modestly to make a dense "petticoat." This thatching protects the life-line inside the trunk. Such a defense mechanism has a high survival value.

DESERT DOINGS

Trying, toward the close of one's life, to analyze why The Desert appealed so profoundly to Us-two, one wonders if, perhaps, it is because of childhood memories. The birthplace of both of us was Sacramento, in the LOWER SONORAN Life Zone. "Sonoran" from a desert standpoint, is highly significant. The Mexican State, Sonora, is largely "desert." The great Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley usually is rainless from Decoration Day to Columbus Day. On its floor persist the remnants of a Mexico-originated flora. This includes many tarweeds, some turpentine weeds. Into these folknames is crystallized the story. Both piedmonts, (Sierran, Coast Range,) surrounding the Great Central Valley are UPPER Sonoran Life Zone. They are even richer in fauna, flora adjusted to prolonged heat, drought.

Then, too, both our families were deeply religious. The childhood of each was rich in folktales from another semi-desert area; Egypt, plus Arabia, and most of all Palestine. In all these, the camel, "the Ship of the Desert" furnished transportation.

Our respective childhoods further alternated between Town House and the Ranches. For our honeymoon, we instinctively selected the Arizona Desert. Here were the lands of Navajo, Hava-

LIVING BARB-WIRE

"Trying to analyze the Appeal of the Desert, one recalls the great Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley is in the Lower Sonoran Life Zone. On its floor persist remnants of a Mexico-originated flora." In this arose the urge to go each winter into the deserts astride the Mexican Border. . . The ocotillo has an effective defense-mechanism of thorns. A Lower-Lower Sonoran plant, Mexicans cut its branches, stick them into the sand. There they root quickly like willows in the North, soon make a natural barbed-wire fence. The tip of the plant at the right in the foreground shows terminal blossoms. After the rare heavy rains on the desert, these quickly break out into scarlet blooms.

supai, Mojave, Pima, Papago. Elsewhere we have recorded our impressions of Arizona having then almost no U.S.A. citizens. The population-mass was Amerind, (American Indian) plus Mexican peon. Thus commenced our annual desert wanderlustings. These were to cover most world desert areas except South Africa's. Our steamer reservations thereto were cancelled when war broke.

DEATH VALLEY . . . FIGTREE JOHN'S

With each expedition our appreciation of the desert deepened. Its solitude always was gripping. There was refuge from telephones, newspapers, later from the radio. There was escape from fatiguing human problems. There we felt, somehow, we were alone with God.

On our first trip into Death Valley, there was no road. "Just go down Darwin Wash. Keep in the track or you'll get stuck." "Passing? You'll meet no one except the inmail Monday, the outmail Tuesday." It was the same in the Colorado Desert before the highway came. At Figtree John's, the sign read "No water for 40 miles." It was much the same in the Sahara. Hours and hours, then perhaps a single Arab and his camel--or a Bedouin family eyeing us suspiciously from their camelhair tent.

Desert color is kaleidoscopic. Sahara dunes will be tawny at sunset, silver under full moon. Arizona *mesas* show faded blue, faded pink, faded yellow under midday glare. It was at dawn and sunset, however, that one was thrilled with the sequence of color. Once, descending from San Gorgonio Pass at dawn, the Little San Bernardinos shone bluebird-blue. Could we ever forget the sunsets on the elephant trip across the Hindustan desert? Could we fail to remember the afterglow backgrounding date palm clumps of oases on our camel trips down toward Timbuktu?

DESERT PLANTS

Marvellous is the variety of desert plant adjustment to sun temperatures which are fatal to Caucasians lacking a pith helmet.

The pulque-yielding agave has enormous thick stiletto-tipped leaves. It is, however, after all an amaryllid. It is cousin to the attractive deep-pink belladonna lilies prized by gardeners.

The Joshua Tree, a yucca, is a lilale. It is, therefore, kin to our Easter lily, and, be it whispered, our onion, our garlic. A peon on a hot day in the Mojave Desert once remarked to Us-two: "The Joshua Tree writhes in this Hell for its sins." If that afternoon's heat was a sample of the Hereafter's Eternal Life, it behooves us to be real good . . . The interaction that prevents mutual extinction

between yucca bloom and pronubia moth suggests a Cooperative Device for United Nations.

Under its palms, the desert holds comedy as well as tragedy. Mirth-provoking were our Somaliland bucks under their discarded London high silk hats. They strutted about with necks ornamented with a half dozen knotted red, also green cheap-silk handkerchiefs. They had no other adornment but the G-string. The traffic in ivory-palm nuts had been highly satisfactory to many an ebony Apollo. The captain of our Hamburg tramp steamer that night ordered a round of *schnapps* for the crew. It was evident he, also, was satisfied with the day's bargaining.

The desert also holds mystery. Who ever can forget the three nights that shouldered Full-moon? One can close his eyes and hear again the drums under the gingerbread palms in the Egyptian oasis' desert. Mackenzie Pasha, Scot with a Cairo title, Egyptian officer, British Intelligencer, all rolled into one Poo-Bah, was there. He said those drums were throbbing from Karnak, down across Africa to the deserts beyond the Transvaal.

WILD PRICKLY PEAR WITH A YOUNG YUCCA

"Marvellous is the variety of desert-plant adjustment to sun temperatures which can be fatal to a Caucasian lacking a sun helmet."

DESERT GEOGARDENING

Will not the Reader include among his next New Year's resolutions one to at sometime have the joy of the Desert in full bloom. This may come but once in one or two decades. It is worth crossing

U.S.A. to have that color thrill. It is like the Taj Mahal under full moon--or your Sweetheart's first kiss.

When thus intoxicated by the winter desert's sundrench, think of the millions of kiddies marooned in furnace-heated rooms in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati. Then remember how successful has been the children's sunstation at Villard de Lans, in Southern France.

DESERT SAND STORMS

The desert also has less delightful moods. One biologist wrote: "one desert essential is temperature extremes." One Saraha 24-hour record showed a drop from 120 to 20 degrees. Our greatest discomforts from cold anywhere were on deserts. We-two had used our sleeping bags in snow far more happily than on certain desert nights. On high mountain deserts of Peru, Bolivia in "America's Tibet," we suffered muchly. Once, each had 4 alpaca rugs above, 2 below. It was worse than anything in Iceland, Alaska, Never, also, was wind more penetrating than when we went to study the Roman ruins at Timgad, Algeria.

It is the sandstorms, however, that are most discomforting. One clear, sunshiny day, We-two were on the roof of a laddered San Ildefonso pueblo. The squaw plucked at my arm, pointed to a peculiar, almost orange-colored cloud on the horizon. The sky-vault was that marvellously peculiar desert blue. We learned afterward she disgustedly described us as rather brainless, perhaps moronic palefaces: "They ain't got no horse sense nohow." We started across the desert, a day's journey. That cloud expanded behind us. When we noticed the lessened sunlight, it was too late to turn back to San Ildefonso. The storm struck an hour later. The sharp sand stinging our cheeks cut like sandblasting. Eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, throat filled with sand, alkali. . .

On the Damascus desert we experienced another. We refugeed in the hut of a Circassian worker in silver inlays. The Arabs use long, often silver-inlaid guns, reminiscent of Bible-Toter Jed Smith's long rifles. Thru the window we watched our camels. Crouched to the leeward of a low stone wall, jaws flat against the ground, they moaned between wind gusts. The "ships-of-the-Desert" are ungrateful, vicious beasts. They have no character to endear themselves, as have horses or dogs. That once, however, we felt sorry for them.

CAMEL DUNG

"The desert holds mystery. Who can forget the 3 nights that shouldered the full moon — or the drums all night long under the gingerbread palms in the Egyptian desert's oasis . . . Much of our civilization arose there."

Some observant Neolithic desert-dweller noticed barley around a bit of camel dung produced "40 fold." That 2 feet away gave but a scrawny "20 Fold." Even camel droppings, saleable for fertilizer, can yield, to the head of a desert family, earnings which permit raising children . . . It is a far cry from such an occupation to that giving the standard of living of an average American family.

THE DESERT'S ISHMAELITES

Traditionally, many think of desert folk as Ishmaelites. They are, however, even more absorbing than desert fauna, flora.

On chihuahua Desert you breakfast on a stack of very satisfying *tortillas*. They are innocent of maple syrup. Instead, you have your peon host's "Goodbye." It is "*Vaya Usted, Senor, con Dios.*" Departing uptrail, you may wonder about his concept of "*Dios.*" This Chihuahuan's ideas of the Virgin may be sadly confused with the old Aztec rain deity. . . The Chicchiccastenago Indians sneaked away, after mass. One stumbled across their stone idol hidden in the jungle.

Still smarting under the San Ildefonso squaw's estimate of your intelligence as to that orange-colored cloud, there comes a letter. It salves the wound. It is from an Indian public-school pupil. We-two long had supplied biological material to several

thousand western schools. Same included American Museum of Natural History's ably-edited Junior Magazine. This lad wrote: "Mr. Goethe: I am a Redskin. I learned my father, mother knew everything about birds, trees, fish, deer, jackrabbits. They said: 'Palefaces don't know nothing.' They couldn't read. I could. I read that New York book you sent every month. Little by little, I saw lots of things the White Man knew about the forest, creeks, bugs, wildflowers, that our tribe never guessed. IT SURE CURED MY SWELL-HEAD."

One can only hint at other desert folk:—our Hindustani *mahout*, his love for his elephant. . . the wise old South Algeria sheik, with his grumblings about his young men's leg muscles growing flabby under French influence . . . winning Bedouin camel-owner's goodwill . . . Navajo rugmakers, a Painted Desert divorce . . . the young Druse chieftain leading the rebellion when the French tried to settle Tonquinese coolies among his people . . . hospitality in rug-hung tents nearing Bagdad . . . the "Absolute Desert," beyond Nile opium poppy fields . . . the Egyptian official opening King Tut's tomb . . . Meeting Marshall le Autay on the Moroccan Desert. Each, however, as Kipling would say, is Another Story!

DESERT CHEMISTRY

Hormones extracted from mares' urine are described in Reader's Digest, (148). Same searchlights the pain-relieving, curative possibilities of chemicals from unexpected sources. One field awaiting research herein is desert-plant secretions.

We-two long had been fascinated by the mechanical adjustments of desert animals, plants to their unusual environment. Our geological studies taught us how one Southern California area once was tropical rain forest. One professor suggested that its jungle possibly contained tarsiers. Our own observations indicated Colorado, Coachella, Mojave deserts, once had very different climates. Thru the elevation of such ranges as the Santa Rosas, areas now desert gradually had become dessicated. The ever-lessening of Pacific Ocean moisture-laden clouds was extended over long geological time. Human brains hardly comprehend how gradually desert plants reached adjustment to today's heat, today's rapid evaporation. Their chemicals which aided survival slowly were evolved.

On Christmas 1947 Desert trip, I discussed above with Palm Springs Museum's directors. The talk included possibilities of a Desert Research Station. Already limited research is said to have

yielded an important weedkiller. Such are useful on our own ranches. A second gives a new butter, lard, meat preservative. Unlike benzoate of soda, it is nontoxic. A third may stop excessive bleeding as in teeth extraction, may also be haemophilia remedy.*

* One historian insists if Queen Victoria had not been a defective-gene carrier, neither the Spanish nor the Russian Revolutions could have occurred. . . . See Eugenics Pamphlet No. 57.

VAVILOV

Detached information had been leaking past the Iron Curtain about the liquidation of the brilliant Russian Eugenist, Vavilov. We-two were delegates to The Hague International Eugenic Conference in 1936. It was understood there was to be a Genetics meeting in Moscow in 1937. We-two were amazed when the news came that the Higherups there had cancelled it.

A little while later news commenced to filter thru that our friend, Vavilov, had been liquidated. Apparently no one knows, outside of Russia, just how the job was done. His one crime seems to have been that he insisted there was a difference in human inheritance. The Soviet still adheres to contrary doctrine. It is good political strategy for morons. The U.S.S.R. apparently, however, has recognized differences in the scale of wages. Information on my desk gives: "Unskilled labor, 100 roubles per month, plant superintendent 3,000." Army differences are even greater: "Private, 10 roubles per month. A colonel, in contrast, receives 2,400."

RESULTS

"The seed I have scattered
In springtime with weeping,
And watered with tears
And with dew from on high,
Another shall shout
When the Harvester's reaping;
Shall gather thy grain
In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

The old hymn well expresses the keen disappointment that comes to many who "Seek to Serve."

It is, therefore, a joy to be able to record that years of editing Eugenics Pamphlets now commence to show fruition. The mail, almost weekly, carries evidence that some in the oncoming generation are altering folkways. No longer is the 2-child family always

the ideal. Many young folks, themselves of severely restricted families, accept the responsibilities of 3 or 4 children because they are carriers of desirable genes.* Have we herein the beginnings of a new aristocrary? Examples from our correspondence are given in the footnote.*

* (a) The wife of an eminent man writes that they had stopped their family at 2 children. They seemed to feel any additional ones would limit his ambitions. Both husband and wife are of exceptionally high I.Q. She wrote they could not stand Eugenic Pamphlets continual argument about small leadership type families. The 3rd child was born recently.

(b) Another young couple, both of high I.Q., had deliberately stopped at 1 child. We commenced sending them Eugenics Pamphlets about 8 years ago. The father recently said: "We now have the 3rd child. We call the last 2 our Eugenics Pamphlets' children."

(c) A brilliant mother of 1 in an Eastern state, father also ranking high, felt that a 2nd child would interfere with her career. She wrote recently: "Eugenics Pamphlets coming continually convinced us that, as carriers of desirable genes, we were slackers." She added, "We are expecting the birth of our 2nd child shortly."

SCATTERING SEED

This month came the belated news of an article I, myself, wrote more than 30 years ago. It seems a woman was impressed with a certain concept that Mrs. Goethe and I had brought back from Europe. We thought it worth while weaving into American life. I wrote the article carefully, while overseas, revised it on our returning steamer. I showed it to the secretary of a national organization in New York. He was delighted with it. He said he would secure its publication. He was successful.

A woman then came to his office. She said she was impressed with the article. She wanted to finance such work somewhere. She named certain conditions. She was to send a budget check once yearly in advance. No one was to know her connection with the work, not even myself, as author of the article, until after her death. The work was to be done in another city where she could quietly observe it without being known.

Now comes a letter from this executive secretary that his organization received over 28 years annual checks paying the budget of that work. She died before the time for the 29th. He writes:— "While I will never go farther into this matter, and you must not know who it is, I feel it only justice that you should know the effect of your article."

THINKING BACK 60 YEARS

The month this paragraph is written there is much discussion about a Supreme Court decision. It affects religious education in public school buildings. My own memory is thereby stimulated:— In my boyhood at the old Washington Public School, our class opened with reading a Bible chapter. My first diploma contains a Biblical text. In 60 years there has been a complete blotting out,

in the public schools, of such moral education. This, despite the fact ours is the only coinage carrying the legend: "In God We Trust."

I am thinking of what held Dad and Mother steady in great temptation. Father was influential in a certain banking group. It had competitors. Once, as a boy, I heard Dad tell Mother that an inner clique in a competing group had made a secret deal. By this, they so fleeced their fellow stockholders, their own stock cost them nothing. This "watering" made, of course, for weakness of capital structure. Similar "deals" were repeatedly attempted by certain men within Dad's group. I would hear Dad and Mother discuss ways to block these conspirators. It took courage to fight these vultures.

Juggling finally wrecked the two that were Dad's competitor institutions. Two officers thereof defrauded innocent investors of their savings. One became a fugitive from justice. The other escaped. With his political pull he succeeded in making that fugitive his scapegoat. Now, 60 years afterward, I find myself trying to analyze Dad's motives compared with those of his competitors. Dad's corporation remained solvent thru several panics. WHEN HE DISSOLVED IT, HE PAID DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR. I MUST CONCLUDE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE VULTURES AND MY PARENTS LAY IN THEIR CHILDHOOD RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE FAR EAST

Californians live on the Rim of the Great Pacific Basin. If native born, they have had a rare opportunity to examine that area's almost crushing problems. History for the next millennium is being made there right now. Such experience is deepened when one repeatedly has crossed the wide Pacific Ocean.

After Scripture's "3-score-and-ten," one ponders on the future of the Orient, of the entire Pacific Basin.

As a member of the missionary family whose contacts with the Far East extend over some 3 generations, these conclusions may be recorded:—

(1) We, like Australia, should maintain what is left of our homogeneity.

(2) We should help certain over-populated Far East lands to a knowledge of birth control. This particularly of militaristic Japan, of moronic Hindustan.

(3) The Labor Union movement should be expanded until

wage standards there equal ours. In aiding the Orient herein, we will preserve our own homogeneity.

(4) Build up a knowledge of Eugenics. The possibilities of this in Hindustan has been described by the author elsewhere. This author is unwilling to admit pessimistic hopelessness, even in the case of Hindustan.

(5) Expand Missionary effort in fields not controversial, as with narcotics.

(6) Until above five objectives are gained, should we not avoid too rapid offering of our sanitation engineers?

AIR-WEEDING

The day this is written, the writer returned from one of his ranches. There he has been inspecting airplane-dusting to eradicate weeds. Chemical, also botanical research recently has been accelerated. It is now possible to "dust" growing crops, thus eliminating various types of weeds.

An example is wild radish, a Crucifer. This weed, which chokes wheat, barley, oats, withers after dusting away. This permits grain crops, now given adequate sunlight, to mature. The killer does not affect grains, all members of the Grass family.

A student of eugenics marvels at such advances in research on removal of undesirable PLANTS. He is astounded, however, that there is so little taxpayers' urge to commence eliminating undesirable HUMANS. The problem of these has been set forth in such books of yesteryear as "The Jukes," and "The Kallikaks." The recently published "Survival of the Unfittest" brings such material up-to-the-minute.

WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION

In a cartoon some years ago, Aunt Het's friend's husband, was the village miser. . . Asking how she ever managed to get a penny for her peculiarly feminine needs, she smiled, observed "Just go about boasting how generous he is." If anything has been contributed to human welfare since July 4th, 1776, it is the recent elevation of Womanhood.

A cynical French philosopher once sneered at us: "When churchgoing in England, Husband precedes Wife up the aisle. In America, Wife goes first. In France they go side-by-side. Max O'Riel erred as knows anyone who recalls Cosette of Les Miserables. I argued this with my Paris friend. He then was writing "The 57 Mistresses of Henri IV."

In no land is womanhood respected more highly than in U.S.A. It may be a part of our unique pioneer heritage. Nowhere is her position more debased than in Korea, and in Japan.

This author discussed above at the century's turn with a smug English lord. He insisted "as long as our men are courageous, as long as we marry beautiful women, our type will be preserved." The English law in 1900 as to the right of a married woman was merciless. The theory was not quite the Oriental one that she was a mere breeding animal. It WAS, however, ruthless.

Even in U.S.A., there was a long struggle between overseas' folkways of early colonists and that something that arose out of our frontier life. The fight for woman's suffrage in California has been described elsewhere.

Research in Human Genetics and Eugenics, however, brings FULL emancipation. Along with the comraderie of our Frontier came our interpretation of the tremendous advances in genetical research. NOW, THE JUST MAN CAN REMIND HIS HIDE-BOUND REACTIONARY BROTHER THAT EVERY WIFE CONTRIBUTES EXACTLY ONE-HALF HER CHILD'S HEREDITY.

EUGENIST CONTEMPLATES NATIONAL, STATE PARKS

Nation-planners must glimpse vistas of centuries. Perhaps the greatest national gains from a really completed National Park system interlocks with State Parks' chains, can be expected in the accelerated building of a eugenically-better nation. This would include gradual elimination of imbeciles, those insane through inheritance, carriers of congenital diseases, such as Huntington's chorea, haemophilia. This would further reverse the tragic decline of the leadership type's birthrate. To quickly speed overcoming the latter, it is necessary, in a Republic, that the voters become biologic-minded. This trend will be accelerated as the interpretive program is expanded.

FOUNDERS

Within three months before this was written, there were being held meetings of some 29 institutions which my Sweetheart and I founded. As an item of sociological interest, I asked for attendance records of same. Total was 7,766. This averaged over 267 per meeting. Those attending, as far as could be observed, were mostly of the leadership type. At one meeting of 149, some 11 individuals constituted practically ALL the leadership in a community of several thousand inhabitants. At the expense of unfavorable criticism,

it seems a duty to record this as an instance of what an investment of Faith, Persistence, Energy, with some Financing added, can stimulate.

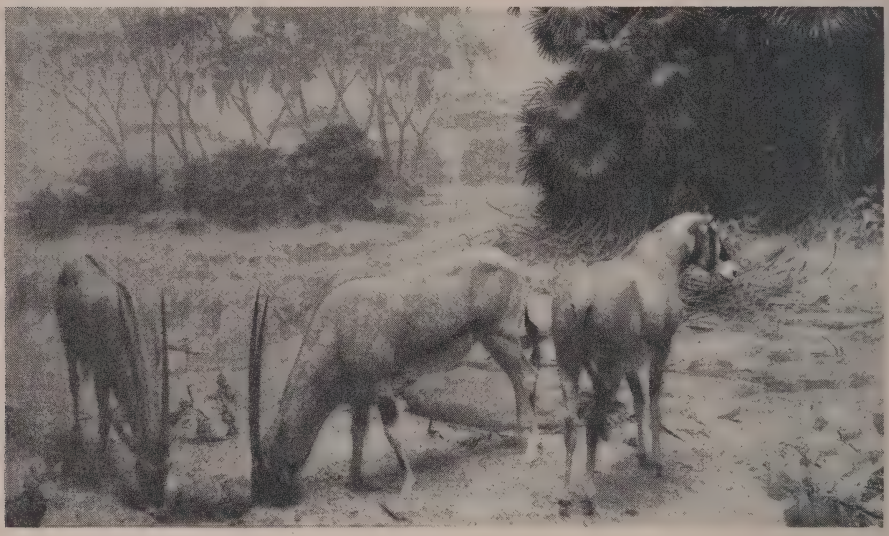


Photo: Courtesy California Academy of Science

ORYX GROUP, SIMSON AFRICAN HALL

"Mediaeval folk believed in a uni-corned beast. To it they attributed magical qualities. It won a place in heraldry — even ornamented a royal coat of arms. At a certain point, as to the center Oryx in the California Academy of Science group, two horns appear as one. As the ancients were acquainted with the African fauna, this may have been the origin of the unicorn myth. Granddad insisted "*unicorn*" was a mistranslation of the original.

UNICORN

Our word "unicorn" illustrates the contrast between accurate thinking and its lack. Mediaeval folk believed in a uni-corned beast. To it they attributed magical qualities. It won a place in heraldry, even ornamented a royal coat-of-arms. There was, of course, a basis for such a folktale. In California Academy of Sciences' African Hall, where one stands at a certain point, one oryx horn eclipses the other. It appears unicornish. Was this the basis of some ancient traveller's tale? . . . That our English Bible's "unicorn" was a mistranslation insisted Grandfather Goethe. He declared the original Greek read "a horned animal." Deeply religious, he demanded Scriptural nicety. He read his Bible in the original Greek or Hebrew.

This trait he passed on to my father. Dad saw to it we had liberal doses of classical education. He declared it was one source of British power. Dad commenced hammering same into us, along

with German and French, at an early age. I had to carry the books on buggy trips to the mines.--"Always be as busy as a honey-bee." He taught us to admire Athens' Golden Age. This, as we admired Venus' brilliancy as morning star on our dawn-start trips to the mines. He persistently reminded us the Roman Empire was planned as cannily as its arches, persisting to our time. This author, consequently, enjoyed, in France, reading his Caesar, in the original Latin, at places described in The Commentaries.

This gave insight into the Rise (and the Fall) of ancient Greece, Ancient Rome. It also prepared one for Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," for Sir Francis Galton's Eugenics. Both these intellectual giants had developed in an environment saturated with the classics.

"With kine and horses, Jurnus, we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase at any price
Of a sound stock without defect or vice.
But, in the daily matches that we make
The price is everything: for money's sake.
Men marry: women are in marriage given.
The churl or ruffian, that in wealth has thriven
May match his offspring with the proudest race.
Thus everything is mixed, noble and base.
If, then, in outward manner, form and mind,
You find us a degraded, motley kind,
Wonder no more, my friends: the cause is plain
And to lament the consequence is vain.

Theognis, 6th Century B.C., quoted by Dr. Holmes in his "Human Genetics and Social Import"

ATHENS

All above made one eager, on the first overseas trip, to see one's first Roman ruins, remains of baths, bridges, acqueducts. On a subsequent voyage, came the climb, past Socrates' tomb, to the Acropolis.

In Athens, one was fortunate to have English friends, Cambridge, also Oxford scholars. They were steeped in the ancient Athenian tradition. The museum there, also, was a treasure-house. Private Athenian libraries contained carefully culled works on the Golden Age. One felt one almost was grasping the ghostly hands

of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Erathosthenes. One came to absorb what these Englishmen said about the original care to keep race-strains pure.

One was reminded, on the very spot where it happened, about the decadence of the old ideals. One heard about the sale of daughters to alien traders whose sole claim was their illgotten wealth. One heard repeatedly the quotation from Horace: "*Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, villor alga est*" (Noble descent and worth, unless united with wealth, are esteemed no more than seaweed.")

THE ANCIENT GREEKS WERE A REMARKABLE RACE. THIS PRODUCED ARCHIMEDES, FOUNDER OF THE SCIENCE OF HYDROSTATICS . . . EUCLID, OF WHOSE "ELEMENTS" ONE CRITIC SAYS: "NEXT IN INFLUENCE SOLAR ECLIPSE." THE GREEKS WERE STRONG AS LONG AS THEY KEPT THEIR STRAIN PURE, USING THE SAME CARE AS THAT WITH WHICH WE PRODUCE OUR BEST RACE HORSES, FINEST ROSES.

THEATER OF BACCHUS, ATHENS

An example of the brainpower of ancient Greeks is brilliant Erathosthenes. He was employed by the king at Alexandria to educate the Crown Prince . . . Throughout Egypt were certain milestone poles. Erathosthenes once made a trip, past these, up-Nile to Syene. This city was built at the equator's crossing of the Nile. This Greek intellectual noticed the pole there, at the summer solstice, cast no noonday shadow. There was, however, a shadow at Alexandria. He knew the number of paces, or human steps, between Alexandria and Syene. So penetrating was his mathematical mind, he was able to compute the size of the earth, the sun, the moon with startling accuracy. From such facts, he was able to make the first forecast of an eclipse . . . Greece lost forever her research strains through cross-breeding with overseas' lowpowers . . . Our research men are a great asset. We need them to lift us out of biological illiteracy. We will locate more of them if more children had "home museums." Kiddies enjoy collecting, particularly biological specimens. Thus they absorb a knowledge of Nature's laws as a sponge absorbs water. Wise librarians will suggest data about butterfly nets, cigar-box insect collections, home aquariums, (fresh water or seaside), science reading.

PARTHENON

Sir Francis Galton crystallized into a science the eugenic thinking of all intellectuals of 2,500 years. He probably had the most profound knowledge of his subject of any since Aristotle. This was increased because of his years of observation in Africa. He asserted that the highpowers of his Victorian England averaged as far below the Greeks of the Golden Age of Pericles as his Britishers exceeded in intellectual power the Negroes of Africa's equatorial jungles . . . We-two, as students of eugenics, made field studies in Greece as well as our own research into the causes of the decay of Greek civilization. Our conclusions are repeatedly outlined in various numbers of Eugenics Pamphlets.

ROME

In this author's collection is a beautifully fluted Etruscan vase dated about 750 B. C. Its 4-handles are charmingly decorated with crouching lionesses. It is prized because of the accuracy with which these graceful cats were moulded. It is the more treasured, however, because same are a sermon in EXTINCTION. Wild lions have not been seen in Italy for a couple of milleniums. EXTINCT, too, are the humans, the Patricians, who, when the royal beast still roamed Italy, had commenced laying the foundations of the Roman Empire.

Successive European trips carried Us-two again and again to Rome. The 1920s showed a vast change from the Eternal City of 1910. Illuminating it was to present when Mussolini harangued his troops on the anniversary of the Founding of Rome. This was a kind of Fascist 4th-of-July. The setting, triumphal arches and all, was similar to that which the "Sawdust Caesar" later arranged for his "Triumph" into Cairo.

Mussolini erred:— His adherents were not descended from the men that conquered Carthage, Spain, Gaul, Britain, Greece, Egypt--that could dominate the ancient world by legions whose

estimated manpower was only 325,000. Extinct were those who, under Servius Tullius, first enclosed Rome's seven hills by a wall. Extinct were those whose Patricians, each a SENEX, or wise old man, who formed the Roman Senate. Extinct were those other Patricians become Consuls, likewise Quaestors of the early Republic. Extinct were the generals who could snatch defeat from Hannibal's victory at Cannae, who could win the Second Punic War. These Ancient Romans were not the type that lost at Adowa, Cappareto, Guadalajara. When Cato thundered "*delenda est Carthago*," the Plebs had not yet outbred the Patricians. These Plebs copiously infused the population with African, with Asia Minor blood. While the foundations of the Roman Empire were being laid, one heard no cry of "*Panem et circenses.*"

ANCIENT ROME COULD PRODUCE A GREAT LAWGIVER LIKE VALERIUS POPLICOLA, A ROMAN ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . AN IMPERIALIST LIKE APPIUS CLAUDIUS, WHOSE NAME PERSISTS IN THE APPIAN WAY, AND WHO ENDED ROME'S WAR OF SUCCESSION WITH HIS SLOGAN "NEVER MAKE PEACE WITH AN ENEMY ON ROMAN SOIL." ANCIENT ROME WAS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEPT ITS INTELLECTUAL STRAIN PURE, AS LONG AS IT USED THE SAME CARE THAT PRODUCES BEST CATTLE OR CARNATIONS.

THE CANULEIAN LAW (B.C. 455) GAVE PLEBS THE RIGHT TO MARRY INTO THE PATRICIAN'S. FOLLOWED HYBRIDIZATION. LOWGRADE IMMIGRANT BLOOD OF FECUND SLAVES FROM AFRICA, FROM ASIA MINOR INCREASINGLY DISPLACED THE OLD PATRICIAN STRAINS.

MYCENAE

The visits of Us-two to Rome, to Athens, later were extended to other centers of civilizations that became extinct. We were disappointed that our first trip to Athens could not be prolonged to see the site of ancient Troy.

Dr. Schliemann had come to our native Sacramento to mine gold to finance his future excavations at ancient Troy. We youngsters, therefore, at a surprisingly early age became interested in Greek Mythology. We never tired of tales of Ancient Troy. Granddad and Dad being Greek scholars, and Granddad further being German born, we were eager to see where Dr. Schliemann had excavated such remarkable gold vessels. Our studies at Athens, par-

ticularly the Museum, were continued at Mycenae, Tiryns, Crete. As our minds ripened, we became conscious of the Minoan Ages' civilization (of perhaps B. C. 3,000) . What a thrill it was to visit Agememnon's Tomb, also the Lion's Gate. Mankind knows only too little about the very old Greek cultures.

HERE, AGAIN, WAS A REMARKABLE RACE IN THAT, IT PRODUCED INTELLECTS THAT PROBABLY ENRICHED ATHENS' GOLDEN AGE. LET US NOT FORGET THAT, SOME CENTURIES LATER, EVEN ATHENIANS HELD MANY SLAVES. DID THESE INTELLECTUAL GIANTS HAVE NUMEROUS OFFSPRING BY SLAVE CONCUBINES WHILE THE RECOGNIZED WIFE WAS CARRYING ONE? ANY STATE REMAINS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEEPS ITS INTELLECTUAL STRAINS PURE, AS LONG AS IT USES THE SAME CARE AS THAT BY WHICH WE PRODUCE OUR BEST SHEEP OR SWEETPEAS.

KARNAK

Later commenced our journeyings to Egypt . . . Dad was careful to interlard Homer with glimpses of the romantic Nile. Dad prized his boomerangs, mementos of his 2 years with the blackfellows in the Never-Never. He exchanged one however, that we young folk might have an Egyptian section in our "Home Museum." My share was two scarabs--one of grey stone--one of bluegreen--(perhaps of some copper ore) plus a piece of nummalitic limestone, and a specimen of syenite from near Syene. This latter became our introduction to Erathosthenes' mathematics of astronomy. Experiments in it became, too, a factor in my courtship of a maid majoring in same—and of my happiest of marriages.

As we Goethe boys grew older, we ravenously devoured every book obtainable on the Pyramids, the Sphinx. We also were taught about the Rosetta Stone, about the use of the twin cartouches of Ptolemy and Cleopatra in first deciphering the hieroglyphs. It was thrilling to learn, later, how to recognise the cartouches of some of the Egyptian rulers--to smile at the clash of royal egos, as when the occupant of a throne would erase the cartouche of one long dead and substitute his own. There was a comic opera then, the Toymaker of Nuremberg. Its hero egotistically would hold up a new mechanical doll and he then would exclaim "All MY work--I did it." So, too, one could imagine a plagiarizing Pharoah thinking he had hoodwinked his flattering couriers. Above will explain our thrill in having a University course under the eminent anatomist, Sir

Grafton Elliot Smith. To him had been intrusted the unwrapping of certain mummies. This, to check data as to disease.

We owe much to Egypt—Alphabet, Barley Culture, Irrigation, many concepts in Religion, in Philosophy, as for example, Resurrection.

HERE WAS A REMARKABLE RACE WHOSE MARRIAGES EVIDENCED THEIR INTENSE ABNORMAL URGE TO KEEP THE STRAIN UNCONTAMINATED. THEY BLUNDERED, NEVERTHELESS, IN IGNORING THE EFFECT, ON THEIR POPULATION-MASS, OF CONCUBINE BIRTHS.

THAT RACE PRODUCED INTELLECTS LIKE SNOFRU AND CHEOPS, PYRAMID BUILDERS, . . . LIKE AMENEMNA III, WHOSE ENGINEERING IN THE FAYUM PARALLELS SOME OF OUR CURRENT RECLAMATION PROJECTS . . . THOITIMES III, WHO RULED FROM THE EUPHRATES TO THE SUDAN. EGYPT WAS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEPT ITS LEADERSHIP STRAINS PURE, AS LONG AS THEY USED THE SAME CARE WE TODAY EMPLOY TO PRODUCE OUR BEST OXEN OR ORCHIDS. IT WAS WHEN THERE WERE

"HEWERS OF WOOD, DRAWERS OF WATER"

"America leaped from muzzle-loader to atomic bomb in less than 100 years. Egypt, once was the world's reservoir of wisdom, in 30 centuries has failed to improve its technique. The old Highpowers of the Nile became extinct. The plodding, unimaginative but highly prolific *fellahin* persisted. The *fellahin* thus outbred the leadership type. Have we not now a similar decay starting in U.S.A. by excessive birth control of The Talented?"

LARGE FAMILIES BY SLAVE-GIRL CONCUBINES, AS UNDER RAMESES VI TO XIII, THAT THE RULERS BECAME WEAKLINGS WHO GRADUALLY SUCCUMBED TO BEING THE TOOLS OF THE PRIESTS AND OF THE MERCENARIES.

FAMINE VICTIMS IN HINDUSTAN

To Hindustan came a succession or remarkable races. Each was strong only as long as it kept its strain pure, as long as it observed the Nature's laws. These are the same that govern production of our best iris, best chrysanthemums. Today the bulk of Hindustan's population is composed of illiterate weaklings, without hope. That families have come over some two thousand years is shown by the Famine Buddha in Lahore Museum. It has protruding ribs like our cuts. Said sculpture dates back to Alexander the Great.

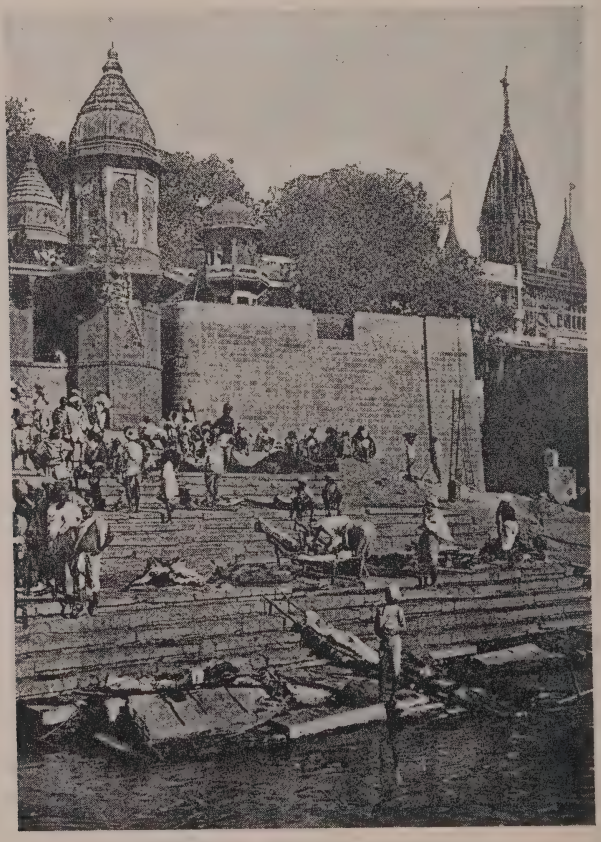
DELHI

"Oh, Thou Beautiful Dawn Goddess
Clad in Thy robe of Saffron
Thou who awakened all living things
Give us of Thy treasures.
BUT, ABOVE ALL, GIVE US HEROES.
Thou who awakenest none
Who are of the Dead.

(Vedic Hymn)

Rome, Greece, opened the way to the Trojan, Minonian, Egyptian civilizations. Then We-two commenced to grasp that these continually had been fertilized from the Orient. We had glimpses of hardy Nordics swarming from their icy Broodland into the mountainous plateaus of Iran, finally into Hindustan itself. Here was more evidence as to the problem of extinction. We felt the urge

to go to British India--to study the runtish, black Tamils--the tall Sikhs and their Golden Temple at Amritsar, to delve into the collections made by the senior Kipling at Lahore's Wonder House--to penetrate the passes into Tibet where we DID see tall green-eyed, queued Chinese, as red haired as a 6-footer Dane or Yorkshireman. A British anthropologist explained: "Our Nordic ancestors were confirmed wanderlusters."



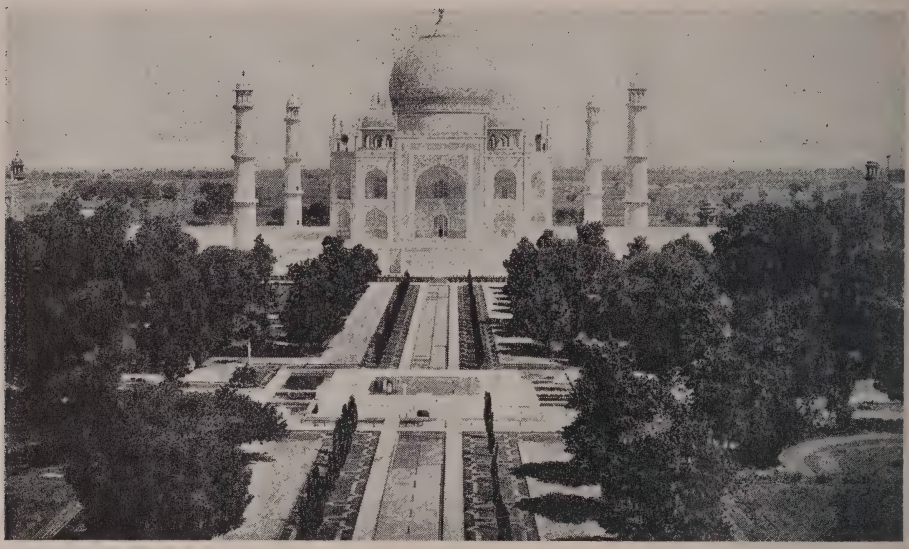
BURNING GHAT OF BENARES

Millions of marigolds annually are sold in the flowerstalls uphill from Benares' ghats. Every devout Hindu hopes to die on Mother Gunga's banks. The family often is too poor to buy fuel to fully consume the body. Then the only-partially-charred remains are committed to Ganges' sacred waters. This author saw 1,000,000 pilgrims congregated on Ganges' banks. Its water reeked with disease-causing bacteria. Pilgrims to the Holy River habitually return with bottles of the supposedly-Divine water. They drop small portions of this polluted water in, say, 20 wells surrounding their native village. Thus they "acquire merit." In this way there is laid the foundation for tragic outbreaks of cholera, amoebic dysentery, intermittent fevers. Epidemics thus started have spread to Euripe; to U.S.A. Our Covered Wagon cholera epidemic originated thusly. Against such marrow-deep superstitions, biologists, our medical men from Edinburgh, Cambridge universities struggle.

TO HINDUSTAN CAME A SUCCESSION OF REMARKABLE RACES. EACH PRODUCED TOWERING INTELLECTS: BUDDHA, ASOKA, AKBAR. EACH WAS STRONG ONLY AS LONG AS IT KEPT ITS STRAIN PURE, WITH THE SAME CARE WE PRODUCE OUR BEST POULTRY OR PRUNES. WHEN A HIGHPOWER WIFE CAME INTO CHILDBEARING COMPETITION WITH 10, 20, 50 SLAVEGIRL CONCUBINES, THE STRAIN, TO USE A GOLDMINING TERM, "PETERED OUT."

STATE ELEPHANT BLANKET IS EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS

"To Hindustan came a succession of remarkable races . . . with towering intellects . . . Each was strong only as long as it kept its strain pure. In Delhi bazaars, story-tellers recount the tale of the Elephant and the Flea. These two traversed a jungle torrent over a bamboo bridge . . . Arrived safely across. The Flea, with a sigh of Relief, said to the Elephant, 'Whew! How we did shake that bridge!!'"



TAJ MAHAL (POIGNANT LOVE-POEM IN MARBLE)

"The builders of the Taj planned like Titans, finished like jewelers." "We-two commenced to grasp that the Trojan, the Minoan, the Egyptian civilizations . . . had been fertilized from the Orient." This took us to Hindustan to the Land of peerless Taj Mahal."

Taj Mahal was built by the sorrowing Grand Mogul, Shah Jahan, for his queen, Mahal. She died, (1629), at the birth of their 8th child. One account says the Shah spent on her tomb 31,748,026 rupees (and this at slave-labor costs!) . . . Pundits in Hindustan grudgingly concede Shah Jahan sent to France for its master architect, Austin of Bordeaux. The inlays of precious stones, as well as the formal gardening, further suggest Italian influence. Some critics, however, say "Persian." The interior of the Taj is ornamented with flowers and fruits. The inlays of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, long ago pried out by looting soldiers. The remaining agates, jaspers, even lapis lazuli, give, however, a glimpse of its original beauty. The silver doors, too, are gone. They were melted as loot. Even a British viceroy once suggested dismantling the Taj, that its marbles might be sold.

FLORENCE

These acquaintances with the ancient civilizations of Rome, Greece, Troy, Crete, Egypt, the Medes and the Persians, the successive waves into Hindustan prepared Us-two for another act in this Drama of Extinct Civilizations. We now were better fitted to try to understand the bequests of these ancient cultures to what is called the "Northwest European Civilization"--that of Britain, the Low Countries, Germany, Scandinavia, France, Northern Italy, and our own U.S.A.

Our studies were of Arab penetration thereof along our beloved camel trails--of the only too little appreciated liason of a group of highly intellectual Jews at Salamanca--and finally, of the flowering of all the above in the Renaissance. Our proposed studies

at the University of Salamanca were abrutly cut short by the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. We had had, however, over 2 decades, rare opportunities, as in Florence.

Elsewhere this author has described the thrill of seeing, in a Seville library, an early Renaissance book. Margined in carefully-blocked letters, were the notes of Columbus as to what might be expected by sailing Westward toward Cathay. It electrifies one thus to probe workings of the Renaissance mind.

When living in Florence We-two became fascinated studying hair color of certain Renaissance artists' models. Where this is written are two paintings of Fra Angelico's angels. All 14 are goldenhaired, platinum blonde or redhead. None are typical Italian brunettes. We were startled to find, when in Florence, a reference to a mulatto di Medici.

THE RENAISSANCE GIANTS INCLUDE TINTERETTO, DANTE, RAPHAEL, THE DI MEDICIS, MICHAEL ANGELO. THE RENAISSANCE WAS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEPT THE STRAIN PURE. AS LONG AS THERE WERE OBSERVED THE SAME LAWS THAT GOVERN PRODUCTION OF OUR BEST IRIS, BEST CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Dr. Knowlton, in his "Plants of the Past" noting the passing of dominance of the Ferns, Cycads, Calamites and such trees of the carboniferous as the Leipdodendrons and the Sigillariaes, remarks.

> *"Some types waxed mighty and then for some unaccountable reason dwindled to a feeble representation among living plants, and others with a modest beginning in the late Cretaceous or early Tertiary, have come to be among the most important of our everyday plants."*

Ought not Eugenists, also biologically literate citizens, reflect earnestly upon the bearing of the above upon HUMAN EROSION, particularly of the Talented that have created our American civilizations?

MEXICO CITY

We did not confine our probing to Eurasia. Grandfather Goethe had died in Mexico City. His infatuation for the Northernmost of the so-called "Latin" American republics because of urgings by von Humboldt has been hereinbefore described His grandson became likewise "infected." Hence there were repeated wanderlustings "South-of-the-Rio Grande." These brought probing into Aztec, Toltec, Mayan culture.

The Aztecs chronologically were nearest our time. One is astounded at the evidence of their advanced civilization to be seen in the National Museum in Mexico.

One suspects they had an elaborate income tax from which Washington might learn. The Montezuma's featherwork cloaks are admired today.* Their warriors had an *esperit d'corps* that reminds one of our Marines. They had an intelligence system paralleling the secret police of modern totalitarian states . . . Their method of levying tribute was really wiser than Hitler's.

HERE WAS A REMARKABLE RACE. IT PRODUCED INTELLECTS THAT COULD BUILD MUCH OF WHAT WE TODAY CALL "MEXICO" INTO THE AZTEC EMPIRE. THEY WERE INTELLECTUALS WHO COULD INVENT THE AZTEC CALENDAR, COULD CARVE THEIR CALENDAR STONE. THEY COULD COMPUTE THE TRUE LENGTH OF THE TROPICAL YEAR MORE ACCURATELY THAN OUR FOREBEARS. THEY COULD CREATE A SYSTEM OF NOBILITY. THEY HAD ADEQUATE HIEROGLYPHS — THEY COULD LEAVE US CODICES LIKE THE MENDOZA AND THE DRESDEN.

* Two remain, one in Stuttgart Museum, one in Seville.

PONCHOS OF JAGUAR SKINS

"Grandfather Goethe sent packages of Aztec wonders. This stimulated reading Prescott's 'Mexico' until it was thumbed ragged. Followed similarly historian's 'Peru.'" Little wonder we were eager to climb the Andes to America's Tibet. Here we could expect, and did find *Indios* ponchoed in jaguar skins.

CUZCO

This interest in Mexico's Aztecs, from the days when Grandfather Goethe sent packages of Aztec wonders, naturally led later to thumbing ragged Prescott's "Mexico." Followed interest in that painstaking historian's "Peru."

THESE RULERS' REIGNS SHOWED ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPHS. THEY USED STONES AS LARGE AS 38'x18'x6' . . . ALSO TILES OF GOLD AND PANELS OF EMERALDS SET IN GOLD. THE INCAS WERE STRONG AS LONG AS THEY KEPT THE STRAIN PURE, WITH THE SAME CARE WE PRODUCE OUR BEST WHEAT OR BEANS.

One evidence of military skill showed in ability to net an empire with war-roads. Anyone who lived before automobile highways replaced French Africa's camel-trails, appreciates the intellect that plans to hold an empire by road-engineering.

Nothing from Quito to Iquiqui impressed the writter more deeply than a Peruvian intellectual's pointing out a spot of asphalt coating on an Incan military road. Remembering fire engines stuck in his native city's unpaved streets' mud, one respects the

SYMPHONY ON AMERICA'S "ROOF-OF-THE-WORLD"

Near where this native orchestra played, "a Peruvian intellectual pointed out a spot of asphalt coating on an Incan military road." The Conquistadores ruthlessly exterminated all 3 leadership castes. There remains only the 4th or lower caste -- today's *"Indios."*

Inca gridiron of army roads paralleling ancient Rome's in brilliancy of concept.

With ripening maturity, one became interested in Incan eugenics. The ruler must have been a man of keen intellect to hold his far flung empire. Polygamy was the rule. Fairest maidens of conquered provinces, daughters of subject chieftans, entered his harem. One here senses carriers of leadership genes. Concubines used their ability to keep their Lord informed about his "in-laws" in the provinces. Here was a spy system. A dullard wife did not

SENESCENT IN AMERICA'S TIBET

"Peru's Incas were strong as long as they could keep their leadership strains pure, using the same care we do in producing our best race-horses or roses."

bask frequently in the monarch's smiles. One must suppose the Inca's children had good I.Q.'s.

NOW WATCH THE WORKING OF THE DIFFERENTIAL BIRTHRATES LAW. ONE INCA HAD OVER 150 CHILDREN. REFLECT UPON INTELLECTS LIKE TOPA YUPANQUI. HE LED HIS ARMIES ACROSS THE TERRIBLE DESERT OF ATACAMEN, PUSHED THE INCA FRONTIER FAR INTO CHILE . . . HIS SON, HUYANU CAPAC, WAS CONQUEROR OF QUITO.

MANHATTAN

Athens, Rome, Mycaenae, Karnak, Delhi, Florence, Mexico City, Cuzco. These, accumulated, prepared one for the late Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race." A letter of appreciation to him started a friendship that lasted until his death. His "Conquest of a Continent" did not run into as many editions. Why? (Some day there will be exposure of the smokescreen of propaganda in U.S.A. and of those who can profit thereby.)

The brilliancy of the eight civilizations cited above illuminates one's thinking. Why did these collapse, one after another? The author dares think it is a matter of EXTINCTION. Is there a lesson in eugenics therein? In the case of Athens and of Rome, the intellectuals seem to have been eliminated by hybridization. Athens' commenced when aliens were admitted to citizenship. The writer's intensive studies of Mediterannean underworlds, as a part of his "Seeking to Serve" in the elimination of such problems as alcoholism, and venereal disease, have given him an insight into the types of rat-like aliens who CAN filter into a population mass dominated by idealistic highpowers.

In the case of Rome, similar hybridization was set into motion by the enactment of the Canuleian Law above mentioned. This permitted men of the Plebs to marry Patrician maids. In a few centuries, their mightiest empire collapsed. THAT STRAIN OF MASTERFUL LAWGIVERS, ENGINEERS, STATESMEN WAS GONE FOREVER. IT IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS IF A BREEDER OF GREYHOUNDS BRED HIS BITCHES INDISCRIMINATELY TO MONGREL CURS, YEAR AFTER YEAR.

As to Florence, how about a mulatto Medici? The causes of the downfall of the civilization of the Minoans is obscure. Nor do we know as much as we would like to about that of Egypt. The brother-sister marriages indicate a stern determination to reject infiltration of outlanders. One can but marvel at the intellectual power of certain lines of rulers in both Egypt and in Assynia. One

who frankly discussed polygamy with Moslems from Cairo to Calcutta, from Morocco to Madras, from Beirut to Batavia must suspect that the working of the Differential Birthrates Law under polygamy places the lawful wife under a disheartening and crushing handicap as to a swarm of slavegirl concubines. Thinkers throughout Islam declare the one-wife system has been THE basis of Occidental dominance.

There remains the Maya-Toltec, Aztec, also the Inca civilizations. Here we have complete elimination of three castes (royal, priestly, warrior) by a handful of outlanders. These possessed a superiority of mechanical war tools, plus spiritual power over superstitious folk. The Fair God myth persists in Guatemala today. Anyone familiar with their folkdances knows the "Alvarado" mask. This is of a flaxenhaired, ruddy cheeked, blue eyed man--now dubbed the "Alvarado" (Guatemala's Conqueror), really "The Fair God" of their ancient folk tales.

PIONEERS

These studies of Rome, Athens, Crete, Egypt, Hindustan, Italy-of-the-Renaissance, Aztec Mexico, Inca Peru stimulate certain questionings:

(a) Did the colonies in Virginia and the Carolinas, also in New England cream off extremely valuably English stocks?

(b) Did the colonial generations, pioneering between the early 1600s and the later 1700s, evolve thru SELECTION, out of said "valuable stocks" a strain--(just as we obtain in breeding racehorses or roses)--able to give mankind a new, a fresh, an optimistic philosophy as expressed finally in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights?

(c) Did the Continuance of that EVOLUTION BY SELECTION, in the generations between 1776 and 1914, further evolve a highly inventive, extremely optimistic, highly idealistic, resourceful, stubborn, persistent type whose rare, and perhaps unique, abilities made possible the winning of World Wars I and II, and catapulted U.S.A. into the position of World dominance?

If so, have we of this generation of world responsibility to conserve this stock as an asset for, not only U.S.A. but ALL mankind?

That this stock trends toward extinction is undeniable. Dr. Gamble's recent studies of college birthrates illustrate how speedily is the trend.* The Wolcott Report proved that such stocks tend

* See "The College Birthrate" by Dr. Clarence J. Gamble, Journal of Heredity, Dec. 1947.

to limit births in the face of competition by immigrants from low wage areas. Are we not thoughtlessly permitting something similar to those that gradually eliminated the leadership type in Rome, in Athens, or almost explosively in Mexico, in Peru?

HERE WAS A REMARKABLE RACE IN THAT IT PRODUCED INTELLECTS WITH THE SAME CARE WE PRODUCE OUR BEST PIGS OR PAEONIES. IT WAS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEPT THE STRAIN PURE.

WILD CHERRIES

Eugenists advocate "the application to humans of the same methods used to improve cherries and cattle, wheat and wisteria, poultry and prunes." The work of this author's friend, the late Jan Mjoen, and his Windern Laboratorium in Norway is described in "War Profits . . . and Better Babies." It is in most U.S.A.'s public, also college, libraries.

COLD SPRINGS HARBOR

The biological laws governing human populations are strangely like those which affect the lower animals, plants. Among the friendships enriching this author's life, few have had a more profound influence than those of two scientists connected with Carnegie Institutions' Eugenics Office at Cold Springs Harbor:— Dr.

Charles B. Davenport and Dr. H. H. Laughlin. They, and Yale's Dr. Ellsworth Huntington pioneered in U.S.A's eugenics movement.

Dr. Davenport once, at Cold Springs Harbor, took this author thru the fruitfly stock room. "We ship immediately any fruitfly order a researchist specifies. This is one reason genetics' research is accelerated." Dr. Davenport then conducted the writer out-of-doors to the Jimson-weed garden:--"Ask for any variety, we have it: Tall, short or spreading, prostrate or climbing, big-leaved, incised-leaved, or solid-leaved. Then" he added prophetically, "the laws of heredity for plants enable us to understand those of human genetics. What we do here with Jimson-weed, future generations will do for men."

DAVENPORT, LAUGHLIN, HUNTINGTON, ALL FINE OLD BRITISH-NORDIC NAMES. THE REMARKABLE RACE THAT CAN PRODUCE SUCH INTELLECTS WILL REMAIN STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEEPS THAT STRAIN PURE. IT MUST EXERCISE, HOWEVER, THE SAME CARE REQUIRED TO PRODUCE OUR BEST SHEEP, BEST SWEETPEAS.

EUGENIC ASPECTS OF IMMIGRATION CONTROL

From all the above, one slowly evolved a philosophy, deeply dyed by theories of Evolution, of Eugenics. As this took form, one educated in seeking to serve, felt the urge to translate one's ideals into action. In the 20th century's first quarter, the writer concentrated on eugenic aspects of immigration control.* 1900 to 1920, the most pressing problem was to halt the then current inflow of millions of "New Immigrants." Among these were too many social inadequates, systematically dumped upon U.S.A. by cynical overseas governments, tired of paying taxes for their support. Not all "New Immigrants," of course, were undesirables. There were, however, conspicuously too many undesirables including gangsters. . . .

A group of much less than 100 secured enactment of Immigration Quota Acts of 1921-2-4, called "Second Declaration of Independence." In this effort, the writer organized Immigration Study Commission, was its chairman until the Quota Acts seemed safe. As the flood thus became a trickle, came the consciousness of U.S.A.'s already disquieting number of nativeborn with low I.Q.'s. Concern increased with increasing insight into the workings of the Differential Birthrates Law. As the century's second quarter opened, it became certain that Differential Fecundity speedily was altering the makeup of U.S.A.'s population mass.*

* See sections on Immigration Control herein.

EUGENICS SOCIETY OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

As the pressure of a mass movement of immigrants from the Mediterranean Basin and from Eastern Europe was lessened, it seemed apparent the Immigration Study Commission's work was nearing completion. As, however, one storm follows another, so with a reduction of arriving gangsters and other social inadequates, there arose this problem of a high fecund native element. Such folk in the South, were known by a Negro-invented term: "Poor white trash." To awaken the citizenry to this increasing menace, We-two founded Eugenics Society of Northern California. Our end of our native state was a great reservoir of Gold Rush Pioneer stock. It seemed this was our sector of the battleline of Eugenic conservation of humans.

The Society began under the able presidency of Dr. Eugene H. Pitts. Almost immediately it commenced publication of Eugenics Pamphlets. This author became their editor from their inception.

As with the earlier case of his California Nature Study League Bulletins, a demand grew beyond Californian borders. At this writing and when Eugenics Pamphlets is in its 16th year, it enjoys a circulation to all 48 states, to Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Kenya, in fact to the English speaking world generally. Its output is almost entirely to groups at various university and college centers. It is planned to concentrate upon students who, within a few years can be expected to move into positions of leadership. The little magazine stresses especially the workings of the Differential Birthrates Law, the alarming decline of fecundity among college folk, the need of developing correctives therefor such as a Proportionate Family Wage BASED ON SATISFACTORY I. Q.'s.

The work of the Eugenics Societly of Northern California, like that of its predecessor, the earlier Immigration Study Commission, now may be considered complete. It was intended at first to confine its efforts to California north of Tehachapi. There were at that time two efficient eugenics societies in the Los Angeles area. One, the Human Betterment Foundation, (of whose Advisory Board the late Dr. David Starr Jordan and this author were the Northern California members), concentrated on Negative Eugenics. It participated in campaigns in securing sterilization legislation in many of the states which have added such legislation to their statutes.

Our strategy was to make Eugenics Society of Northern Cali-

fornia a model for similar institutions, thus paralleling the founding of our Alta Tuberculosis Sanatorium. Above described magazine, "published occasionally" called Eugenics Pamphlets, thus came into being. Published about quarterly, it is at this writing mailing No. 56. This little magazine proved a success from the start. Originally intended only for local circulation, extraterritorial calls came therefor from professors. These found its material useful in provoking discussion and debate in colleges.

Our original aim was to do "our bit" toward conserving the Californian portion of the REMARKABLE RACE THAT THE FRONTIER PRODUCED. ITS IMPORTANCE CAN BE ILLUSTRATED BY CITING SUCH INTELLECTS AS WASHINGTON. HIS FAME COMMENCED WITH THE BRADDOCK CAMPAIGN. ALSO, RAILSPLITTING ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . U.S.A. WAS STRONG AS LONG AS IT KEPT THIS STRAIN PURE,* AS LONG AS IT USED THE SAME CARE AS THAT PRODUCING OUR BEST DRAFT HORSES OR DELPHINIUMS.

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* For data on Eugenic Aspects of HOMOGENEITY contrasted with HETEROGENEITY, see Eugenics Pamphlets No. 35, Iceland; No. 39, Norway; No. 45, Finland; No. 49, Czechoslovakia. For EXTINCTION, see No. 47, The Samaritans, No. 5, Peru. For OVERPOPULATION BY LOWPOWERS, see No. 37, Java, No. 55, Hindustan.

WAR PROFITS . . . AND BETTER BABIES

The story of the babies of Les Jardins Ungemach is given in author's "War Profits . . . And Better Babies." This book is available in practically every university, college, state and city library throughout U.S.A. Two recent items from the Eugenics Society of Northern California's heavy daily correspondence may be found illuminating:—

(A) The wife of a nationally known man writes, (and we condense) "We had 2 children, both now over 10 years old. We concluded a third would interfere with my husband's ambitions. We could not, however, withstand the constant pleading of Eugenics Pamphlets to those of The Talented. We both had I.Q.s over 140. Our 3rd baby was born recently. We call it our "Eugenics Pamphlets" child. We hope to have 2 more."

(B) The wife of a minister sends this letter (also condensed) "We have 3 children. My husband is a minister. We both have very high I.Q.s We would like to have 3 more. I am more than willing. My husband knew, when he entered the ministry

he must expect an income far below what his brothers earn in commercial and professional life. He was content. I married him with my eyes open. Now we grasp that a fourth baby penalizes the three. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? That question is hereby transmitted to the reader.

NON-NORDICS

Occasionally herein the term "Nordic" has been employed. It represents a definite concept. Such use today in U.S.A. requires some courage in the face of the allegedy heavily financed propaganda of the Hyphenates. They have built up thereby a superstition which this author described long ago in one of his Presidential addresses to the Eugenics Research Association. At that time a Mayflower descendant complained bitterly that the term "Puritan" similarly had been discredited. He asked: "When will the word 'American' become tabu?" That this is not imaginary was illustrated by a Hyphenate's assertion that he hoped the day would come when English no longer would be the exclusive language of U.S.A. . . . (One wonders how much of the present strained relations between Russia and U.S.A. is due to the language chasm, deepened as it is by different alphabets.)

Because of said pseudoscientific propaganda against the use of "Nordic" as descriptive of one principal European race, (the others are Alpine, Mediterranean), it should be recorded here no overall superiority claimed for the Nordics. They certainly cannot equal the Mediterraneans in producing vocal artists. Being impatient individualists, they lack the ability to move in mass formation under a dictator, as did the Italians under Il Duce. As to conceding the worth of others, this author would offer, as the example of idealism, a Chinese to whom he often has referred, in his public speaking, as "Bing of Singapore." This devoted Celestial was great great grandson of a Kwantung coolie immigrant to Malaysia's tin mines. Enormously wealthy, with one son at Oxford, another at Yale, he was converting his family fortune into cash. With this he was buying, in 1911, bonds of the Sun Yet Sen rebellion. He smilingly told the writer, "And I know the bonds of your Confederate States in 1866-1870 were used as wallpaper." Here was a Chinese backing his ideal to his last square-holed coin.

One more example. The writer was smeared as being anti-Italian after he had described his studies in Sicily of the Black Hand. Some years previous to this attack he had, in his story of

"Tony Tedesco," held up this Italian immigrant, despite his illiteracy, as an example of the best type of lawabiding citizen.

Students of eugenics are ready to recognize, and to appreciate desirable qualities in any race. This does not require, however, that they, at this stage of research, advocate wholesale human hybridization.

BURNING GHATS, BENARES

"Hindustan has a few good stocks. These should continue to reproduce at present rate. Very heavy birth control of the weaklings should be inaugurated among, for example, the Bengalis, the Tamils. Present overpopulation evils thus eventually could be lessened."

OVERPOPULATION IN HINDUSTAN

Our family has had missionary interests in India for 3 generations. We-two carried the American supervised playground concept there. We were contributors to it until it was securely established. While still interested in missionary work, I no longer invest in Hindustan. I am convinced that, before anything can be done sanely in building up the country, Hindustan needs birth control.

As a Eugenist, I believe Hindustan has a few good stocks. Upon these could be built, given time, a population with power. I include the Parsees, the Rajputs, the Sikhs, some Northwestern-frontier Pathans, and, of course, the lovable little Gurkhas up Nepal way.* If these could multiply at their present rate, with, simul-

* The author as Editor of Eugenics Pamphlets, wrote in No. 55 thereof, an account of Hindustan's problem. He does not accept the theory that it is "Insoluable."

taneously, very heavy birth control among most of groups like the Bengalis, the Tamils, there might be hope.

Note I am not as pessimistic as most of those Occidentals who have made recent studies in Hindustan.

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APPENDIX

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"

"From failing hands
the torch we throw
to you below."
(Poppies in Flander's Field)

The day at whose sunset my Sweetheart passed into the Great Beyond, she reminded me my shoulders henceforth must carry the burden of our UNFINISHED BUSINESS. As this is written, the uncertainty of time one still is to be spared is always present. For that reason, there here is listed certain concepts. Some largely are, like that of the Golden Gate Park Planetarium, the brain child of my Beloved. They are a part of our "Seeking to Serve." They are recorded in the hope, that, when I, too, meet the Grim Reaper, some reader may feel the urge, with some one of them, "carry on."

Any individual sensing his spiritual responsibility therein, will also come to learn that any success must result from the labors of a group. No one reasonably can hope to accomplish much singly. However, the individual is the one who jolts a reform into motion. He has no moral right to decline, even to postpone the struggle because he feels alone. He gains power by ever remembering that *God and one are a majority.*

CHILDREN'S DESERT SUNSTATIONS

With tuberculosis, with V. D., with certain mental diseases under increasingly efficient control, We-two had hoped to be spared long enough to see the erection of at least the first of a chain of Children's Desert Sunstations from eastern San Diego County, (Calif.), across Arizona, New Mexico to arid Southwest Texas.

One medical friend, specialist in rheumatic fever, opines that such a chain, working at maximum efficiency, with children's airplane service could save thousands annually from crippled lives.

He added that the possibilities of reducing the toll of children's arthritis was very high.

My Sweetheart's original concept was something even greater. We ourselves were trying to keep efficient by a fortnight's desert sunshine. We were resting, after one morning's hike, on a hillock above Smoke Tree Wash. It was during World War II. There was a steady stream of bombers from Los Angeles' factories to the Army's Palm Springs airfield. After inspection, each plane left for the European front.

My Sweetheart mused: "We do this for war. Why not continue when peace comes? Would it not be a good investment to have that ribbon of airplanes carrying kiddies from the furnace-heated homes of Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, New York, Boston to this desert sunshine?" When one reflects upon the amazing success permitted in bringing the National Park's Interpretive Movement from Switzerland, think of what might result if future generations were grounded, during childhood, in the elements of the marvelous adjustment of fauna and flora to desert arid and heat. HAVE WE NOT HERE THE NEXT GREATEST OPPORTUNITY IN, NOT ONLY PUBLIC HEALTH, BUT IN NATURE STUDY, AND THEREFORE IN A CROP OF BIOLOGICAL RESEARCHISTS?

KANGAROO RAT TERRAIN

"Children's Winter Desert Sunstations afford great opportunities in, not only Public Health, but in Nature Study. Thus may arise a possible great increase in the future supply of researchists in biology. No child ever will forget an elf owl peering from his hole in a sahuaro, or a phainapepla lunching on the mesquite's pink mistletoe berries."

SUPERVISED RECREATION

Looking back 40 years, the translation into action of the Supervised-Playground concept seems almost miraculous. One wonders, however, what has been the effect thereon of a certain complex. That is World Wars I and II, plus the interval's Depressions, both minor and major. The result of said complex everywhere has been a lowering of moral standards. It is unreasonable to suppose the planned-recreation movement could escape.

One notices, in spots, a tendency of local bosses, to incorporate the movement into their respective political machines. These shrewd judges of human nature are as canny, perhaps, as the Moscow group, also the Chinese Mardarin, both hereinbefore mentioned. Any attention to children naturally brings parental smiles. Senator Sorgum's baby-kissing campaigning was marvellously effective in vote-getting. This was before mothers, advancing out of biological illiteracy, became cautious about osculatory bacteria. When one sees a playground system taken over by a political gang, one feels like swinging into action and cleaning up, even if it be necessary to kick the machine out of office, as We-two helped do in the case of one playground system.

One therefore notices that political opportunism, plus lowered moral and educational standards among some playground supervisors, occasionally results in nullification of the basic reason for a supervised playground's existence. On the other hand, a commendable majority of recreation workers are, like our public school teachers, faithful to their trust.

In playground work, as in the preservation of our liberties, the watchword ever must be "Eternal Vigilence."

SPA THERAPY

Our many trips overseas gave a rare insight into Spa Therapy's alleviation of human sufferings. Our studies thereof included Europe, Japan, Latin America.

Curiously here again the adroit Japanese acted while Californians slumbered. Quite some years before Pearl Harbor, this author was shown an elaborate booklet, prepared with consummate skill. It advanced cogent reasons why Americans should turn from Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Carlsbad, to Japanese spas.

This item is written at an American spa. Last night a French chemist joined our gossiping. His native land stands foremost in mineral springs' use. Nearly 80, his intellect still produces bril-

liantly. He testified: "I now systematically come to a spa every quarteryear. I am convinced my clarity of mind is due to lifelong use of mineral waters plus baths."

A patient joined our circle last night, minus crutches. He came last year, it is said, on a stretcher. He, too, comes regularly for a preventative fortnight semiannually. California has at least as many good springs as all Europe. Most are still unused. Overseas, many spas have 100 hotels, some *de luxe*, with 500-750 rooms. If any given spa's 100 hotels average 100 rooms, that means 10,000 visitors every third week in the rush season of say, 15 weeks or, 50,000 annually. Some are invalids, some take the "cure" before becoming ill. Some spas claim up to 500,000 visitors yearly. It would not be exaggeration therefore, to estimate a possible summer volume, eventually for 100 California spas of 1,000,000. Probably half of these would be out-of-state folks.

This author has used various devices attempting to awaken Californians to the enormous possibilities of their neglected asset. If one be not interested in relieving human suffering, even the commercial prospects are alluring.

AIX-LES-BAINS

"Our trips overseas gave insight into Spa-therapy. At Aix-les-Bains are scores of busy porters. Many hotels lack elevators. These porters carry a patient, unable to walk, from his bedroom, descend 3, 4 stories to the underwater-massage. Patients who arrived on stretchers are able, later, to dispense even with crutches. The spa technique is so highly developed that generation after generation of doctors follow in certain families. The spa makes for democracy. It is not uncommon for a mere American to be chatting with a king.

ARMY-NAVY HOSPITAL, HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK

Hot Springs was a redskins' spa. The eugenically-precious Caddos are now extinct. In their great wisdom, they set aside the Hot Springs as neutral ground. All tribes were welcome to gain health — war, however, was banned. Following the coming of the palefaces, Hot Springs became our first National Park, likewise U. S. A.'s first government-owned spa.

THE CHURCH'S ECUMENICAL TREND

The past half century has seen the abortive Interchurch World Movement, the apparent permanency (despite its faults) of the Federal Council of Churches, the spread of the salaried-executive-secretary movement of State, of City, and now of County church councils. 1948 climaxed above with Amsterdam.

The substitution of a new folkway for an old one must be expected to proceed at the proverbial snail's pace. Such retardation is especially noticeable in religion. One advocating devotion to the ecumenical movement must never be chagrined at rebuffs. Again, again, and again one must face disappointments. As this is written, another monthly deficit report comes from California Church Council. It is the old story of some 34 years. My Sweetheart and I have met these systematically. Credit here should be given Mr. Fred Parr for his continued financial support during the years we repeatedly were overseas. Today, after said 34 years only 10% of the Protestant Churches are convinced of the strategy of a united front in fighting for objectives. These are varied as from obtaining enactment of the Grant Red Light Padlock Act, as from

alertness to prevent dograce gambling to the advantages of a central comity control, also of a cross-denominational attack on religious illiteracy.

ORGANIZED UNSELFISHNESS' BLOCK CAPTAINS

Here is a leaf from one political machine's Book of Strategy:—

Its system of Block Captains for Organized Selfishness profitably could be utilized for Organized Unselfishness. It could be converted into a powerful weapon in ecumenical effort. Its use has been advocated though without success by Us-two for many years. We evidently lacked eloquence. If mixing metaphors be permitted, here is another case of handing, from failing hands, the torch to those below.

This machine's political bosses, it is rumored, have Block Captains in every block where votes are controllable. From each such leader, wires extend to every household. If an alien's child be ill, if its parents know not where to turn, their Block Captain quickly calls. He procures a doctor, leaves a few dollars for drugs, even delicacies . . . If there is a family row, he acts as mediator . . . If a growing son becomes restless under parental authority, the Block Captain enters the discussion with rare tact. When he leaves, he has made friends of all . . . If a new family moves in, he is first to call . . . He is salve for loneliness . . . If someone is arrested, he provides bail, often can have justice tempered with mercy.

All this is done with studied ruthlessness. The payoff comes on election day in willing votes. The scheme works. It could be adopted for the Extension of the Kingdom, by any city Church Council.

We-two have tested the joy of neighborliness in our own vicinity. It is notorious that city folks can live in the same block for years and not even know one another's names. A gift of tomatoes, of peaches, of chrysanthemums, of roses from one's garden . . . a quarterhour's talk at a time of distress . . . a few visits to the hospital when someone is stricken . . . even a word of encouragement, even a smile . . . all this is a part of neighborliness. This need not be done in the name of the Church, for proselyting can become offensive. The spiritual dividends, nevertheless arrive. Foreign missionaries often testify that the example of a truly Christian life is more convincing than arguments.

One recalls two women who, years ago, rented a house on a neighboring side street. Daughter, after father had died, was breadwinner. Her work had required shifting across our nation from city to city. We-two noticed, one afternoon, the furniture van unloading. That evening we called with a boquet of our garden's varicolored zinnias, a basket of sunsweetened ripe apricots from our tree. We had planned a 5-minute visit. They kept us an hour. They described the awful loneliness of such women. As we were leaving, they asked, timidly, "Are you church members? YOU ACT LIKE IT." It then developed that, during a dozen years in five cities, never once had anyone called to invite them to church. We, indeed, also had not. But we HAD made the neighborly call. We that evening phoned the minister of their denomination. He came next evening, then had several church women repeatedly and systematically do likewise. Within a month these timid women were restored to their church.

Would it not be wise to have a Church Council Block Captain in every possible neighborhood? Same must be of course, denominationally honest. Any attempt to coax folks across denominational lines should meet with a frown.

BIBLE TOTER JEDEDIAH SMITH

Another instance of "From failing hands the torch we throw to you below" is a matter involving justice to Bible Toter Jedediah Smith.

The task of exploration of the great Southwest, which was to add California as the 31st star in our flag called for almost unique physical and mental equipment. When one contemplates the wisdom, the decision used in the selection of Jedediah Smith, one almost exclaims "Destiny."

The story of how We-two stumbled across a reference to a "Bible Toter" has been told elsewhere. This item is concerned with the simple justice of honoring his resurrected memory. We-two, therefore, for some years have persistently suggested that the Folsom Dam Project be expanded to include a "Bible Toter Jedediah Smith Memorial Highway."

The rim of the canyon of the North Fork of the river named for the Americans led by the Bible Toter has rare scenic beauty. It is within a long hour's drive from the Sacramento Municipal area and but a 2 hours more from San Francisco Bay. It has untold opportunities for planned recreation.

BIOLOGICAL ILLITERACY

Looking back a half century over the public schools one IS happy over the success of budding thereon the kindergarten, manual training, domestic science, the school museum, the school-based nature study field excursions, the school supervised playground. The results, too, of contributing year after year, biological material to rural schools also has paid satisfactory spiritual dividends.

One feels, however, that the last item is still in the nursing bottle stage. We-two covered between 2,000 and 3,000 schools. This is but a microscopic decimal of what could be accomplished by individuals, service clubs, parent teachers associations, garden clubs once they became interested in even their own neighborhood or region. Here is a rare opportunity to accelerate the reduction of biological illiteracy. The consequent improvement in government, in sanitation, in education, in general enjoyment of life hardly can be over-estimated.

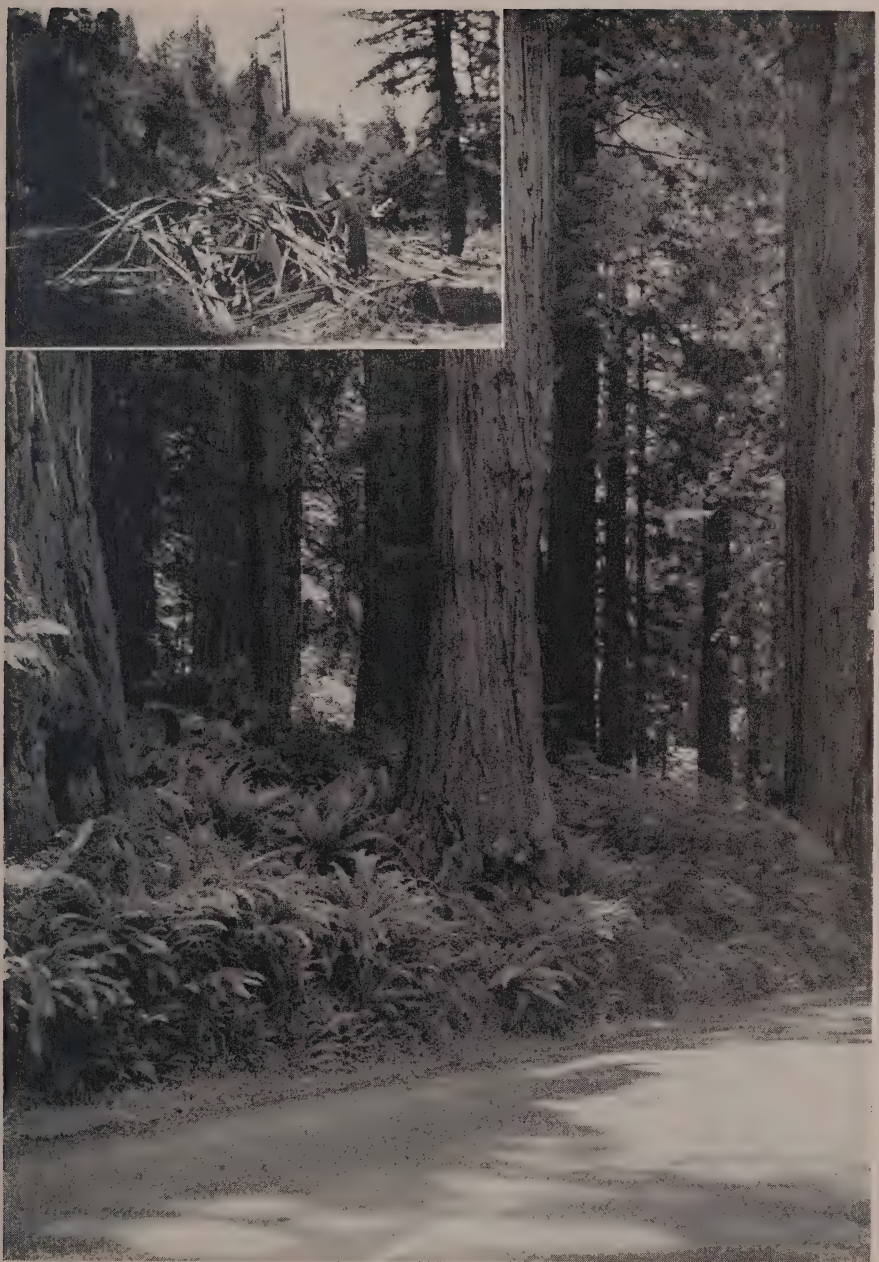
NATIONAL PARKS — STATE PARKS

The National Parks' chain is, with the National Monuments, practically completed. Under the brilliant leadership of their first Director, Stephen Tyng Mather, the more progressive states have entered upon similar buildings of state park systems. The Drury dollar-for-dollar matching stategy in acquiring State Parks has proven effective. The Save-the-Redwoods League in California* is a striking example of organization of idealists determined upon securing state park sites. Another quarter century will see the systems of progressive states completed. Yet another 25 years will witness the stringing, like pearls on a necklace, of state parks systems in backward commonwealths.

With the National Parks aggregation completed with the erection of Everglades National Park, public attention now can be diverted to their wise use. From this author, with strenuous years of experience devoted to Parks' work, a note of suggestion may be permitted:

THE GREATEST SPIRITUAL DIVIDENDS FROM OUR NATIONAL PARKS' INVESTMENT PROBABLY CAN BE EXPECTED FROM THEIR USE AS GREAT OUTDOOR SUMMER SCHOOLS. Elsewhere this writer has stressed the Swiss system. (Remember these intelligently idealistic Schweitzers also gave us the Red Cross Concept!) The Swiss built love-of-Fatherland on knowledge and appreciation to the joy of the climb for *edelweiss*, the thrill of watching the grace of the chamois, the fun of cutting one's steps while roped to a seasoned guide in an Alpine ice slope.

* See Mr. Lewis G. Scoggins' "Florida's Varied Parks" in September Number of "Nature."



GROWING REDWOODS . . . OR GRAPE STAKES

To complete the Grand Plan of the Save the Redwoods League, it is said some thirty-odd parks remained to be purchased. Ootherwise, these will be fed to the sawmills. The recreational values thereof are high . . . the educational possibilities under Ranger-Naturalists and a chain of museums are, in these days of dependence upon research, immeasurable.

There is, however, something far more profound herein than mere loyalty, mere patriotism. There is the sense of responsibility of highly intelligent citizenship. To acquire this, many still need to be led out of biological illiteracy. The immigration legislation of U.S.A., for example, would have had a far different history, would have been spared open opposition from State Department and from White House, had those high-in-office known more about ants and araucarioxlyon, about ground squirrel colonies and star thistles, about Japanese beetles and hoarycress, about cabbage butterflies and foxtail.

Out of the National Park's Ranger Naturalist staffs already have come two noteworthy scientists;—One is said to be world-foremost in his specialized field. The second even now has contributed so much that a great leader remarked to this author, "If the National Parks Ranger Naturalist movement had accomplished nothing else, the canalizing of this one man's brilliant abilities into his specialized field of biology is worth the entire cost of private support of the infant ranger naturalist movement."

LUMBERING SECOND-GROWTH IN CALIFORNIA'S SIERRAS

Here is a lesson in genetics. The magnificent primeval forest, with 220-foot sugar pines, was timbered about 1860. Thus the best seed-trees became extinct. The second growth was from less valuable stock. Now the process continues as does war with our best humans. Compare the trees in the background with the cut logs . . . As life's close nears, few "dreams that came true" seem more satisfying than the procurement, at Director Mather's suggestion, of gifts to the Federal Government of certain timbered area to complete the squaring out of Sequoia National Park.

RANGER-NATURALIST GROUP, 49 PALMS

This group under the leadership of Palm Springs Museum Executive. Here are notices of new by-product of the Interpretive Movement. To Palm Springs belongs the credit of being one of the nation's first city based systems. Heretofore the movement was confined to the National Parks. Even now it is spreading slowly in the State Parks. It is to be expected that the latter half of the 20th Century will see a municipal expansion thereof, paralleling the growth of City Playground Systems 1900 to 1949.

PLANETARIUM

It seems probable, with postwar's tardy recovery in the manufacture of precision instruments, that the translation into actuality of my Sweetheart's concept of a Golden Gate Park Planetarium—scientific knowledge that will mean much in substituting facts for misconceptions and superstitions. The need of systematic effort toward reduction of biological, of geological, of astronomical illiteracy may be illustrated by this tale of the resistance to "schooling" of a Southern Appalachian hillbilly farmer:—

Asked if he could forward a note giving some information as to what was expected to develop later, he exclaimed, "Ah reckon we-uns can. Crooky here," and he pointed to his crippled son, "Larned readin' and 'riten. He can't work. My 6 other sons can—so Ma and me didn't waste any of them in schoolin' " . . .

A Golden Gate Park Planetarium will do much on the Pacific Coast substituting astronomical literacy for the superstitions of astrology and its warping and distortion of human lives.

NEGATIVE EUGENICS

Looking back 4 decades upon Negative Eugenics, my faith in its wisdom is unabated. Dr. Hatch seems to have been canny in his belief that certain mental afflictions are either inherited or at least have inherited tendencies. This opinion is what the folksaying calls "common sense." Following same reasoning, one accepts Dr. Eugene Pitts' conclusion that certain other conditions, hemophilia, Huntington's chorea, hernia are similar in origin. One further subscribes to Dr. S. J. Holmes, eminent University of California zoologist and internationally-respected eugenist that sterilization is mathematically* workable. The writer heard, with profound respect, the intellectual giants at the last World Eugenics Conference at The Hague as to possibilities of control by sterilization, of certain types of congenital blindness. It seems almost a crime to beget children doomed to a life of darkness.

Following above convictions, I reflect upon the investment of We-two in time and money for the expansion of human sterilization, or NEGATIVE EUGENICS. I have modified my opinion as to its relative importance. We-two long ago finally concluded to channel our own energies, physical and financial, toward POSITIVE EUGENICS. This, particularly to urge the acceleration of the birthrate of what variously is called "The Talented," "The Highpowered," "The Endowed" or "The Researchist group." We, nevertheless, believed Negative Eugenics, as now being advocated by Birthright, Incorporated, of Princeton, N. J., deserves ever increased public support.

The Negative Eugenics situation, after 40 years, is that legislation has been secured in more than half the states of U.S.A. In many thereof, enforcement progress is snaillike. The author's native California persistently holds the sterilization record. Some commonwealths, like Delaware, North Carolina, however, are pressing forward. In the remaining states enactment should be secured. All states should be brought to the effiiciency of the 3 above named. Meantime, the overseas situation is encouraging.

A word about castration. Sterilization's enemies successfully have created a smokescreen. They falsely proclaim sterilization is castration. Ask Birthright for data herein. Castration, however, is being practiced, it is reported, by Denmark. This small homogeneous nation always has lead world thought, as did Norway with Jan Mjoen's Windern Laboratorium.† Castration, one hears,

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* See his "Human Eugenics and Its Social Import."

† See essay thereon in author's "War Profits . . . And Better Babies" in practically every important public or college library in U.S.A.

now is employed by Denmark as punitive in the case of sex-offending repeaters. This is a daring innovation. Many Americans will question its wisdom. When, however, one learns of indignation in certain women's clubs over these pathological cases, one wonders if some castrations, like some hangings, might not prove deterrent. In any case one respects Denmark's urge toward reform. One remembers, also, Denmark likewise has led in advance thinking from schools, from production of highgrade bacon, of dairy products to being the first nation to cardindex its population eugenically.

DIFFERENTIAL FECUNDITY

This is written seated on an outcrop on a California hillside. Its serpentine shows 9 species of lichens ranging in color from brick-red, orange, canary, to gray-green, gray-black. The Geology Professor has been talking about erosion ending in a peneplain. He mentions one factor therein being the corrosive acids secreted from these lichens. Their effect OVER LONG GEOLOGIC TIME is important. He then added: "Same is true of Eugenics. Most thinkers admit U.S.A.'s Covered Wagon stock is a unique asset resembling the Greeks of Pericles' day. Under the Comeback Theory, you have vast measures of Geologic Time to build on the Covered Wagon stock basis. This only, however, if we CONSERVE by NOW reversing that stock's dysgenic trend thru Excessive Birth Control."

The years of strenuous effort in eugenics have been like climbing an isolated peak such as Mt. Shasta. At the foot, one's view was obscured by the heavy forest. When one reached the timberline, the whole view became clearer. A parallel exists in Seeking to Serve in Eugenics. With less impeded vision, with comments like above Professor's, Negative Eugenics appear far less important than Positive Eugenics.

Some time ago the writer discussed parenthood with a near-nitwit. He had fathered 7 children in about that many years. (One recalled the Japanese cannonfodder slogan: "A baby a year"). He boasted he hoped to break the family record. His paternal grandparents had had 25. A talk with his wife indicated she was even lower in intelligence. Contrast above with Dr. Clarence Gamble's findings in Journal of Heredity (1247) on Collegiate Birthrates.

U.S. has a high spiritual, likewise a unique, responsibility herein. Our nation possesses the hope of mankind in our Pioneer type. The world probably has seen nothing like it since the Golden Age of Pericles. IS IT NOT OUR GENERATION'S JOB TO REVERSE THE COVERED-WAGON STOCKS PRESENT DYS-

GENIC BIRTHRATE DUE TO EXCESSIVE BIRTH CONTROL? If spiritual arguments do not appeal to the reader, let him think of the cost in taxes of an everwidening fan of near-morons, of W.P.A.'s, of those who clamor for government support.

The reproduction of Triceratops, of Stegosaurus here are of significance. They, along with the Thunder lizard, Brontosaurus, represented evolution's highest peak during the Age of Reptiles. THEY TODAY ARE EXTINCT. All the wisdom of all of the animal breeders today could not produce a Triceratops or a Stegosaurus. Is the American Frontiersman also to become extinct? It seems probable these hardy Vikings alone were able to conquer the wilderness of U.S.A. and Canada. For Jamestown, we creamed off the very best of the younger sons of the British Aristocracy. For Plymouth Rock we repeated the process from England's Middle Class. To this mixture we added some of the finest of France's Huguenots. Also included were Covenanter Scotch, Holland Dutch, (the kind that conquered The Cape of Good Hope, Java, even established factories in distant Japan), likewise a dash of Pennsylvania Germans and of Delaware Swedes. Here was as fine a Nordic blend as the world has ever seen. Same had to endure 10 generations of Frontier SELECTION. The New England's outposts in Vermont were pushed into New York's Mohawk Valley, on to the Ohio Western Reserve, into Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas. Meantime the Virginians, the Carolinans poured, under population pressure, through the Cumberland and other Gaps into Kentucky, Tennessee. They then took Texas, finally joined the Yanks in occupying California, and the Oregon Country.

All this meant terrible hardships. The weak in body, in mind simply did not live long enough to father many sons. Today the Old American stock racesuicides. It is a part of Unfinished Business to continue research into the cause thereof. The facts ascertained, we still can reverse the present dysgenic trend.

HEREDITARY DISEASE

Within 3 score years, mankind has come to have a new concept about fevers. It is almost as arresting as the earlier control of smallpox. 60 years ago a Panama Canal remained impossible because of Yellow Jack . . . Typhoid, malaria were accepted, oftentimes classed as "God's scourge." Next in a pioneer Sacramento Valley physician's practice, after "quick on the trigger" wounds, were the fevers. Today above have plummeted as causes of death. All this fundamentally because of Pasteur's research. Others built upon his foundation of bacteriology.

Dr. E. H. Pitts, President of Eugenics Society of Northern California, from its incorporation until his death, persistently asserted 20th Century's medical progress would be as epochal in human genetics as the 19th's in bacteriology . . .Slowly his prediction becomes verified. A quarter century ago he named a few complaints as being either inherited or with inherited tendencies. Some years ago a scientific journal listed 77. This year a distinguished geneticist, in a letter to this author, records about 250 suspects. Other correspondence with human genetics' researchists with whom We-two have been in contact, indicate two more tragic ailments, neither hitherto suspected, show family recurrences that make geneticists wonder.

Above also is "Unfinished Business." If whiskey money were channelled into human genetics, research, and with expansion of course in human genetics in medical schools, public health might be improved enormously. As one notes results in one's effort to do one's bit in this field of "Seeking to Serve" one feels, with the Madridleano:

"First Madrid, then Heaven,
But even in Heaven,
A little window
To look back on Madrid."

LES JARDINS UNGEMACH

This author's "War Profits . . . And Better Babies" is in nearly every important U.S.A. library. It was written because of Papa Dachert's supposed disappearance among World War II's wandering refugees, and in the further hope that eventually every one of our 48 states would reproduce his *Les Jardins Ungemach.*

Herein this author recalls world-wide reproductions of the work of another brilliant Frenchman. Antoine Lavoisier's pioneer Agricultural Experiment Station of Frechine proved most valuable. In Ceylon this writer found a similar station for improvement of such tropical products as rubber, cinnamon, even citronelle oil.* The writer here acknowledges his personal debt to the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of California at Davis, near his native Sacramento. This, in the isolation of disease-resistant sugarbeets. Having pioneered in sugarbeet culture on his ranches, he knows the relief from strain of the former days of blights.

What continually is being radiated from scores of Agricultural

*Made from a native grass, and used in perfuming the cheaper soaps.

Experiment Stations around the world, based on Lavoisier's Frechine pioneering, can be paralleled by reproductions of Papa Dachert's "Les Jardins Ungemach" in every American state.

COMEBACK POSSIBILITIES

As this book goes to press, following is received from a Florida friend:

> "Knowing your interest over several decades in securing an Everglades' National Park, you will be glad to hear of a by-product thereof: THE ALLIGATORS ARE STAGING A COMEBACK! Their leather has been so valuable, our Crackers of Hillbilly mentality have hunted them ruthlessly. The day President Truman announced setting up of Everglades National Park there actually were fewer alligators in its swamps than were being raised on the alligator farms. Even the few seasons since, the normal alligator birthrate is replacing the deficit. An alligator nest often contains 20 or more eggs. NOW THAT THEIR TREND TOWARD EXTINCTION HAS BEEN HALTED BY ENDING RUTHLESS HUNTING, NATURE AUTOMATICALLY TAKES CARE OF THE SITUATION."

Same may encourage some young eugenist struggling to reverse the dysgenic trend of the Old American stock's birthrate. We also quote from material printed for years on the reverse of the letterhead of Eugenics Society of Northern California:

> "The Egret is Eugenics Society of Northern California's device because it symbolizes the comeback of the near-extinct. During historian-President Woodrow Wilson's "Swarming of the English," the beautiful white egret ranged from the Canadian boundary to Patagonia. In the 1890's anyone crossing California's Suisun Marshes could, any day, count several hundred snowy egrets. By 1920, one might traverse these marshlands weekly for several years, with not one egret in sight. The reason for such near-extinction was the unrelenting hunt to supply the ever-increasing milliners' demands for aigrettes. Even Hindu maharajahs were proud to ornament their turbans with this bird's nuptial plumes. Then the Audubon Society commenced its conservation-education. Not only in U.S.A., but throughout South America, this feather trade was stopped. Then one saw aigrette confiscation at New York's custom-wharf.
>
> "In pioneer days, egrets were numerous. Simultaneously, human families numbered 8, 10, even 14 children. We today

no longer need the 8-child family, except in cases of the exceptionally gifted. Even in those classed as "highpower," an average of 4 may be sufficient to end the present dysgenic trend of The Talented. The Egret device symbolizes the possibility of the comeback of the near-extinct, ornithological or human, under a not excessively restricted birthrate.

"The classic example of highpower comeback is diagrammed in cut . . . An extraordinaily brilliant American married a girl from equally outstanding leadership stock. They had but 1 son. The father, the son, both became famous because of their work in a certain specialized field. The son again married into a family that had furnished our nation since colonial days with several score leaders. This marriage also yielded only one child. The latter, however, is already the father of eight boys. This 1-1-8 example shows there is the same comeback possibility among humans as among egrets."

WINDERN LABORATORIUM

One reward that ensues from "Seeking to Serve" is the friendships of altruists. One never doubts their sincerity, for one grasps that they are a part of Organized Unselfishness.

One such friendship was that of Norway's Dr. Jan Mjoen. Tho we saw each other but seldom, our correspondence over the years was stimulating. He was a most practical eugenist. He had, of course, three great advantages in his work. FIRST, that he was Scandinavian. (One remembers herein the comment of an American diplomat: "These Scandinavians are the world's most highly civilized folks.") SECOND, that he was dealing with a homogeneous popoulation. His people were not divided. There were no clamoring, scheming minorities — utterly unappreciative of being accepted into citizenship. THIRD, that his Norway was a small country. It is a far different matter for a leader in social service to educate, to convince, a population numbering half of New York City's compared with a similar effort among nearly 150,000,000.

Dr. Mjoen is outstanding as the founder of a remarkable institution: Windern Laboratorium. He is dead. This writer has not revisited Norway since the Nazi invasion. He does not know what has been the fate of Windern Laboratorium.

The object of said institution was to eugenically analyze, criticize, and, above all, to evaluate all legislation proposed for enactment by Norway's Storthing. In my account thereof, I used one of Dr. Mjoen's favorite examples. This was his criticism, as an

eugenist, of the original proposal of Norway's Rural Credits Law, enacted during the depression of the 1930's.

Dr. Mjoen's concept must not be allowed to perish, for, translated worldwide into action, it is almost matchless in its possibilities for human betterment.

With Dr. Mjoen's death, We-two felt it our duty to try to "carry on." Unfortunately, the World War II explosion sent all of us to survival tasks. I did manage to get the story "between covers" as Chapter 4 of "War Profits . . . and Better Babies." This book is obtainable in most city, county, state, also university and college libraries throughout U. S. A.

Dr. Mjoen, with the clarity that is possible when a critic is not too close to his subject, wrote this author: "Congratulations to your group on their success in obtaining enactment of the Immigration Quota Act. It is epoch-making, for it is the first colossal attempt in Eugenics by a first class power."

STATUE OF LIBERTY, THE GOLDEN GATE

It was the lot of Us-two often to have overseas tasks. Not once did we, on returning, pass the Statue of Liberty, or steam thru the Golden Gate without a profound feeling that we were passing from the World of Pessimism into the World of Optimism. This is the peculiar genius of America. Our citizens have a unique hopefulness.

Even here, however, there will be individuals who will criticize what is written above as "Utopian"! But is it?

Take organized recreation as an example. What results have come during lives still in being! This writer saw one, renowned for his social service, question: "Why playgrounds for children? Play is the invention of the Devil. Children should be made to work as I had to, as soon as possible, to keep them out of mischief."

One recalls the little lads in French coal mines — the little girls in Portugal, scraping up into their baskets, to be sold as fertilizer, the hot droppings of passing donkeys — the boys of five in Rabat, their hands green with the dyeing of Morocco leather — the baby fingers tying knots of Oriental rugs in the carpet factories of Agra. Thru the leadership of a half-score Americans, our land now is practically free of child labor. U.S.A. today is leading the rest of the world in sanitation. In a half-century, there has been conquered much disease: tuberculosis, typhoid, malaria, Yellow Jack. No longer do we accept the concept of "a curse of God, punishment for our sins!"

Fifty years ago, U.S.A. had the bare beginnings of a National

Parks system. Today, it not only is complete and nationwide — it is being developed into a chain of summer schools. Therein, recreation-time receptiveness is being utilized to reduce biological illiteracy, with all that means in clearer thinking for citizenship. The National Parks, too, have inspired the building of State Park Systems, such as California's.

This half-century has seen the great Protestant Church abandoning denominational quarrels for cooperation thru Federal, State, City and now County Councils.

If above could be accomplished by the determined leadership of a few, with Recreation, with controls of Disease, with converting the National and State Parks into summer colleges, with the ecumenical movement in the churches, is it too much to expect further progress — even a Jan Mjoen Laboratorium — and a post-graduate's Jardin Ungemach at every state university. These beckon the oncoming generation. Herein may they remember Kipling's lines:

"I'll not make way for an Emperor,
Nor yield my road to a King,
To the Triple Crown, I'll not bow down,
But here is a different thing—
I'll not make fight 'gainst the Powers of Air.
Warders, let him thru.
Gatemen let fall,
For he's Lord of us all—
The Dreamer — whose Dream came true."

THE FUTURE

One thus comes to where one's ageing eyes endeavor to peer back into the fog of The Past. One tries to marshal, to use Kipling's expression, what's "shoved be'ind." One also endeavors to peer into the blinding light of the world's brilliant Future.

This nation now possesses playgrounds. With the excited shouts of happy children, they dot the land. Tuberculosis no longer menaces. Millions go annually to the National Parks. Once there, eyes are opened to wonder of which they never dreamed: In Yosemite the variety of birds' bills, all evolved that they could occupy new niches for foodgetting. . . In Joshua Tree National Monument, the adjustment of yucca bloom and pronubia month . . . In Everglades National Park, the comeback of egret and roseate spoonbill . . . in Glacier, education of a mountain goat's kids in leaping the dizzy ledges of a thousand foot cirque . . . in Bryce, cliffs that have

captured the sunsets of ten thousand years . . . in Mesa Verde, reading its chronology by a roofbeam's annual rings . . .

Thru church councils in nearly every state, in most cities, in some hundreds of rural counties, churchfolk today fight ecumenically in the struggle to solve problems of divorce, juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, commercialized vice.

One reads one's Bible, trying to interpret the Future from the Past. One humbly recalls, that We-two always should have remembered that Moses was permitted to labor toward, but never to enter, the Promised Land. In such a spirit of humility, one attempts to list above items that seem to be desirable, those for which We-two yearned, worked. Now near Life's End, the hereinbefore must be listed as UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

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"Public opinion is usually the resultant of many individual Contributions, the residue left after the offerings of each have been winnowed in the minds of the rest."

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